THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

A Illustrated W
Founded Ao Do 1728 by klin

Volume 198, Number 17

OCT. 24, 1925

5cts.

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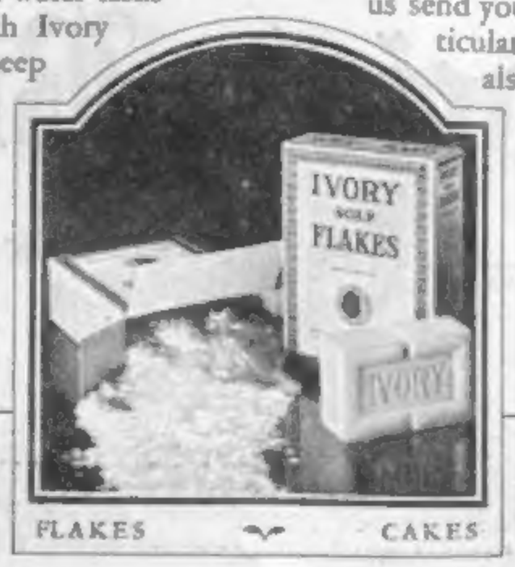

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Published Weekly

The Curtis Publishing Company

Cyrus H. K. Curtis, President

C. H. Ludington, Vice-President and Treasurer
P. S. Collins, General Business Manager
Walter D. Fuller, Secretary
William Boyd, Advertising Director

Independence Square, Philadelphia

London: 6, Henrietta Street
Covent Garden, W. C.

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

Founded A^o D^i 1728 *by* Benj. Franklin

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B. Y. Riddell, Thomas L. Masson,
Associate Editors

Entered as Second-Class Matter, November 15, 1879, at the Post Office at Philadelphia, Under Act of March 3, 1879. Additional Entry at Columbus, O., St. Louis, Mo., Chicago, Ill., Indianapolis, Ind., Saginaw, Mich., Des Moines, Ia., Portland, Ore., Milwaukee, Wis., St. Paul, Minn., San Francisco, Cal., Kansas City, Mo., Savannah, Ga., Denver, Colo., Louisville, Ky., Houston, Tex., Omaha, Neb., Ogden, Utah, Jacksonville, Fla., New Orleans, La., Portland, Me., Los Angeles, Cal., and Richmond, Va.

Volume 198 *5c. THE COPY* *PHILADELPHIA, PA., OCTOBER 24, 1925* *$2.00 THE YEAR by Subscription* *Number 17*

ALGERNON PERCY

By Beatrix Demarest Lloyd

ILLUSTRATED BY WILLIAM LIEPSE

IT WAS the conviction of Adrienne de St. Elour-Aumont that her uncle never slept. This was an exaggerated estimate of his powers of resistance to fatigue; but in fact, being her great-uncle and having arrived at a great age, four or five hours of sleep sufficed him; and in a household where others lay abed unconscious some eight or nine, he was to all practical purposes continually on the alert.

This household was boxed in an ugly brownstone mansion near Fifth Avenue; what is called a double house, since it occupies two of the conventional city lots, with a flight of steps like Jacob's ladder leading from the street to an entrance cheerfully suggestive of a receiving vault in a cemetery. In the days of its architect, social eminence was expressed in gloomy heaviness; in ponderous balustrades without and towering black walnut within. Luckily the St. Elour-Aumonts of the past had enough Gallic patriotism to prefer Empire furniture to the more respectable Victorian period of decoration, which resulted in a pleasant surprise to the visitor and an undepressed attitude toward life on the part of the family.

The family was now only these two, Adrienne and Monsieur René, cherished and adored by six servants. If a division of these functions were compelled, it would be truth to say that Monsieur René was cherished and mademoiselle adored. They accepted a great deal of both services. Monsieur René was very old, to be sure; but it is doubtful if he had exacted less attention when he was young. He was of the fast-vanishing race of aristocrats, superior by divine right, but with a saving grace and charm that made it quite pleasant to concede him his eminence. The requirements of his fastidious toilet and his ceremonious meals had in them this compensation—that it gave one satisfaction to assist in the adornment of a still-upright figure that so well repaid the effort and to cater to an appetite whose discriminating daintiness reflected the highest honor on its ministers. As for Adrienne, given beauty, wealth and charm, with the added spice of rebellious whimsicality, and what but adoration could be expected from those whose life without her would have been one of featureless routine?

"I Suppose You Wouldn't Sit Down for a Few Minutes?" He Ventured

Contrary to Monsieur René's predisposition, there was no duenna in the household. When Adrienne accepted a chaperon, which was not too often, Mrs. Colton Thorpe, a cousin in some distant remove, was only too happy to oblige. Adrienne had not yet formally made her debut, had evaded it because she knew well that the demands of an acknowledged social allegiance would bore her to death. She went to dinners and dances when she wished, gave parties when the mood was on her, and knew that no matter at what hour she mounted the stairs toward bed she would find her uncle sitting in his great chair beside his reading table, with a book closed upon his finger and his kind eyes watching for her to pause in his doorway. No, decidedly, Uncle René never slept! On one such evening—if two o'clock past midnight be not already morning—Monsieur de St. Elour-Aumont did not dismiss her with an affectionate inquiry as to her entertainment. He even closed his book without keeping his finger between the pages.

"Come in, if you please," said Monsieur René. He rose from his chair politely and without any evidence of his eighty-two years. He was very tall and thin in his luxurious brocade gown, hanging loosely belted over his white dinner shirt and black trousers. The inhuman hours at which Monsieur de St. Elour-Aumont dressed and undressed were redeemed by his sympathetic division of attendance between two valets.

Adrienne, who had merely halted on the threshold for the customary exchange of affectionate inquiries and good nights, gave a little shrug of her white shoulders, which might only have been for the better settling of her furred wrap. She went in obediently, and looked up at him with eyes of fearless guilt.

"Do you mind our having a little talk?" asked Monsieur René politely. "Permit me to tell you that you are looking very pretty."

"Thank you. Of course I don't mind. You want to ask me what I have been up to."

She smiled quite cheerfully at him, and sat down in an armchair near his own. Monsieur, with his gentle deftness, took her cloak from her as she turned to sit down, and laid it over the back of his own chair. He remained standing, looking down at her. Her gown of creamy lace and soft gold tissue with its insane hem of brown fur swirling above her gold-clad ankles, became her very well, for her skin was whiter than the *broderie de Malines* and her hair more golden than her ribbons. But he was more concerned with the expression of mutinous amusement in her blue eyes and the quirk at the corners of her red mouth. He had seen these signals of mischief before.

"Quite so," said monsieur. "For the last three days you have left the house before nine o'clock and have returned only to dress for dinner," he explained with his customary directness.

"A working woman's hours, you see," said Adrienne sweetly, with a lifted brow.

Monsieur did not seem surprised by this remarkable statement. After a pause he glanced at the clock.

"Are these also the hours of a working woman?"

Adrienne laughed.

"Well, no. But I am again unemployed. I lost my place."

He turned to hide a smile. It was impossible to deny that Adrienne was an entertaining responsibility.

"Do not expect me to say that I am sorry," he said courteously. "Suppose you explain."

"Well, you see," said Miss Aumont comfortably, "I thought it would be a lark to see if I could earn some money."

"Why?"

She wrinkled her pretty brows and pursed her mouth.

"These impulses are so hard to express!"

"I hope it was not because you were in debt?"

"Goodness, I could never be worth any salary that would do me the least good," she answered lightly. "Besides, how could I be in debt when you are so generous?"

"It can be done, however," smiled monsieur with a little bow in acknowledgment of her appreciation.

"No, it was just a whim. I see so many women earning money. It makes me feel quite stupid."

"And in what capacity did you offer your services?"

Adrienne de St. Elour-Aumont

"I was a social secretary," said Adrienne, "for three days. It can't be called work exactly. But it was all I knew how to do, you see."

Monsieur suddenly laughed and sat down.

"Were you well paid?"

"I was not paid at all. I forgot all about it. I left the house in a rage."

He frowned.

"Perhaps you would better tell me the whole story," he said slowly.

"Well," said Adrienne—she stretched her dance-wearied feet before her and let herself collapse comfortably in the chair—"I got a job through the Manhattan Bureau of Social Requirements. You have no idea how many people you never heard of have social requirements."

"But so I should expect," said Monsieur de St. Elour-Aumont.

She smiled at him.

"There are so many different sets of people who call themselves in society. There is even a society on the West Side. They live —— But that wouldn't interest you. The set to which my principal belonged has clubs instead of ancestors. The men don't count. They make money. The women hire ballrooms in hotels, and buy tickets from each other, and play cards for prizes and read papers on civic improvement."

"A round of gayety," murmured monsieur.

"Yes; but, of course, there must be someone to attend to the list—the tickets, and all that—to say nothing of writing their essays on civic improvement."

Monsieur René gave a chuckle. This lovely young relative of his made his life amusing.

"It was all very different from what I expected," said Adrienne, "but most things are. The work was easy and I had a gold-plated limousine to run my errands in. I wore out a practically new telephone. I was punctual and practical, and gave every satisfaction."

"And what occasioned the rage in which you lost your job?"

"I lost it, of course. But in a manner of speaking, I chucked it up." Miss Aumont's face clouded. "Mrs. Wotherspoon had a son who was not a money-maker. His father provided and he remained at home. He was a diligent distributor of father's provision, I fancy. I had the misfortune to give him satisfaction also, and he made me an insulting proposal."

Monsieur started to his feet, grinding out an unintelligible phrase. His kindly eyes became murderous.

"He asked me to marry him," said Adrienne.

Monsieur René came to a halt in an angry stride.

"You said ——"

"I said he asked me to marry him. It was too abominable. After three days! Of course I left at once."

Monsieur relaxed with a little sigh. He completed his little tour of the room more easily, and presently returned to his chair.

He sat down, regarding his lovely young relative with a slight smile.

"Well, may one hope it has cured you of wanting to be a bread winner?" he inquired pleasantly.

Miss Aumont stirred and drew herself more erect.

"Not at all," she said thoughtfully. "I should not set such a value on the indiscretions of an oaf like that. There is something in it—this finding out if one is worth the salt in the caviar. If I were to study shorthand I could earn forty dollars a week, at the very beginning. You see, I can spell—even on a typewriter."

"You intend to try again?"

She was silent a moment. Then she slipped to her feet, and going over to him, sat down on the arm of his chair and put herself unreservedly into his arms.

"I hope you won't mind very much?" she asked softly, one hand against his cheek.

"On the contrary, I object like the very devil," said Monsieur de St. Elour-Aumont. "But you know, my darling, that you are at liberty to do just as you please. It is only people whom we know to be utterly trustworthy to whom we can say that. I have only two things to say."

"Say them, belovedest."

"You must not let your knowledge that this is a mere lark, as you call it, depreciate your effort to make your work acceptable. Your employer takes you in good faith for what you pretend to be."

"I adore you," said she with a gentle kiss. "Go on."

"My second point is: Will you not encounter the same difficulties every three days or so?"

Adrienne gave him another little kiss and rose.

"No, darling, I have learned a very valuable lesson. And now I must go to bed. My name is again on the books at the Manhattan Bureau of Social Requirements, and I must be on hand tomorrow in case some other authority on bridge and civic improvement desires a secretary."

Monsieur René laughed a little ruefully and stretched out his hand toward his closed volume of Pirandello.

"Well, sleep well, little wage earner," he said. "I must say," he added as she crossed the room under his admiring look, "that you do not look the part."

"I shall tomorrow," she made answer darkly.

II

MRS. REAMER DUNBAR was no authority on civic improvement, though on the betterment of the Dunbar social position she could have taken a *magna cum laude*, and her bridge was good if not superlative; but she did desire a secretary. Mrs. Dunbar and her daughter and her son were devoted to the upward climb, and had, indeed, passed one or two landings on those golden stairs.

Nothing but her determination could ever make society open its heart to Mrs. Dunbar. She was not beautiful or gracious; she could not be amusing or desirable; she had not been born to the purple or even to a faint tinge of Tyrian; and in the days when the most wildly improbable people were richer than Solomon, her wealth was no open sesame. Nothing on earth is stranger than the craving to get one's name in the lists of those present among the upper ten, to endure fatigue, chagrin, expense and insult to arrive where there is but a grudging acceptance, no gain and little pleasure. But Mrs. Dunbar pressed steadily onward toward the summit of this barren ambition, dragging her not unwilling progeny with her, one in either hand. Dunbar *père* had left the scene of this embattled struggle, too weary of the upward clutch in his hair to be anything but grateful when death loosened his wife's painful hold upon him and let his head fall back upon his final pillow.

Mrs. Dunbar's house was not a brownstone mansion, nor was it a medium-sized railway station that had just escaped having a clock in the tower. She knew her book, did Mrs. Dunbar, and chose a dwelling that proclaimed her good taste if not her exceeding newness. It had an air of permanence, and just that touch of not needing to be too smart, rather in the same key as her middle-aged menservants who might easily be taken for old family retainers. She had considered having a housekeeper in a black silk dress, like Mrs. Rouncewell, but wisely decided in favor of a visiting organizer. And now she needed an amanuensis.

For, indeed, she was so far arrived as to need clerical help in her correspondence, and to keep track of her obligations and engagements; and she looked forward perhaps to employing more than one assistant, now that she had landed her big fish. Well, he was more seine than fish. For, after all, she was no angler after a mere specimen. She wanted the whole shoal, and this Algernon Percy, Lord Dudley, was to be spread to catch them.

Just why he had consented to visit her puzzled no one so much as His Lordship. He was an amiable fellow, thoughtless of his position as a peer, quite as likely to make a friend of the chauffeur as of the owner of the car, finding life amusing and wholesome, and much more concerned in perfecting his stabilizer for aeroplanes than in being entertained by the great of any nation. He was interested in the United States, commonly called America; but he was never certain how he came to find himself committed to a visit there under the Dunbar wing.

Here he was, however, installed in a princely suite of rooms, in which there seemed to be everything that the mind of man and woman could devise to meet the needs of a guest except a convenient lodgment for his forty-seven pairs of boots and shoes. He made light of this omission, however, in order to cheer his man, who had remarked upon it rather sadly.

"You can't have everything, Petrie," he said. "They'll go well enough in those shelves. You have a thousand more tootling conveniences than you ever had at home, even an electric thingummy to smooth my topper. Come now!"

"You don't think I would trust your hats to that contrivance, sir!" said Petrie in soft reproach. "I find no fault, sir. It is a well-conducted establishment. But there's nothing like racks for boots, sir."

His Lordship laughed. He stood before his dressing mirror, six feet of stalwart shirt-sleeved youth, giving his head a high polish with two cruel brushes.

"I wonder they don't have an electric dingus for brushing one's hair," he said. "This is a great country, Petrie."

"It is extremely large, they tell me," agreed his man.

"Don't you be an insular Briton," said His Lordship cheerfully. "It is very old-fashioned to disparage the United States. And you'll find they do you extremely well."

Lord Dudley

Petrie took up His Lordship's waistcoat and stepped behind him.

"Thank you, sir," he said without overt enthusiasm.

Dudley, having finished dressing, stood accumulating his small belongings and slipping each into its rightful pocket.

"Sensible money too," he said. "Ten of everything make one of something else. They tell me the difference in forty guineas and forty pounds is quite prostrating to a visitor at home. And if you go out this afternoon, Petrie, you'll find you can't get lost. Fifth Avenue, Sixty-fifth Street—it is like finding a page in a book."

"I admit its convenience, sir. But it lacks historical background."

"Well, don't make the mistake of thinking the people do," said His Lordship. "They will be sure to tell you they won their war with us, you know. But it was before your time; I'll say so much for you."

He went out laughing, took the stairs at a light pace, disregarding the electric lift that had taken him up, and ran down, to collide harmlessly with a smallish bespectacled person in the drawing-room foyer.

"So sorry," said His Lordship. "A thousand pardons."

"My fault," murmured the young woman, courteously but coldly, readjusting her burden of notebooks which had been jarred out of plumb by his impact.

"No, no; frightfully clumsy of me. . . . I say, could you tell me where I can hole up for a smoke?"

The young woman hesitated.

"I don't doubt you can smoke all over the house," she said. "I have only just come myself; but people smoke everywhere, don't they? If you would rather, there is the library just past those doors."

"You wouldn't mind showing me?" suggested Dudley politely.

It was quite dusky in the hallway, which accounted for his having barged into her, and he could not see her clearly. Her voice was quite delightful, very soft and with a lingering timbre; quite different, he told himself, from Miss Dunbar's rather artificial effort at "an excellent thing in woman." She was, moreover, no taller than his heart, and Dudley had a soft spot in him for little women, perhaps because his adored mother had been that height. He wanted suddenly to see her better. Who was she?

Without any answer, she turned and led the way across the foyer, past an open doorway, round an elbow of the hall, and preceded him into the library.

"I am sure you may smoke here," she said. "There's every encouragement."

In the better light he gave her a quick look, apparently a mere passing glance; but not for nothing was His Lordship a trained observer. He noted her graceful figure and the loveliness of the hands that held the pile of notebooks, and he saw in spite of the big yellow-rimmed spectacles that her eyes were oddly and most attractively shaped. It was a pity about her hair, of course—how young she was to be so very gray! But that black hair often went that way, he knew. It was demurely parted and drawn down straight over her ears into a knot at the back. Her mouth was grave, and yet it looked as if it could smile.

"I suppose you wouldn't sit down for a few minutes?" he ventured.

"Oh, no." Her refusal came without a touch of interest. "I am Mrs. Dunbar's secretary. I am very busy."

"I see," said Dudley. "Would you mind telling me your name? I shall be here some little time, I fancy. My name ——"

"You are Lord Dudley," said the young woman, who had written this name too often since taking on her job at Mrs. Dunbar's desk not to remember it. "My name is Farnham."

"Mrs. or Miss?"

For a moment she stared at him.

"Miss," she said coldly, and turned away.

"I hope you don't think me inquisitive," said His Lordship. He did not in the least want her to go, and was rather wondering wherein lay her undeniable charm for him. He went on quite vaguely, not to say idiotically, "Wouldn't you tell me about the other people here—if there are any?"

"There are only Mrs. Dunbar and her son and daughter," said Miss Farnham, "and yourself."

"And you," said Dudley.

"And me," she agreed quietly.

She gave him no opening by disclaiming her right to a place in the list of the important members of the household—remarkably nice young woman—and to continue a decidedly lifeless conversation he had to make it himself.

"The busiest one of the family," he said, wondering if his brains were really oozing away as he felt they were. "You must have an awful lot to do."

"I have," she said neatly, and moved toward the door.

"I say," said Lord Dudley, his monocle continuing to bear upon her, "I haven't half told you how sorry I am, you know, crashing into you like that."

"It doesn't matter in the least."

"You're not hurt, I hope—or anything?" he urged feverishly.

Why the deuce couldn't he keep her a moment to talk to him? He couldn't think of a thing to say. Driveling fool. Miss Farnham looked at the door. Then she turned her head and smiled at him.

"That's done it," muttered Dudley insanely, watching her prim lips curl and curve into a mischievous temptation. What on earth was happening to him? He couldn't take his eyes away from that surprising mouth. Miss Farnham could, however, and did, turn the face, smile and all, away from him without speaking. And suddenly she was gone.

Algernon Percy made blindly forward in pursuit of her. She was just two steps ahead of him when his longer strides brought him into the hall.

"I say, Miss Farnham," he blurted, "would you mind taking off those glasses just a moment?"

It was dreadful. Here was his fool body rushing around after a girl saying the most unpardonable things. He seemed to have no control over it at all.

Very properly Miss Farnham froze him with a furious icy glare from behind those implacable panes of glass.

"You must excuse me, Lord Dudley," she said, and so the long arctic night began. She went away quite coolly, and His Lordship staggered back into the library in a collapse of humiliation and horror.

III

"BUT what I cannot understand," said Monsieur René, somewhat petulantly, "is why you wish to go on with this masquerade."

It was after dinner, a week later, and Adrienne and her uncle were drinking their coffee in his library. Monsieur had not yet assumed his brocade gown, but was sitting, nevertheless, at ease in his armchair, a very modish figure in the black broadcloth that always suggested how much more appropriate to his old-time elegance would have been a laced coat and Mechlin ruffles. Adrienne, in sea green and white chiffons, in which, with her pearls, she looked like Undine herself rising from the foam of her fountain, sat on a favorite puff cushion before the open fire.

"You yourself said you wished merely to prove that you could earn some money," went on Monsieur de St. Elour-Aumont, "and I take it you have succeeded. There you sit with thirty-five dollars in your little hot hand"—he smiled at her childishness—"as proof of your value."

Adrienne glanced down into her palm, smiling.

"I changed the bills for gold pieces at the bank," she said with a dreamy satisfaction. "They will make a fine collar for Veuve Cliquot."

"Perhaps a little ostentatious for a cat's collar."

"She does not go out—much," demurred the cat's mistress. "I should like to keep the first money I ever earned."

"Which brings us back to my contention. Why earn more? Can it possibly interest you to go on with this farce?"

"You have no idea how interesting it is because you never in your life saw such a woman as Mrs. Dunbar. This morning we made out a list of people to invite to her musicale, and the best of them she has never even met. You should be honored to know that your name and mine are on the list! She is having half the stars of the grand opera to sing, the poor woman. But she knew her guests would not come for that. No, it is Lord Dudley who will fetch them. She said so herself inadvertently."

"Dudley?" echoed Monsieur René. "Where did she get him, this awful woman?"

"Somehow she met him in London. He is ——"

Her voice died away as she sat smiling into the fire.

"You were saying ——" suggested monsieur after a pause.

"—— he is so simple and good-natured," said Adrienne agreeably. "I dare say he didn't know how to refuse her. He is a dear boy," she added slowly.

Monsieur's eyes grew a trifle sharper.

"You like him?"

"Yes," she said, very simply. In the little silence that followed this confession her soft delicious laugh rang out unexpectedly. "He likes me, you know. He thinks I am a poor gray-haired working woman. It's very gay to be liked for something besides one's looks and money."

(Continued on Page 131)

It Was Impossible to Deny That Adrienne Was an Entertaining Responsibility. "Do Not Expect Me to Say That I am Sorry," He Said. "Suppose You Explain"

HIGH TILLAGE—By Will Payne

ONE of my early recollections is of Switzerland—a recollection that is probably shared by a whole generation of Middle-Western Americans. For among the few fixed cultural events of our town in Illinois, the annual appearance of the Swiss Bell Ringers figured prominently.

If you are so unfortunate as never to have heard the Swiss Bell Ringers, I may explain that the performers, in picturesque native costume, stood behind a long, much-draped table full of bells. Seizing one pair after another, with surprising dexterity they rang out various pleasing melodies, concluding with My Country, 'Tis of Thee, or The Star-Spangled Banner.

A plump, blond vocalist in green-velvet jacket and breeches, with a feather in his hat, yodeled at intervals during the entertainment, the usual burden of his song being "Tilly-ei, ho, ho, up the mountain high." The air was inspiriting, yet with a plaintive note. Nothing else that was presented to my youthful senses—not even the two elephants and the somewhat mangy lions, tigers and hyena of the one-ring circus—gave me so powerful a tang of far lands and strange people as the Swiss Bell Ringers did.

They remained my most vivid realization of foreign parts up to the time when one of our affluent and adventurous neighbors joined a ninety-day personally conducted tour of Europe. I went down to the railroad station, quite uninvited and unappreciated, to witness his departure. The occasion was so memorable that I can still see him distinctly in every detail.

He wore a high silk hat and a black coat of the voluminous and ceremonial sort called a Prince Albert. His fawn-colored trousers flared out at the bottom over his shoes. His collar was sensationally tall and shiny, and his tie was adorned with a large cameo stick pin. Boarding the train for Chicago, he carried a new suitcase—his only piece of baggage—and a black gold-headed cane. So this man whom I had seen familiarly in his shirt sleeves day by day was actually off for Europe!

The deep thrill of that thought contained an element of local pride, for I was sure that Europe could not help but form a very favorable impression of our town as it beheld our neighbor scintillating from Edinburgh to Rome, in silk hat and Prince Albert coat, suitcase firmly grasped in one hand and gold-headed cane in the other. Undoubtedly the silk hat was especially purchased for the voyage. So far as I can now remember, it was the first headpiece of that distinguished description that I had ever seen except on the stage in a minstrel show—but, of course, most appropriate for a man who was going to Europe.

Fragments of Farms

RATHER oddly, as it seems now, I cannot recall that the report of Europe which our townsman delivered informally to an admiring group of neighbors in our parlor contained a word about Switzerland.

What stands out in memory of that occasion is a tiny withered stalk with a couple of dead leaves clinging to it which he held up between thumb and forefinger, saying he had plucked it with his own hand in the Forum in Rome. And afterward, downtown, when no ladies were present, he gave us some scandalous details of the lack of modesty among Latin people. He had seen babies in the street stark naked!

Later on I got a near view of Switzerland; but it was early spring and the view was obscured by a persistent downpour of chill and gusty rain that gave me a severe cold in the head. At the end of a drenched, goose-fleshed, snuffly week, the entire melodious population of the mountain republic might have drowned itself in the country's numerous lakes with no protest from me. Nobody yodeled. The nation's musical reputation was upheld only by a lorn performer on the alpenhorn—a monstrous pipe which when blown into with sufficient violence emits lugubrious sounds representing the death throes of a sentimental boa constrictor.

But still later, under favorable weather conditions, I received a much pleasanter impression of Switzerland; so this summer when I set out to find a Swiss farm it was without prejudice.

I did not find the farm—not anything that I could conscientiously recognize as a farm. The entire mountain district from Zurich south to Lugano and east of the Lake of Geneva is spattered with fragments of farms; but I doubt that the region contains any cultivated area that would meet American ideas of what a farm should be. North of Zurich, where the country is lower and more open, somewhat larger continuous stretches of tilled land may be found; but that is not mountain farming.

In the valleys and on the hillsides of the mountain regions you see everywhere scattered patches of cultivated land—an acre or half an acre in wheat or oats and still other grain fields in sizes that we associate with the back-yard cultivation of potatoes. As much as three acres in one grain field verges on the gigantic by comparison. Even the numerous meadows have mainly this fragmentary and dispersed appearance. On the southern side of the high Alps, I saw a good many patches of corn, but not one that was as much as an acre in extent.

There are no more thrifty, industrious people than the Swiss; and we are warranted in accepting the general judgment that they cultivate every bit of land that is cultivable. That they do not shirk labor is evident at a glance, for upon looking upward almost anywhere, you will see cultivated bits of land at such elevations and lying at such sharp slants that they strike you as much like cultivating the roof of a high building.

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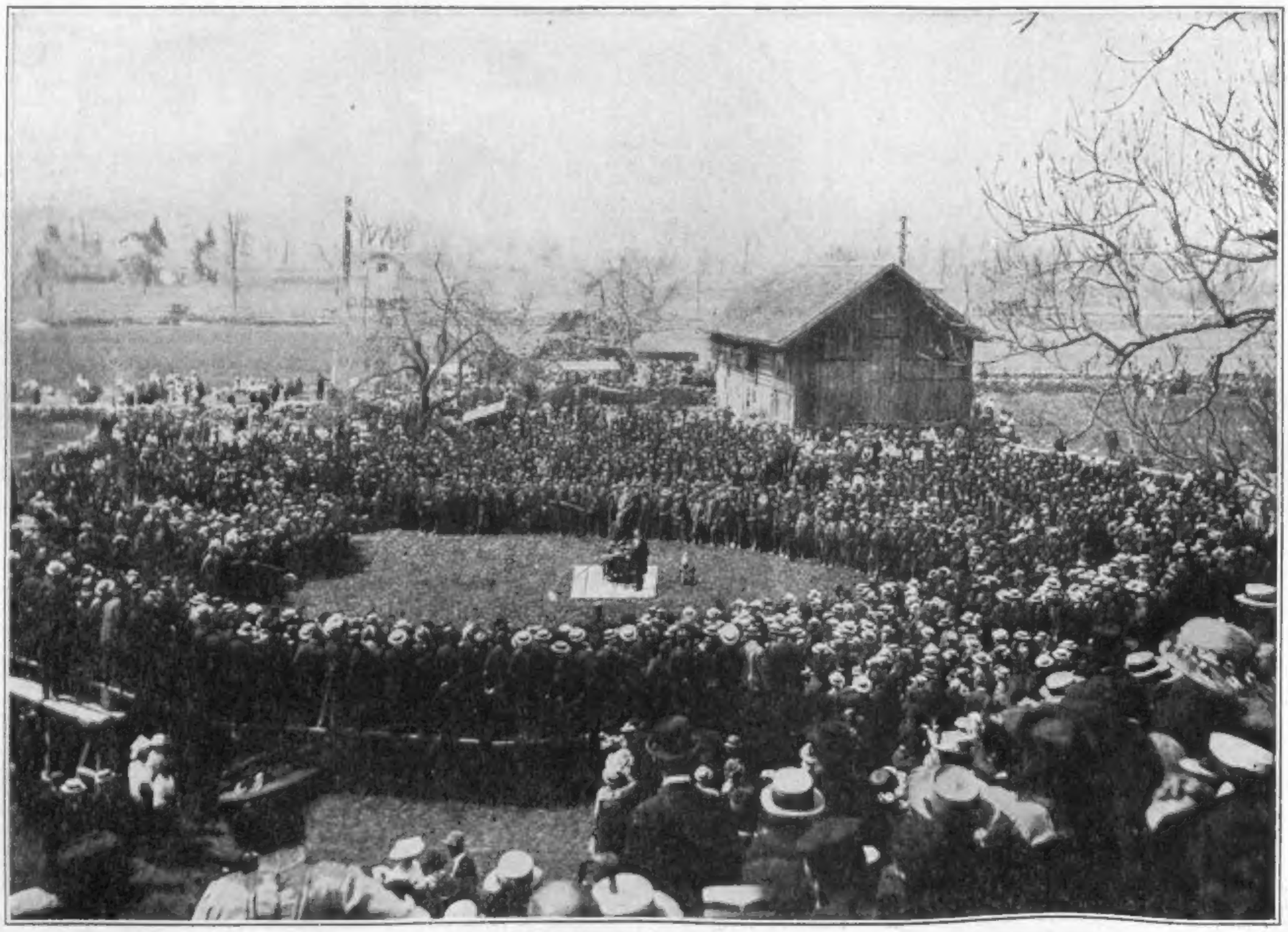


The Voters' Meeting at Altdorf

WITH THE SHENANDOAH

By Zachary Lansdowne, U. S. Navy

Lieutenant Commander, Commanding the U. S. S. Shenandoah

THE history of mankind has been more influenced by transportation than by any other single factor. The development of our civilization has been dependent upon it. Until the invention of the telegraph and radio, all communication was dependent on the means of transport, and so all intercourse and exchange of goods and ideas.

Transportation, or lack of it, has largely controlled language, nationality and race. It has built nations and empires. Among the early examples of the influence of transportation are the invasions of Europe by the Asiatics. Genghis Khan utilized the horse as a means of transportation, and the present inhabitants in many parts of the plains of Eastern Europe clearly show their Mongol origin. The horse was an effective and rapid carrier for those times, particularly over flat lands.

The early Mediterranean cities, of which Carthage is an example, developed and became rich by making use of water transportation across the Mediterranean. Thus an inland sea, which had heretofore proved a barrier to man, became the agency of more rapid communication. Rome constructed an empire by conquest, and an important element in her success was road building. In England today the traveler will frequently have a Roman road pointed out to him. These roads are invariably straight and direct, while the old Saxon roads are extraordinarily winding and crooked.

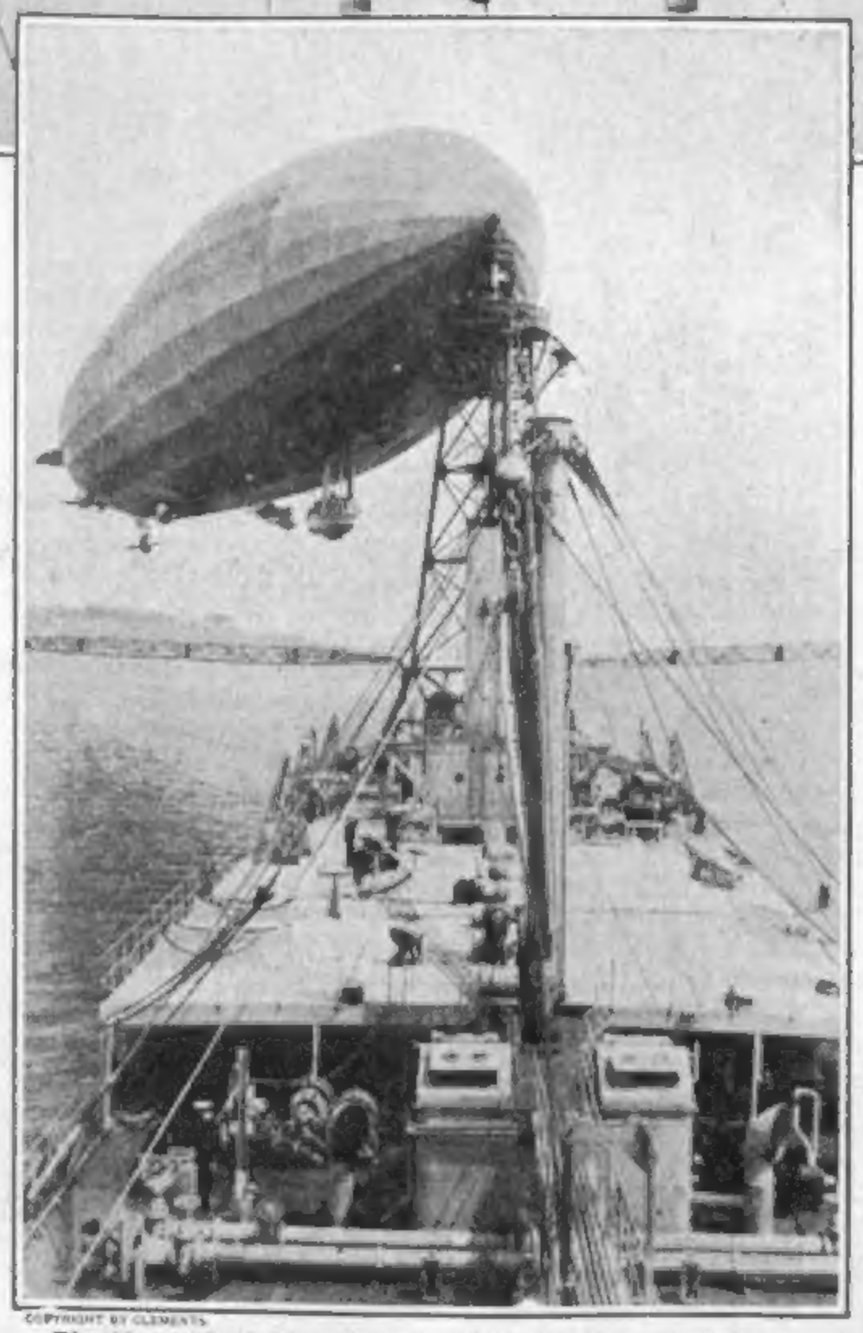
Good Roads in the Air

THE Spanish and Portuguese implanted their races and their languages on the entire Western Hemisphere below the southern boundary of the United States by reason of their proximity to and good sense to take advantage of the trade winds, which in the days of sail enabled them to reach these lands more directly than was possible for their Northern European neighbors. The British Empire of today stands as a monument to the sailorman. Our own great continent would perhaps be made up of many nations and languages as in the case of Europe, had it not been for the railroad. We all know of the influence that the automobile and good road have exerted upon intercourse and business since the dawn of the twentieth century.

Communication, however, is no longer solely dependent upon transportation. We talk with all parts of the earth through the medium of the air by radio. A message sent by the Shenandoah on her West Coast cruise in October, 1924, was picked up by an amateur operator in New Zealand. Likewise, transportation is no longer dependent upon the earth and sea, as the air we breathe has opened up an infinite number of good roads without the outlay of a single penny.

If the record of the past may be used as a basis for prognostication, future business, wealth and power will surely accrue to the individual, corporation, nation, or league thereof that will utilize these God-given good roads of the heavens as a more direct and rapid means of transportation. Time, not distance, is the essential element.

Successful transportation should be direct, rapid, cheap and safe. To transport by air is certainly rapid and direct. No clearing of land, road building or rights of way are required, hence it will be cheap. The airplane is now reasonably safe, and the great airship inflated with helium is beyond a doubt the safest method of travel known to man, taking precedence over walking, on account of traffic congestion in the streets. Perhaps the air will be reduced somewhat on the safety scale when aircraft become as numerous as automobiles. A colored Yank, when asked if there were many airplanes in France, replied, "Lawd, de airoplanes is so thick dat de birds comes down and walks."



The Shenandoah Moored to the U. S. S. Patoka. Above—An Improvised Elevator at the San Diego Mast. Admiral Moffett and Lieutenant Commander Lansdowne in the Basket

Helium

THE airship floats in air as a vessel floats in the water, and it is not dependent upon speed and power to remain aloft as in the case of an airplane. A number of engines habitually operated at reduced power insure reliability over long-time periods, and repairs, if necessary, may readily be effected in the air to both engines and structure.

While in the air the airship is practically independent of the weather, as storms with attendant high winds merely delay progress to windward and very materially assist, when the courses steered are to leeward, by greatly increasing the airship's ground speed. Fog interferes little with navigation, as the airship may, in nearly all instances, rise above it and sight land or sea below through rifts or thin spots in the fog. Severe thunderstorms and disturbances with strong vertical air currents may be avoided by changes of course, as these disturbances usually extend over a comparatively small area and move at a rate of speed well below that of an airship. Thus the airship can avoid the tornado, and may prove to be more secure in Kansas than a stone house.

During the war a noninflammable gas to replace hydrogen as a lifting medium for airships was urgently sought. With the discovery that the gas in the great natural-gas fields in the Southwestern part of the United States contained a relatively high helium content, the Navy has been active in acquiring and applying this blessing of Nature. Helium, next to hydrogen, is the lightest known gas, and at the same time is absolutely inert and noninflammable. Experimental work was carried on in connection with the process of extraction of the helium from the natural gas, resulting in the Navy's successful helium-production plant at Fort Worth, Texas. Admiral Moffett urged a practical demonstration of the use of helium and assigned me to the task of making the initial airship flights with helium. This demonstration was carried on from the Naval Air Station, Hampton Roads, Virginia, in the non-rigid airship C-7, in December, 1921. So far as is known, only the North American continent contains gases with a sufficient helium content to make its extraction in large enough quantities for aeronautical use practicable.

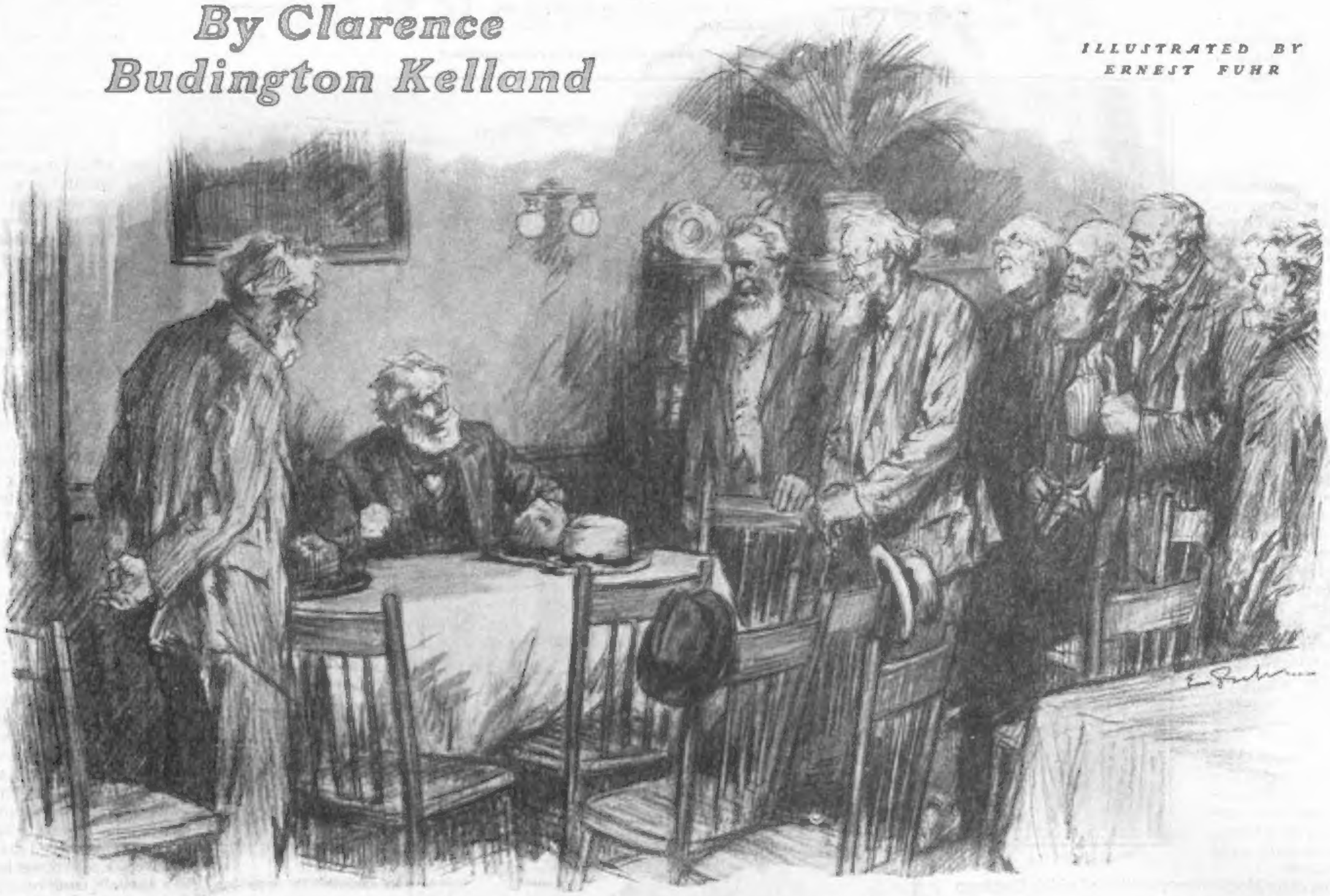
Comfort in travel is an item that should not be overlooked, and having personally had the experience of a number of years at sea, as well as an extensive experience

(Continued on Page 214)

HIGH FINANCE

By Clarence Budington Kelland

ILLUSTRATED BY ERNEST FUHR



Pussy Cromer Alone Stepped to the Left. Twelve Other Directors Straggled to the Right-Hand Side of the Room

IF YOU had been asked to point out the individual in Westminster least affected by the death of John Crafts, you would have been justified in selecting Adam Kidder. The mere difference in their ages might have accounted for this, for John Crafts stepped off the stage at the fine old age of eighty-two, while Adam had recently celebrated his twenty-sixth birthday.

But there was a more profound difference than that of years. Mr. Crafts had been no less an individual than chairman of the finance committee of the bank, and though he never wore a collar except of a Sunday, and carried his own jug to the cider mill, he was wealthy, respected and of the aristocracy of the place. As for Adam Kidder, he was rather less than nobody, and would have been completely nobody if an uncle had not died and left him the comfortable sum of sixteen hundred and seventy-one dollars and thirty-eight cents. Adam was not of the aristocracy, nor, indeed, was he of the proletariat; for the proletariat is supposed to work, a process to which Adam was not addicted. There were spells when he helped somebody do something for a remuneration, but it was only in the odd-job way. He lived alone in what housewives guessed to be a "dretful way," and did his own cooking. He fished a great deal in the pond and was gifted with a talent for keeping his business to himself, so that he acquired the reputation for being queer.

When he came into his fortune and deposited it in the bank, Eli Ware, whose turn it was to be chairman of the finance committee, took occasion to advise him, to upbraid him and to question him. Adam listened to the first, was not affronted by the second and gave no satisfaction to the third.

"It's high time," Eli finished, "that you git at suthin stiddy. You got a nest egg. Now why not go to work?"

"Getting ready," said Adam, and that was the best that could be got out of him.

"Ought to settle down and marry," said Eli.

"Who'd you recommend?" Adam asked imperturbably. "Damaris?"

Eli's neck swelled apoplectically, for Damaris was his daughter, in whose beauty and education he took overweening pride. He suspected Adam not of intention with respect to the young woman but of impudence toward himself, lese majesty in fact; so that from this hour he referred to Adam as "that whippersnapper" and held active animosity against him. Just what his state of mind would have been had he known that Adam's serious intention was to marry Damaris some day no man may state. What Damaris might have thought and said is more easily to be guessed; she would have tilted her lovely chin and laughed as at an absurdity.

The bank was a savings bank, which in that state and that village meant that it was a community affair owned by no stockholders but operated for the benefit and behoof of the depositors. It possessed a more or less hazy board of directors who elected annually from their number a finance committee of five, and these exalted individuals formed a hierarchy which not only directed the affairs of the bank, but were little short of all-powerful in the business and political life of the community. In this committee there had been no change for upward of twenty years. Its members had been John Crafts, now deceased; Eli Ware, proprietor of the feed mill and coal and wood yards, who was rather more than hale and hearty at seventy-eight; the joint proprietors of the general store; and Pliny Butterfield, the infant of the lot, whose mere sixty years did not entitle him to lift a loud voice in the august company. He owned the drug and hardware store. . . . And now John Crafts was dead and his place must be filled.

It was similar to replacing a member of the cabinet of a principality, only more intimate, more of interest to everybody, of greater concern to every dweller in the community.

On the morning following the decease of John Crafts, Adam put on his reserve suit of clothes—one seldom seen in Westminster hitherto—and hired a rig for the day to drive into the country. He did not disclose the purpose of the journey, nor did he start at the moment planned, for as he came out of Streeter's store with a package of tobacco he encountered Damaris Ware.

"Oh, Adam," she said, "just a moment, please."

He paused and regarded her with some curiosity, well concealed, for though they had known each other since childhood and, with the privilege of such villages as Westminster, addressed each other by Christian names, there had been no contact between them since early school days—and little enough then.

"I have some guests coming," said Damaris, "who love to fish." Adam nodded. "You know all about fishing and the best places to go."

"What makes you think so?" Adam asked.

"Why," she said, "you're always doing it. It seems as if I see you in a boat on the pond every time I pass."

"Noticed, eh?" said Adam. "Didn't figure you noticed. . . . Fishing, was I?"

"I supposed so."

"Folks can do other things in a boat besides fish."

The conversation was taking a path she had not foreseen, and in spite of her fine education, recently completed, and of her modish clothes, and of her undisputed position as Eli Ware's daughter, she felt vaguely uncomfortable.

"What else do people do?" she asked.

"Well, for instance," said Adam, "they can think and they can read."

"But why go out in a boat to think and read?" He was exciting mild curiosity.

"So folks'll think I'm fishing," he said, and upon that she became aware of him for the first time as a distinct and individual person. Hitherto she had been unconscious of him except as a member of the community. He could never be that again. Always hereafter he would be Adam Kidder.

Damaris looked at him in the appraising way of women. He was rather good-looking and his eyes were fine, with little wrinkles of shrewd humor at the corners. He was dressed quite as well as any young man in town, and—she was surprised to notice this—his enunciation was quite as good as her own. It was the speech of the vicinage without its elisions and dropping of letters. He did not say "ain't" and "hain't" and "figger" and "cal'late," but gave these words their dictionary values.

These things she strove to disregard and to step back upon her old place of superiority.

"What I wanted to ask you," she said, "is if I can hire you a few days to take my friends fishing."

"Hire?" His eyes met hers, and it was her eyes which wavered.

"Yes," she said.

"Too busy," he said.

"Too busy doing what?" she demanded a bit imperiously.

"Fishing," he said.

Damaris knew her own people in spite of Boston schooling, and the strange quirks and inhibitions of their pride were familiar to her. She fancied she had encountered one of these, though she could not comprehend it. Why should Adam decline to enter her employ as guide for a few days? . . . But she needed him.

"Well, then," she said, "if you're too busy fishing, why not come and fish with us—as one of my guests?"

"Mean it?" he asked.

"Of course I do."

"Can't manage it," said Adam.

"Why not?"

"Because I'm not ready yet."

"Ready? Ready for what?"

"To get to know you," he said, and then he turned to his rig. "Much obliged, just the same."

She stood looking after him as he drove away, and then during that day she thought of him more than once, and during the next day. He puzzled her; he interested her. There was something about him which commanded attention. And, strangely enough, she was conscious of a vague alarm.

Adam drove leisurely until he arrived at the comfortable farmhouse of Luther Bream, a member of the board of directors of the bank. Luther kept rigidly to the tradition of the board in the matter of whiskers. He was tinkering about the barn when Adam alighted, and showed no appreciable joy upon the young man's approach. The exchange of amenities was brief.

"I hear tell," said Adam, "that you'd buy Rob Waters' south mowing if you could get it."

"Can't git it," Luther said succinctly.

"Need it, don't you?"

"Got along 'thout it so fur," said Luther cannily.

"Before you took to raising Holsteins," said Adam. Luther made no response to this. Adam whistled through his teeth. "Picked anybody for John Crafts' place?" he asked.

"'Tain't a matter I cal'late to discuss," said Luther.

"Don't blame you," said Adam, who knew perfectly well that no member of the board would pick a candidate until Eli Ware did his thinking for him. "But folks are interested. . . . Um—what's the south mowing worth to you?"

"Offered nine hundred," Luther said grudgingly.

"Would you buy it for eight-fifty if you got a chance?"

"Hain't got no time for jokin'."

"I joke very little—almost never," said Adam. "Got a thirty-day option on the piece at that figure."

"Eh?"

"All written out legally," said Adam.

"I'll take it offn your hands."

"Not yet," said Adam. "It ain't the right day for it."

"What you aimin' at? What is the right day?"

"Got a candidate selected for John Crafts' place?"

"Not what you'd call selected."

"Um—stay that way, Luther. . . . The right day for passing this option to you is the one after the bank election." He allowed his eyes to rest for a moment upon Luther's eyes and then he turned away. "Got to be getting along now. Just dropped in. See you the day after election—maybe."

Adam walked half a dozen steps before he turned to cast another glance upon Luther, who stood silent and reflective.

"Nobody," he said casually, "ever got much of any place by talking out of turn."

A three-mile drive carried him to the farm of Peter Cummings, also a bank director, where he remained briefly, leaving behind him a whiskered farmer who suffered from fits of absent-mindedness during the remainder of the day; fits of absent-mindedness during which he might have been seen waggling his head and declaring, "I swan to man!"

The subject matter of the talk was a promissory note.

"Has Lant Steel ever paid up that note for seven hundred dollars?" asked Adam.

"He hain't, and he don't aim to. Proppity all in his wife's name. Consarn him!"

"Be good for you if you found along about a thousand dollars' worth of property you could get execution against, eh? Got a judgment now?"

"Judgment hain't wuth the paper it's writ on."

"Looks so. . . . Got a candidate selected for John Crafts' place?"

"Campaignin' fur it?" Peter asked, rather fancying he had uttered a bit of humor worth repeating later in the post office.

"Haven't said so, have I? If you were called into court, you'd have to say you didn't know if I was a candidate."

"Cal'late so."

"Keep on not knowing," said Adam. And then—"About that thousand dollars' worth of attachable property."

"What about it?"

"I think I can locate enough."

"Ye kin? When?"

"When a suitable day comes," said Adam.

"And what day'll that be?"

"Next day after bank election," said Adam. "Got to be moving along. See you in the hotel when the meeting's over—maybe."

Before darkness fell, Adam had called upon three more of the members of the board of directors, into the business of each of whom he seemed to have inquired more deeply than was to be expected of an ordinarily inquisitive citizen of Westminster. Each of them he left somewhat bewildered and groping, but with one idea fixed clearly in his head: namely, that on the day following the election Adam Kidder would—or would not—be able to give him certain information, afford certain aid or deliver certain property, if ——

Not one of them could, upon oath, state the nature of that "if," or give evidence that Adam had asked a thing in return for the benefit he proffered; yet each of them knew that a favorable outcome for him depended upon the results of the election. In the mind of each was apprehension as to what was about to occur and as to what Eli Ware would have to say about it

On the following day Adam resumed his calls, until every one of the ten outlying members of the board had been interviewed. None of the four survivors of the finance committee had been on his list of calls, nor were any of these gentlemen aware of his peculiar activities. Such had

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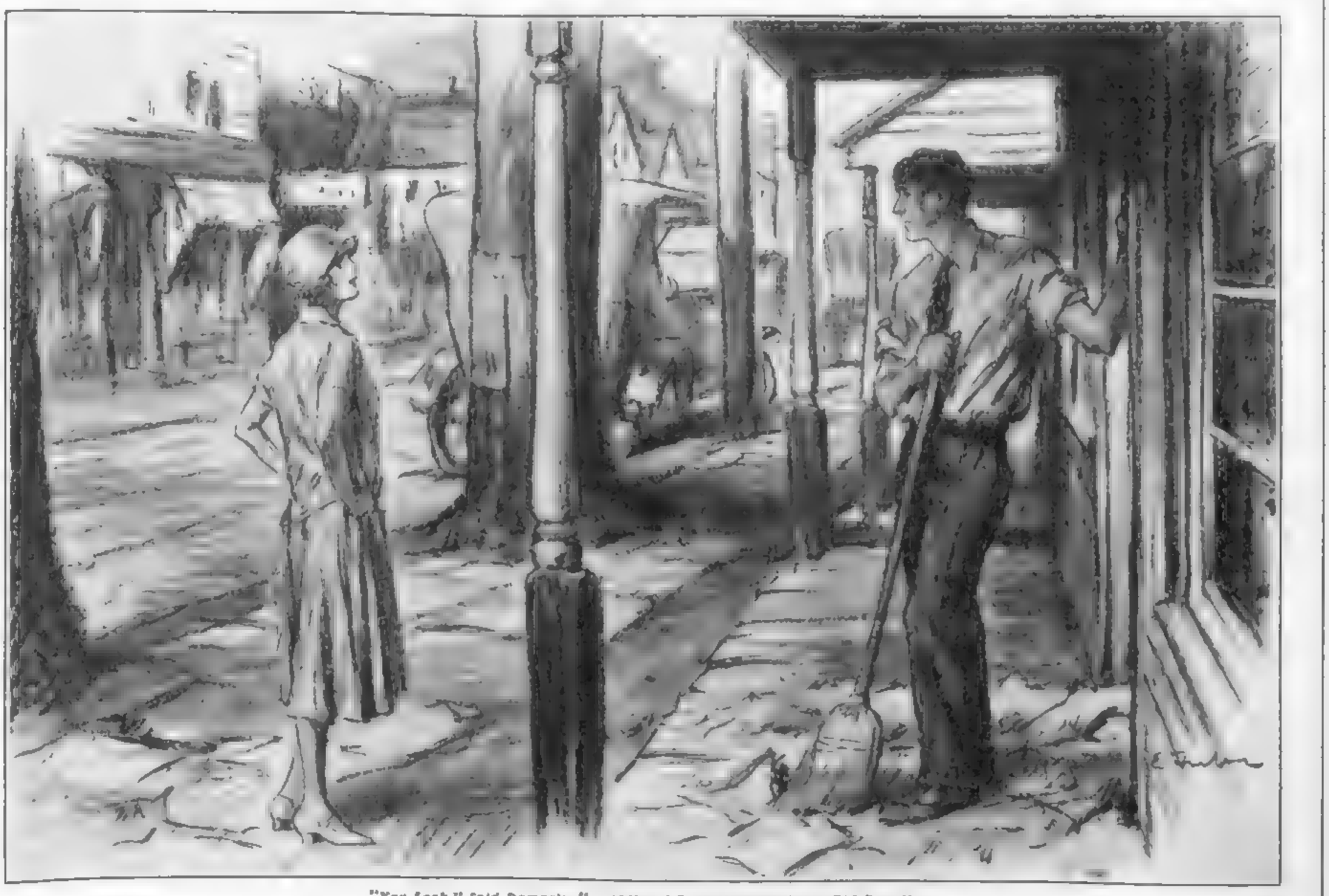
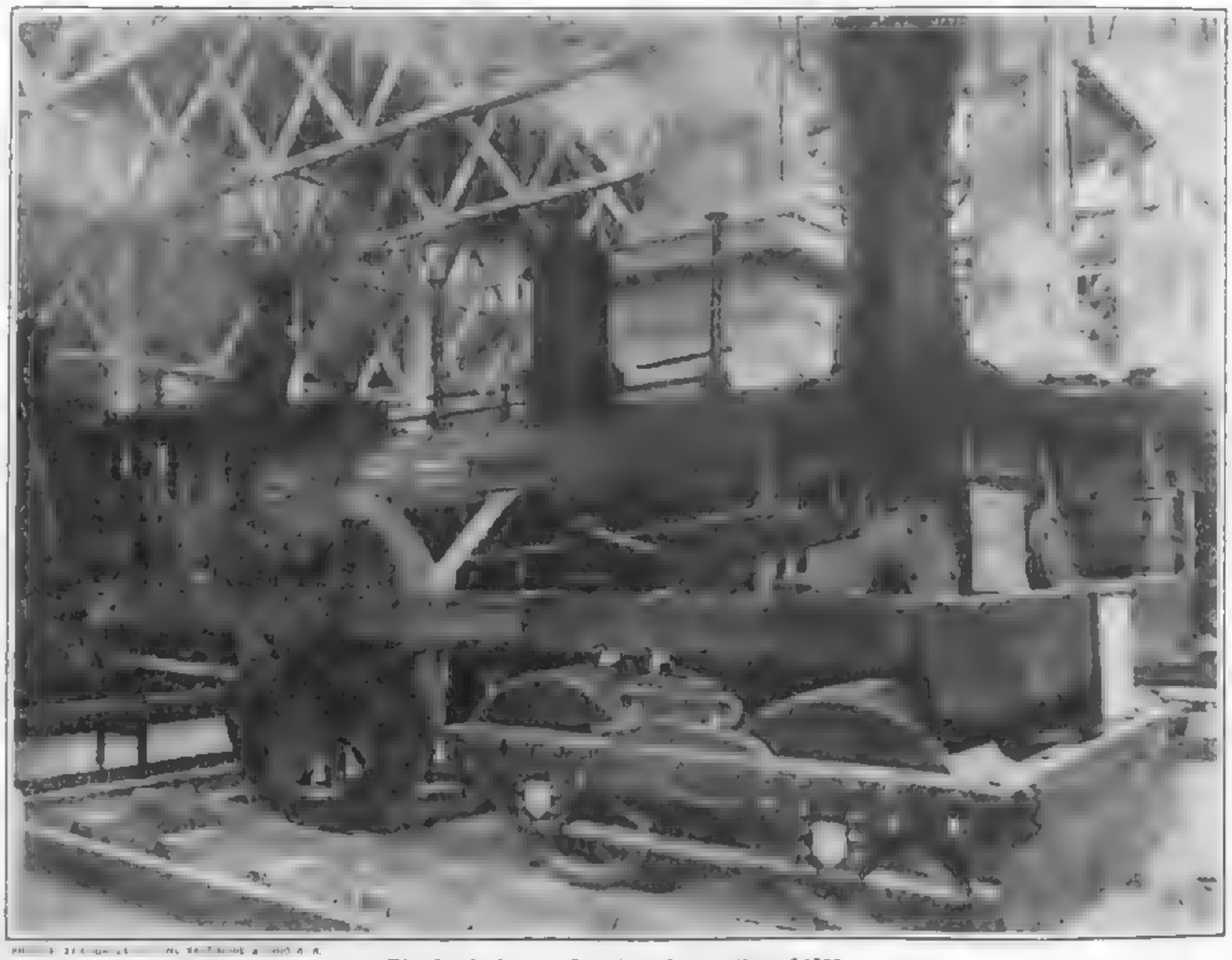


"You Look," Said Damaris, "as if You'd Been Sleeping in an Old Barn"

THE RAILROAD APPLE

By Garet Garrett



The Sandusky, an American Locomotive of 1837

FROM Apple Mary at Brooklyn Bridge you buy an apple for ten cents, or, saying to yourself apples are too valuable to eat, you don't. That seems quite all of it. But it is not so simple. You have not thought about it. An economist, for example, cannot take the fruit or leave it. He asks himself "Why is the apple ten cents? Why this singular attribute of tencentness? What makes the price of a thing? What is value?"

There is already a large literature on the subject of value, ancient and modern. Back of the apple, all the way back, is the value of land, and this by itself is a vast, mysterious subject. Not long ago the British Parliament decided once for all to value the land of the kingdom in a scientific manner: after ten years of labor and twenty-five millions of expense the undertaking was abandoned in 1920, simply for the reason that it was not feasible. The matter became so complicated in fact and theory that nobody could pretend to understand it. Then comes the value of labor and the question why one kind is worth more than another; the value of transportation, the value of distribution, and at last the value of money itself. In front of the apple is Mary, the vender, and vending also has value. How much does it take to keep Mary there in all weathers to sell the apple? Why does it take just that much? What is her service worth? And is it worth more or less than the service of a typist?

When the doctor of political economy has performed the feat of dividing all the factors of value into the price of the apple he has an answer he cannot prove. If it should occur to him in passing to ask Mary what made the apple ten cents she would say that was what it would fetch. And for any practical purpose that is all the answer there is. If she charged more she could not sell it; if she charged less she could not afford to sell it. Yet this will not satisfy your economist. It may give him an idea with which he will go and write a book on the theory of fetch and why the sum of prices charged must equal the sum of prices paid.

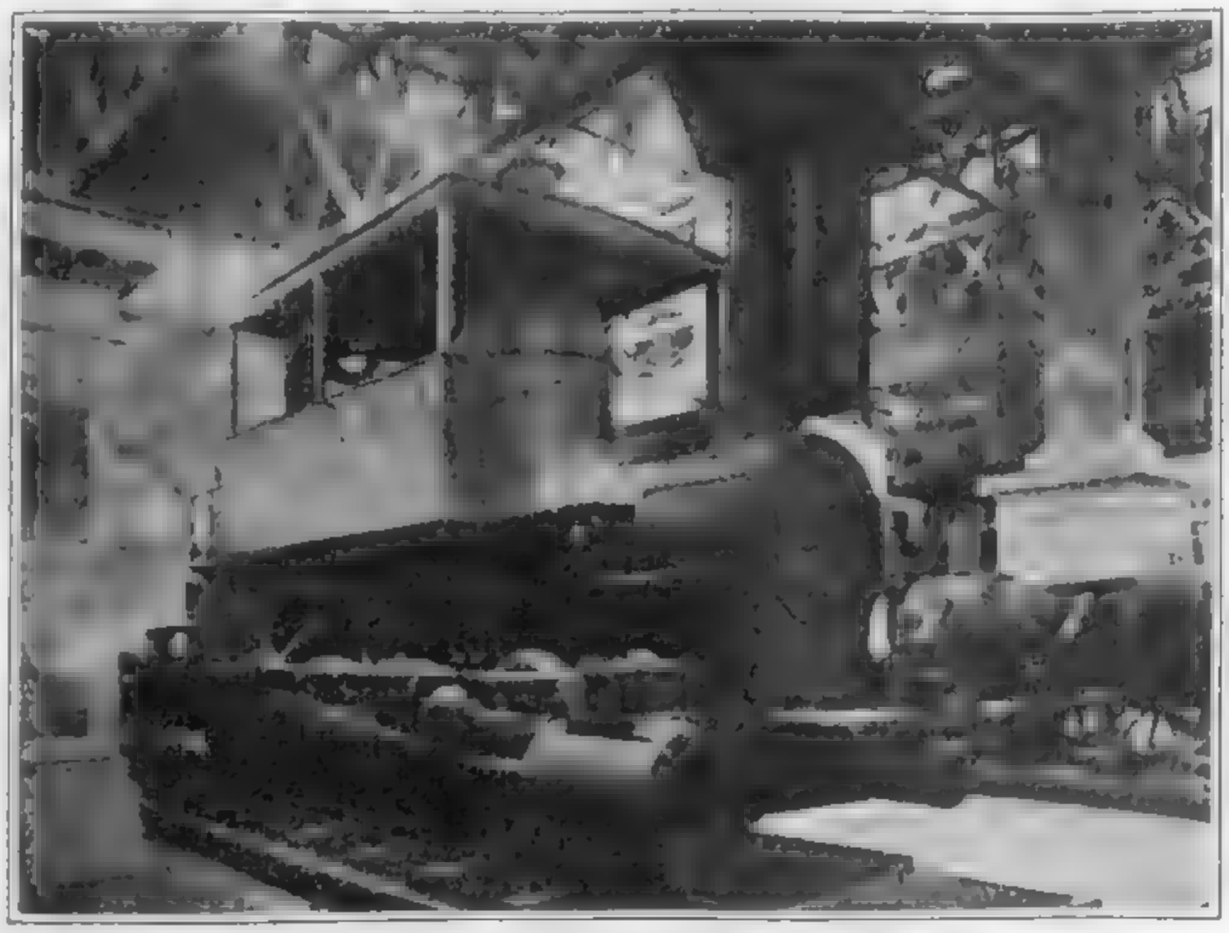
Let a Commission Do It

THE point is that from getting itself looked at with too much curiosity the most innocent phenomenon comes at length to present the aspect of an insoluble problem. If it happens to be a thing with which the public is much concerned the Congress then creates a commission to hang it on, and people in general return to their private interests with an air of having settled something. They have not settled anything. They have only got rid of the bother of thinking about it. Then one day they discover that the commission itself has become a problem while everything that was to have been solved is more complex than it was before.

There was for years a circular controversy about the price of railroad transportation. The railroads sold it, as Mary sells apples, for what it would fetch. That was the only explanation they could ever give for what they charged.

Transaportation in one important respect is different from apples. Directly or indirectly you are obliged to buy it and you must buy it from a railroad.

For that reason among others—for that reason mainly—there came to be a great deal of antirailroad feeling. You are bound to react in a certain galled way to the seller who says, "That's the price; take it or leave it," when it is well understood that you cannot leave it. And when you ask the seller how he arrives at his price and he says by charging what the traffic will bear you begin to feel sore spots whether you have them or not. Thinking how easy it would be for the railroads to practice extortion, every normal person knowing what his own temptation would be if he had the power to charge what the traffic would bear in the case of a commodity so vital as transportation, people became very hostile indeed. They were never quite sure which they were talking about—the price that was charged or the way it was charged.



The Camel, an American Locomotive of 1848

The Why of Rates

THE product was emotional. First, the states created commissions to regulate the rates and mend the manners of the railroads. Their activities were successful so far as they were meant to be punitive; they were not otherwise very helpful, they solved nothing, and did more or less interfere with the conduct of interstate commerce. It got so bad that a train passing through several Western states might have to stop at every state line and make itself over, changing even the character of some of its equipment, in order to obey all the different laws. Then came the Interstate Commerce Commission to regulate rates and general railroad behavior under Federal authority.

At first it had only the power to say to the railroads, "You shall sell transportation to everybody alike and the price shall be what it is reasonably worth."

The railroads said, "Our rates on the whole are reasonable. They are in the aggregate the least we can afford to charge and at the same time they are separately such as shippers can afford to pay, proof being that the stuff moves."

The Interstate Commerce Commission said, "What we mean is that a freight rate shall be reasonable as such, in itself. The fact that in general you charge no more than the traffic will bear is no proof of reasonableness as to a particular charge."

The railroads said, "We have no other measure of reasonableness. We think you yourself will never find one. The cost of moving a ton of freight one mile may be in one instance one-seventh of a cent and in another instance seventy-three cents, on the same road. In one case we may be obliged to move freight at anything whatever above the out-of-pocket cost of operation. For our interest and dividends we have to get more out of some other kind of freight that will stand it."

Then the Interstate Commerce Commission asked itself the fatal question: What made a freight rate reasonable or unreasonable? Or why was the apple ten cents?

It pursued this question to where regulation ended and control began, and through control to where that ended and administration began.

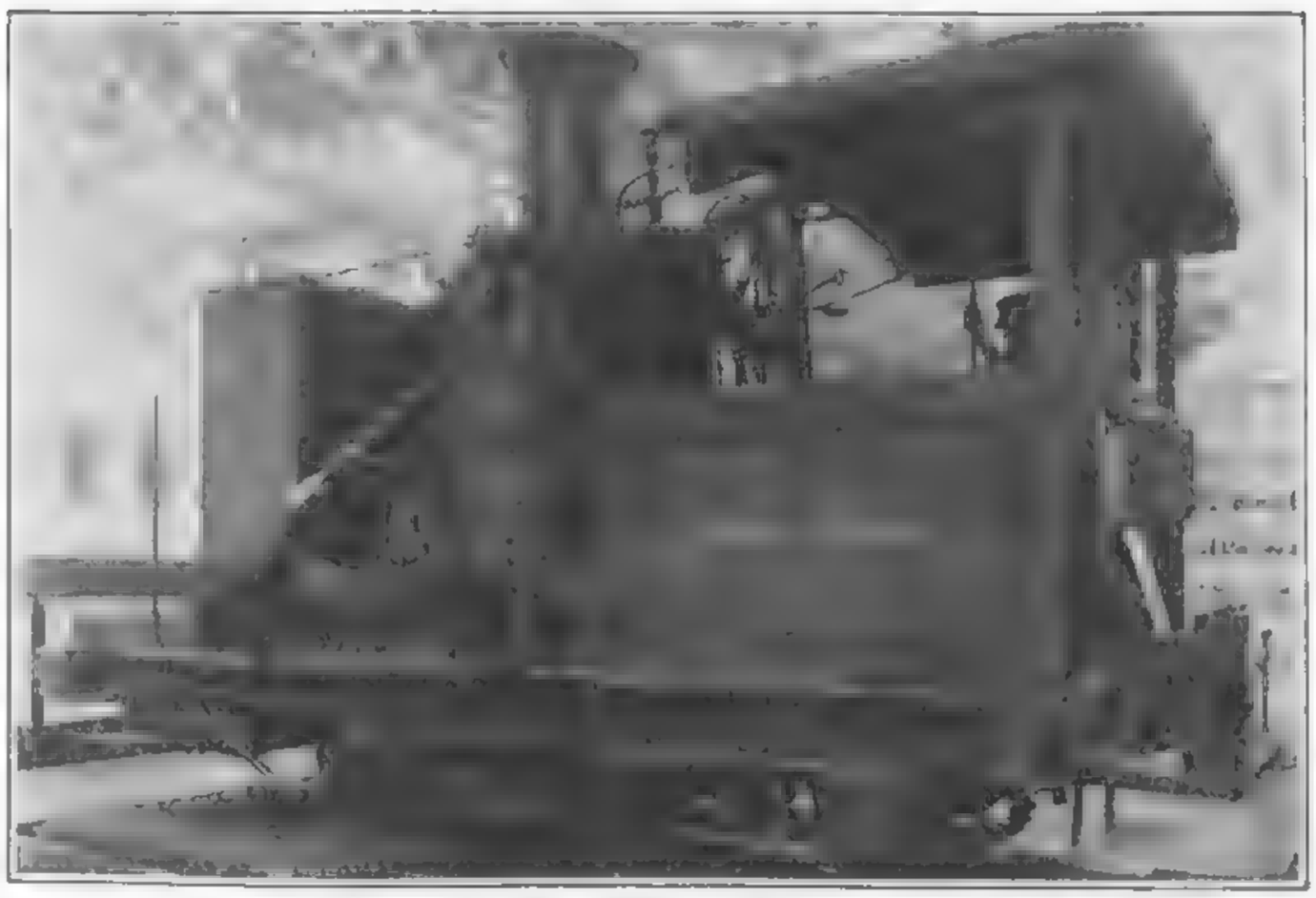
Nothing now is left to private enterprise but operation and ownership The Interstate Commerce Commission is president of 250,000 miles of railroad. It determines what shall be charged for transportation, what the

railroads may earn, what they shall do with what they earn, how they shall handle traffic, how they shall behave toward their customers and how they shall develop their facilities.

In the Dayton-Goose Creek Railway case last year, wherein was upheld the right of the Federal Government through the Interstate Commerce Commission, to take from the railroads any earnings in excess of what the Interstate Commerce Commission decreed to be a fair return on their capital, the United States Supreme Court said of the Transportation Act of 1920: "It puts the railroad system of the country more completely than ever under the fostering guardianship of the Interstate Commerce Commission, which is to supervise their issue of securities, their car supply and distribution, their joint use of terminals, their construction of new lines, and by a proper division of joint rates and by fixing adequate rates for interstate commerce, and in case of discrimination for intrastate commerce, to secure a fair return upon the properties of the carriers engaged."

Well, with all this power belonging to it, after nearly forty years of thought and with a fact record before it that is increasing at the rate of a third of a million words a day, it is still without a conclusive answer to the question it first proposed to itself. Meanwhile it is necessary that freight rates shall be charged and paid and altered according to some rule, and the rule the Interstate Commerce Commission follows is the rough rule the railroads used.

This the Interstate Commerce Commission itself admits. In 1920 it granted horizontal increases of rates running from 25 to 40 per cent, on the ground, first, that traffic as a whole could afford to pay more; and on the ground, second, that the railroads as a whole could not afford to take less.



An American Model of 1836—the Thomas Jefferson

What is the Value of Transportation?

COMMENTING upon its own act, it said: "It would be desirable, if it were possible, to determine definitely the commodities, the sections of the country and even the individual rates which can best bear the burden of increase. . . . This is precluded by the necessity of prompt action on the main issue presented."

The main issue was the fact that the railroads had to have more revenue. A year later when it came to increasing the revenues of the New England railroads at the expense of others by allotting to them a larger division of joint rates, Commissioner Eastman referred to the 1920 procedure, saying: "In other words we authorized rates which we could only find were not unreasonable in the aggregate and which we knew might and probably would be harsh and unreasonable in specific instances."

You will easily perceive the difference between rate fixing by the Interstate Commerce Commission and rate fixing by the railroads. It is the difference of who does it. That is as the public will have it. Nevertheless, the delusion persists precisely as it was, that rates are fixed from original intention, whereas it is necessity that makes them. There is the necessity of the shipper and there is the necessity of the railroad. The rate—the price of transportation—is a compromise between them.

Regulation was an approach to price finding from the point of view of the value of transportation to the shipper. But there was no scale by which to measure even that alone. How shall one determine the value of transportation to equal weights of live hog, grand piano, raw iron and silk? Suppose you say cost is the fair basis to work from let the railroad charge what it actually costs to haul the thing, plus 6 per cent, perhaps, for its own profit. Well, but even if it were possible to find the separate cost in hundreds of thousands of cases, there would remain the absurdity that a cost-plus rate might be a quarter of the live hog's value, but on a grand piano or a case of silk an insignificant charge in relation to its value.

The railroads' opinion of reasonableness in rates was made up like this: A particular rate must be one at which the thing will move; the sum of all rates must be such as to make a profit for the road

Naturally there was much room for a difference of judgment as to the reasonableness of any specific rate. There was in fact a chronic difference of opinion between the Interstate Commerce Commission and the railroads; and the opinion of the Interstate Commerce Commission was academic only until it received power from Congress first to restrain any specific rate it thought unreasonable, and then power to act upon the rate structure at large.

Invariably at first the idea of making rates reasonable was to make them lower, the approach being always from the shipper's point of view; and invariably when the Interstate Commerce Commission made rates reasonable by that method the railroads hailed it to the nearest United States court on the plea that the rates were less than enough to yield a fair return on the value of the carriers' property; therefore they were confiscatory and unconstitutional Then the tedious and interminable business of proving the value of the railroads' property. Generally at this point the railroads had the advantage. They had the books to prove their case. Such cases came at length to be a great nuisance. There was no settled law as to how the capital value of property devoted to public service should be determined. Each court had to decide for itself what the elements of value were and whether they were rightly appraised; and later the United States Supreme Court would say the lower court had been right or wrong without itself laying down any rule that might be exactly applied to another case.

Evaporating Watered Stock

EACH time a court decided against the Interstate Commerce Commission on the ground that the rates it promulgated were confiscatory, the notion grew that the price of transportation was primarily determined by the necessity of the railroad to earn dividends and interest on fictitious capitalization. That there had been much water in every original body of railroad capital was a notorious fact. How much of it remained at any stated time no one knew, not even the railroads, who for all their books were never sure what their true capital value was. Water could disappear in one or all of three ways, namely: First, by loss of capital written off the books as in bankruptcy and reorganization; second, from putting earnings into new property, uncapitalized, over a period of years; and third, by natural increase of value in right of way, terminals, situations, and so forth. And as to whether

(Continued on Page 197)

The Newton, England, 1860. At the Right—The Remodeled York, America, 1831. At the Left—The Reading Rocket, England-America, 1838

DELICATESSEN

By Brooke Hanlon

ILLUSTRATED BY GEORGE E. WOLFE

He Went Down on His Knees Beside Her—"You Singin' in There in That Little Livin' Room or Playin' the Player Piano, Say, Will That be Pretty Fine or Won't It, Baby?"

SATURDAY night in Fenstermacher's Delicatessen. Smells, sights, sounds in Fenstermacher's Delicatessen on Saturday night. Smells. Vinegar smell, smell of cheeses, smell of spices, smell of *Schmierkäse* and baked beans on their white enamel trays. Dry smell of packing boxes, caraway seeds and pretzels. Wet smell of near-beer, melting chocolate ice cream, and pickles swimming in flat tubs.

Sounds. Henry Fenstermacher's gutturals. Annie Fenstermacher's smooth, high-pitched stream of words. Crackle of paper. Snap of twine. Scrape of children's bare feet on the floor by the ice-cream counter. German words. Italian words. District slang. The whole shop pulsing to a blatant rag on a cheap player piano in the living quarters at the rear.

Sights. Red-orange mounds of cheese like strange tropical fruits. Moist yellow slabs of cheese. Splashes of oranges in their crates. Stumps of Lebanon bologna. Red rings of garlic bologna. Pink trays of pork sausage. A barrel of saltines, uncovered. Illustrated color cards in red, blue, green, yellow, purple, black and white. Illustrated color cards, flyspecked. Life-size cardboard man with a cardboard package of cigarettes—Smoke Cornucopias. Life-size cardboard girl leaning crazily against the counter, propped up by cracker boxes—Drink Coolafoam. Henry Fenstermacher in shirt sleeves—short, squat, perspiring, beard showing gold on his pink cheeks and about his mouth. Henry Fenstermacher wiping pink hands on his white apron. Annie Fenstermacher—high cheek bones, coarse black hair sprinkled with gray, easy spoken, clean, smelling of laundry soap.

Sights in Fenstermacher's Delicatessen on Saturday night—Fernie Fenstermacher! Fernie Fenstermacher presiding over the ice-cream counter. Fernie making quick, deft dabs into the cans of melting cream. Fernie rattling the children's sticky ice-cream nickels in her white hands, catching the eye of a youth here and there in the delicatessen, raising one shoulder, pursing her lips, squinting her sea-blue eyes and letting the coins rattle on the counter in the approved manner of rolling the bones. Youths grinning widely here and there, one wary eye on Henry Fenstermacher. Children grabbing for oozy ice-cream cones with wide eyes on Fernie.

Fernie Fenstermacher, her honey-colored hair like spun moonlight under the glare of a huge unshaded incandescent bulb. Fernie, her eyes sea-blue and rollicking when the eyes of young men customers rested on her, but cold and sulky under the occasional glance of Annie or Henry Fenstermacher. Fernie, her bob ending in gold down on her neck.

A lull in the ice-cream-cone trade.

"Mom, can't I go now? It's nine o'clock. The girls won't wait much longer on me, mom." Fernie, her mouth sulky and full lipped, her eyes shadowed, appealing to her mother.

"Pop"—Annie Fenstermacher appealing to Henry—"Fernie wants to know can she go now. It's nine o'clock and the girls won't wait for her all night, Hen."

An explosion of gutturals. Then—"Every Saturday night! It's every Saturday night. Where's she going this time?"

"Where you going this time, Fernie?"

"Just to Hollywood Arcade to dance." Fernie's tone was airy, her eyes sullen.

"Hollywood Arcade? Ain't that a tough place, Fernie? It ain't, is it?"

"Sure it ain't tough." Fernie's tone was scornful. "Minnie goes, and Lois. It's cool. The boys buy you sodas. You want me to slave here till I melt, that's what you want. You and pop, you don't care if I get out anywheres where it's cool or not. Every Saturday night. The girls get tired waitin' on me." Fernie's silver-plated voice wore into a whine. "Every Saturday night ——"

"Now hush up, dearie. I'll ask pop." Annie went back to Henry. "It's Hollywood Arcade, pop, where it's cool. Fernie's tired, she says, pop. The girls won't wait for her." Annie's high voice was lowered wheedlingly. "Let her go, pop."

"Girls!" Henry grumbled under cover of the shirr of a patent coffee-grinding machine. "Girls! All the time, girls! Every night wearing out my piano player! Who's to mind the ice-cream business? Every Saturday night the same thing. Oh, well"—he lowered his voice as the machine purred to a stop—"let her go."

"Pop says you can go, Fernie."

Fernie sulkily avoided Henry's eyes as she turned to brush aside the deep red curtain that shut off the living room from the shop. Her sulkiness vanished on the other side of the curtain as she whipped her white apron away to disclose the black lace dress she was wearing to Hollywood Arcade to dance. Her sulkiness vanished, her sea-blue eyes, matched by the blue ribbons streaming from her shoulder, sweeping the room in a rollicking, dancing arc.

"Say, can'tcha find anything better to play than that?" Her voice was silver-plated again. "Say, I been fillin' ice-cream cones to that tune till I got paralysis. Say, tryin' to wear out that roll or too lazy to change it? Come on, girls. Come on, Minnie, snap out of it. Oh, look at Min! Look at Min dollin' up. Say, he won't be there tonight, Min. Workin' second trick. Honest."

"Aw, you know everything, don't you, Fernie Fenstermacher?" Minnie laughed her rich laugh. "Fernie knows everything, she does. Yes, to hear her tell it. You wait and see, Fernie Fenstermacher. You wait and see who'll be there and who won't."

They crowded out through the store on the smooth roll of Minnie's laughter.

Hollywood Arcade. The Coney Island of a factory metropolis. Hollywood Arcade, covering more than a full city block with its swimming pool, dancing pavilion, hot-dog and cold-drink stands, Ferris wheel and carrousel whining away in competition with the saxophones of the town's best dance orchestras.

Reached by toiling busses like huge yellow bugs tilting over the brow of the hill, past the paving line, and down a dusty weed-hedged road, Hollywood Arcade, perched at the foot of the hill where the town straggled off into dumps and cemeteries.

Fernie and her companions swung off their yellow bus and into the full glare of the park. Splashings and shouts came from the pool, alive with movement under strings of varicolored lights. Moonlight Bathing at Hollywood Arcade! A girl in a red bathing suit stood poised for a moment on the end of a diving board.

"That filthy water! I wouldn't go in that filthy water!" Fernie tip-tilted her whitened nose, her honey-colored head showing lavender in the light from red and blue globes.

"Look, neckin' on the side, Fernie. Look, Fernie, neckin' parties ——"

The girls nudged one another.

"Huh, I should care about that rough crowd," cried Fernie airily. "Those roughnecks," she gibed. "Come on, pass over your money to me, girls. Come on, help the widows and the orphans."

Fernie collected a quarter from each of her companions and they passed through the gate to the dancing pavilion. Once inside they separated, Fernie pairing with Minnie.

"D' I look all right, Min?"

"Sure, yes. D' I?"

"You bet. Anyways, he won't be here tonight, Min." Fernie giggled. "Workin' second trick."

"Won't be here! That's all you know about it," Minnie scoffed, shaking her tangled black hair. "Didn't I call the shop myself at seven o'clock and say he was wanted at home right away? Didn't I say his mother was awful sick? Didn't I? Say, you know everything, don't you, Fernie? Look by the second post!"

Fernie looked and immediately pressed her compact into use. She dabbed her nose furiously and fluffed her yellow hair.

"Say, who's he got with him, Min?"

"Wait 'n' see," teased Minnie. "What am I, a piker, huh? Didn't I tell him I was bringin' a friend? What do you think?"

"Gee, ain't he tall, Minnie? Say, d' I look all right?"

"Sure you do," said Minnie generously. "You look great."

They pushed their way through the crowd to where two seemingly indifferent youths lounged in nonchalant ease, awaiting them.

"Say, Al, how's your mother?" Minnie called brightly.

Everybody laughed.

"You know Fern, don't you, Al?" Minnie was suddenly formal.

"Do I know Fern?" Al winked at Fernie. "I want you to meet Mr. Dugan, Miss Fenstermacher and Miss Wise."

Mr. Dugan extended his hand. A slender hand. Slender fingers. A cool clasp, ending in a squeeze. Gray-green eyes looking lazily down upon Fernie.

Fernie broke away from that clasp. She turned three times on her black-satin toe, the blue ribbons at her shoulder fluttering out and winding about her. She shook the honey-colored hair out of her eyes archly.

"Come on, big boy! Come on!"

"Forget that Mr. Dugan," Jack Dugan was whispering into Fernie's ear a moment later. They were dancing. "Call me Jack."

"Call me Fernie," Fernie returned dreamily. "That is, call me Fern."

"Fern? That's a wonderful name for you." Jack Dugan's voice was low and silken, Ireland in it like the singing of a harp string. His eyes were gray-green and

black lashed. His hair was black and flat about his well-shaped head—hair of the patent-leather variety. He had an interesting pallor and his cheeks were lean.

The orchestra dropped its brasses and slipped with sirupy slow sweetness into a waltz. A great revolving ball near the roof of Hollywood Arcade Pavilion began showering dim flecks of colored light down upon the heads of the dancers.

"Say, I can feel myself fallin' for you, all right ——" Jack Dugan's rich voice with the Celtic undertones. They wove their way through the tangled web of color that was a factory town dancing away its Saturday night. "Gee, I can feel myself slippin'—can't I though!"

"Say, that sounds good." Fernie gave him the approved challenging side glance.

A barytone began to sing Slow, cloying sobs of melody:

"You were the girl
Who shattered all my dreams ——"

Jack Dugan tightened the pressure of his hand on Fernie's back. He laced the fingers of her right hand in those of his left. He bent his patent-leather head closer to the fine mist of hair about her face, and gazed into her eyes

"Say, wouldn't you shatter a fellow's dreams if he gave you half a chance? Say, wouldn't you though? Say, where'd you get that hair?"

"D' you like it?"

"Say, I could eat it." He lowered his head, lips parted.

"Try and get a bite!" Fernie shook her hair with teasing quickness away from him.

She shut her eyes then and lifted her head back a little and swayed dreamily to that waltz. A faint color came up in her cheeks and her lips, very red, parted slightly.

This date was going good. Sometimes you met fellows out here who were rough looking. You put up with them and danced with them and gave them your line of course. But they looked like butchers, or something. They didn't know how to talk to a girl. Even Minnie's Al was sort of thick looking. How'd he come to know a peach like this Jack Dugan? Fernie opened her eyes and looked a little patronizingly around for Min and Al. Al was thick. Well, Minnie liked him. Al was all right, of course. But Minnie could have him. Yes, she could have him all right. Fernie danced dreamily. She closed her eyes again.

This Jack Dugan. He was tall and slender. Everything about him slender. His fingers even. Nice. Sort of aristocratic looking, pale and with that black hair. He knew how to talk to a girl. Jack Dugan. Jackie Dugan. Did anyone ever call him Jackie? What would he do if someone should suddenly? She narrowed her eyes speculatively at him.

"Jackie," she breathed experimentally.

"Say, you—you ——"

He hurt her fingers then. A glare of light and a riot of sound. The great colored ball ceased showering as the orchestra plunged into a fox trot. Yes, this date was going good.

They found Min and Al between dances.

"You goin' to trade dances with me?" Al asked Jack Dugan once. He caught Fernie's arm

"Not much," said Jack quickly. He reclaimed Fernie's arm with a possessive gesture. "Dance with my girl? Not much. Some girl you got for me, Al."

My girl—my girl—the music beat in a drowsy tempo. Fernie looked up at Jack's black and white head, then down again, quickly. Yes, this date was going good.

They decided to walk home to avoid the crowds making for the bus. There was a lot of giggling and tossing of bright remarks back and forth. Nine-tenths of these remarks began with "Say." It was the catch word of the week, that say. There was artistry in the pause to be placed after it. That say, standing alone, was good for a miniature Niagara Falls of giggles.

At the corner where Minnie and Fern always parted, Minnie and Al stopped and waited sociably.

"Say, I guess I'll stay with you tonight, Min," Fernie called.

"All right." Minnie hesitated, puzzled. "You can if you want to," she added hospitably.

Giggles.

They said their good nights on Minnie's little brown porch. Minnie and Fern watched the boys go down the street, Jack Dugan, slender and swinging; Al, thick and taking short, quick steps.

Giggles. Fernie's high and silvery, Minnie's low and rich.

"Well, I guess we'll turn in, Fernie"

Fernie turned sullen.

"No, I'm goin' on home, Min. I got to go home."

"Say"—Minnie surveyed her in drowsy astonishment, "what's the idea of walkin' away up here then?"

"I d' know." Fernie fingered the blue ribbons streaming from her shoulder and shivered slightly. It was one o'clock and her dress was thin. "Sure I know," she corrected, giving the ribbons a vicious tug. "It's that de catessen You never lived in a delicatessen, Minnie. You don't know. Say, wouldn't I look nice takin' a fellow like Jack Dugan home to a delicatessen and in the side door through the kitchen? Say, wouldn't I? Wouldn't he think it was grand sayin' good night under a delicatessen sign? Wouldn't he though?" Discontent cut thin the sweetness that had been in Fernie's voice all evening.

"Aw, you're cuckoo." Min yawned good-naturedly. "Walkin' up there alone this time of night! You might be kidnaped."

That delicatessen.

Fernie's eyes clouded as she turned the corner and saw the sign, gilt paint shining under the street light. Down past the lumber yard, past Donlon's Meat Market, across the tracks—her graceful, knife-thin body took on a sullen slouch. She turned reluctantly in the dark bricked entry that led to the side porch. Boxes, packing boxes from the store. Always, always packing boxes stacked along the drab, gray wall. A little wash hanging out on the side porch. Always, always a little wash flying to the breeze here

"I got to do my washing when I get the chance," Annie Fenstermacher would impart contentedly to customers, running in to answer the bell and wiping sudsy hands on her skirt. "These laundries, they ruin all your nice things." Annie would smile her pleasant smile. "I wash a little bit now and a little bit again." Easy-speaking Annie Fenstermacher, smelling cleanly of laundry soap.

Fernie flirted the wash aside angrily and let herself into the dark kitchen. If her parents were only up tonight, she

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Fernie Walked to the Decrepit Railing of Mrs. Young's Porch, Her Back to Annie. "I Can't Go," She Said Slowly

EASY, BOY!

By Courtney Ryley Cooper

A FELLOW called me up the other day and said he wanted to buy that black horse, the old one with the Carey Ranch brand on his left shoulder. Before I'd thought, I'd sold it to him, over the telephone, with instructions to leave the money down at the feed store. That was all there was to it. Bills of sale and a lot of regulations aren't so necessary when the animal is ancient and a bit bony and cheap of price.

Ten minutes later I put on my hat and hurried downtown, looking for the fellow who'd bought my horse, so that I could buy him back again. But he was gone, and the feed-store man didn't know his name, with the result that ever since I've realized slightly how Judas must have felt when he'd awakened to what he'd really done. After a horse—no matter how many cuss words you've applied to him—has wabbled along through a thousand miles of high country, been cussed to his feet when he's fallen through bridges, cussed out of creeks and bog holes, up hill and down dale, through drift and seepage and marsh, aided and abetted, of course, by sufficient tugging on the halter rope and now and then a lariat strung from another horse—after all that's happened, and you've got the old plug safely home when you've known a full dozen times that he was done for, it rather makes one feel sneaky and mean to sell him for a few dollars, when by rights he should be put in grass to his shoulders and told to eat himself to death.

For, after all, it's the horse that's the backbone of a pack trip, no matter how cantankerous he may be; and if he doesn't come home, the outfit's liable to stay marooned somewhere also. And the black did come home, with his pack on his back, even though he lay down and rolled with it while we were divesting the rest of the animals of the burdens which they had lugged through practically the entire stretch of the continental divide of Colorado. Which was a good deal more than had been expected of him; the black had known better days.

The Horse's Gambling Instinct

FOR that matter, it's a tough horse of any kind that can stand up under an extended journey along the trail—and off the trail—in the mountainous districts. It's something far different from the smooth certainty of a motor road, to be shown a mountain pass, perhaps with the trail snowed in and the only means of crossing the precarious footing of a rock slide which rises, easily for a time, then steeper, and finally in a gigantic confusion of tumbled stone that, once it is reached, is little less than appalling. Or to be led to the edge of a frothing creek where the white water lashes and tumbles, and then be gently urged into it, with the odds even that he'll end up head over heels downstream. Yet, after a considerable familiarity with horses in time of stress, I've rather come to the conclusion that there's a gambling instinct stuck away somewhere within them, and that a departure now and then from the beaten track carries with it a certain amount of relish.

The other day I saddled up Spot, my pinto, for the first time since I had turned him into the corral after six weeks of arduous work—during which time he had risked his life for me more than once. We went forth to the smoothness of an automobile road for what had been intended to be merely a pleasant, quiet little jaunt. It turned out to be nothing of the kind. The horse was spooky. He shied at this and that and the other thing—objects he had seen before a hundred times. He was logy. It took more than the usual touch on the neck with the rein to make him turn, and when he did move, it was difficult to get him back to the road again.

"All right, kid," I said at last, "if you must have it——"

So I turned him to a straight up trail, and he went at it like a streak, while I hung to his mane with one hand to keep the saddle from slipping, and grinned at the delighted ecstasy of the animal as he plowed into his work. Over rocks and stony stretches, old mine dumps where the trail feathered out completely, through deadfall and close-grown quaker growths he went, all of his own volition, until the froth stood upon his shoulders and his distended nostrils blew like an engine exhaust. He was a different horse, thrilled with life, eager and anxious to slide down the side of a hill with his hind legs slanting until his hind quarters nearly touched the ground, or digging his shoes into the shifting gravel of a straight up pitch as we swerved out of the gulch. When the afternoon of strenuosity, risk, insecure footing and arduous climbing was over, I turned him back to the automobile road and he trotted along to the corral in perfect peace. He'd got the variety that he'd wanted and the world was good.

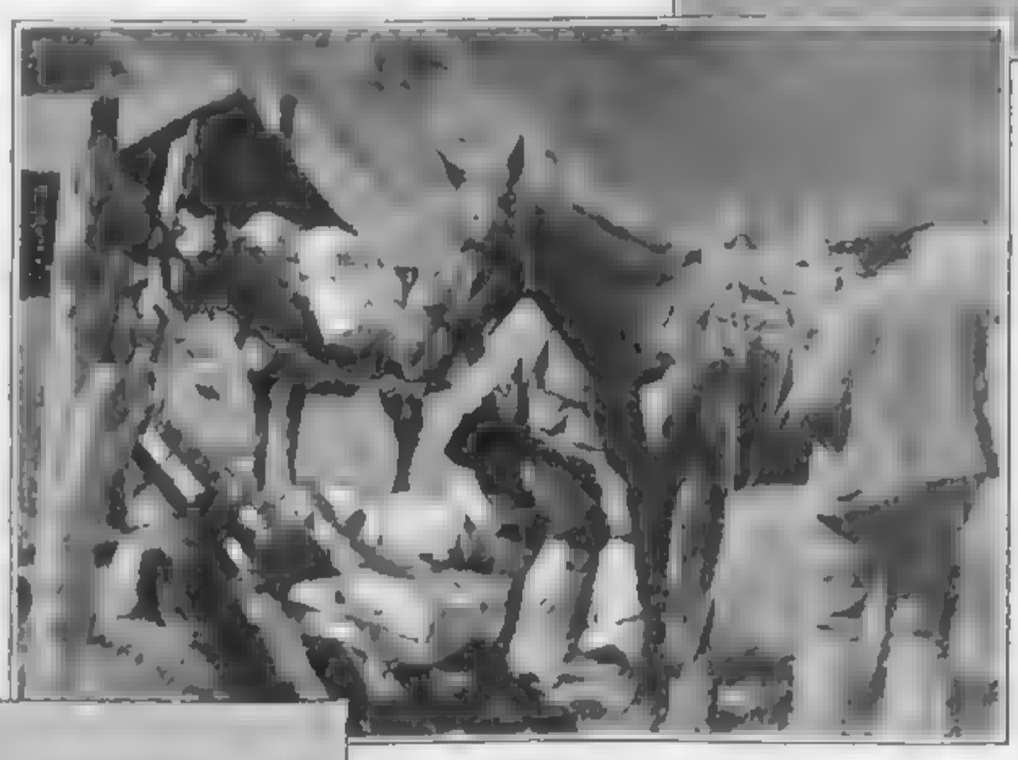
Perhaps such evidences of horse initiative form the reason why the Westerner looks upon the Eastern horse with almost as much disdain as he looks upon the Eastern saddle and the Eastern style of riding—a disdain fully repaid by the scorn which Easterners have for the horse-and-saddle offerings of the West. For to the man of the East, the horse of the West is only a plug, without breeding, and rarely with any of the equine charms which the animal of the bridle path possesses. He isn't gaited in the same fashion, he isn't spirited in the same way, and according to tradition, he'll buck you off at the first opportunity.

The Western saddle, according to the bridle-path experts, is a rocking-chair; but then the Westerner looks upon the Eastern saddle as a postage stamp, and the big laugh of a group of cow-punchers around a camp fire is when some wag with a sense of mimicry arises, pulls his tight-legged overalls a bit higher upon his high-heeled, filigreed boots and gives an imitation of a man on a bridle path in the throes of posting to avoid the jolting of a trot. For Westerners don't post, just as they don't ride with their knees up under their chins, and just as they don't do anything equine in the same fashion, except mount from the left side.

For horses, riders, saddles and styles of riding are different, and built for a different purpose. It is true that the Western horse is rarely a pedigreed affair, thin-bellied from continuous grain feeding and nervous of temperament. Instead, he's of range stock, just as his father and mother before him were of range stock. He has a belly like the proverbial cannon-ball stove from hay feeding—and it serves a definite purpose. A horse needs a certain protuberance when he is called on, from one to fifty times a day, to ascend grades that easily average 45 per cent. It keeps the heavy stock saddle from slipping.

Instead of being nervous, he's a thinking beast, for he has things to think about. He is a working horse; it is part of his training to be on the job and to be quick about it, yet to hold in reserve a certain amount of horse sense that will make him look over his surroundings before he plunges into them. The Eastern horse is built for spirit and for traveling along smooth highways or bridle paths. There he can be as spooky as he pleases and cavort as much as he likes.

Getting Ready for the Day's Trip



His Dishonor, the Black

The Black Was Our Secret Sorrow

Eastern and Western Riding

THE Western horse spends his life in sagebrush, where prairie dogs, badgers and other burrowing animals have filled the ground with pitfalls; in fording streams; in climbing mountains after stock that has strayed from the main herd without a bit of regard for roads or trails or deadfalls; in rushing spurts and swifter stops and turns, all to the guidance of a slight touch on the neck, instead of a pull at the bit, such as directs the Eastern animal. And when his rider leaves the saddle and drops the reins to the ground, there he stands until that rider comes back.

So, after all, there's no reason for derision of either horse, just as there is no reason for a difference of opinion in regard to saddles and riding. The Eastern man rides upon a small saddle, with his stirrups high, because, after all, he is only riding. When the horse trots, he rises and falls with the motion, missing the jolts by taking one of them while he is in the air and making the next one throw him upward again. The Westerner rides with stirrups long enough to allow him barely to raise himself fully clear of the saddle, with a cantle that rises high in the back to support him when the horse is climbing as near straight up as a horse can go, and a bulge in front against which to support himself during swift movements of the animal, downhill plunges and in trotting—and the Westerner trots a lot.

But he doesn't do it in the bridle-path fashion. Instead, he stands in his stirrups, every muscle strained, his rein hand extended awkwardly, his free arm either held stiffly against his lower chest, or with his hand hooked around the

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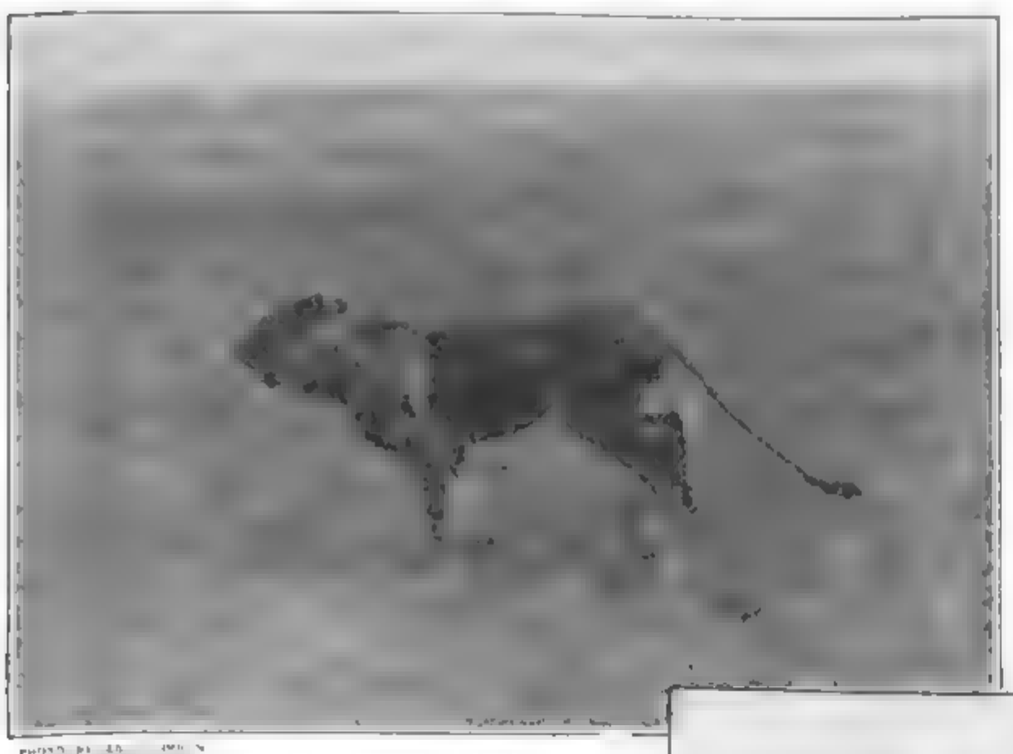
LION HUNTING

By Stewart Edward White

ONE must confess to rather mixed feelings as respects lions, and one never quite succeeds in straightening them out. Thence arise inconsistencies of conduct which cannot be gainsaid. Before the bar of strict justice we cannot help but condemn him from almost any point of view. He is probably the most single-minded and effective destructive agent in the world. He is a killer and nothing else; and he kills for the sake of killing. He is fierce and relentless and exceedingly dangerous. The death of one of him means an immense conservation of innocent and interesting animal life. It is safe to say that each lion unit accounts for three hundred head a year of the larger game animals. A lion unit may mean from one to four individuals. That is to say, one of these beasts may hunt alone, or he may join with a number of his like. But he is going to eat his fill every night if he possibly can. If more than four are in one band they do not content themselves with one kill.

Even ignoring the solitary hunters, or the twos and threes, and adopting three hundred kills for every four,



A Lion Is Never a Coward

the destruction in a year is appalling. At the time these lines are written we have seen near Nyumbo 253 lions, of which we could positively identify 222 as being different individuals. It goes without saying that in the case of a beast nocturnal in habit and habiting thick cover by preference we have seen but a small proportion of those within even this limited district. It is evident that at the very least those we have seen destroy, every year, not less than 17,000 game animals; and undoubtedly a great many more. Their victims are all of the larger sort. The lion scorns the small fry, but will take on anything up to and including eland and giraffe. And the amount of mortal terror the mere possibility of his presence injects into an otherwise peaceable community can be gauged only by one who has camped on the veldt and sensed the vast uneasy panic that pervades the whole night world. By the same law he metes out to others it should logically be thumbs down for the lion. And yet —— He is a fine and noble beast in appearance, an ornament to any community. He has fierce and uncompromising courage. He is a bonny fighter, and if you take issue with him you must be prepared to see it through. Without him this world of ours would lose much of its color. I admire the lion. I should very much dislike it if he were to be wiped out.

An Easy and Safe Way to Bag a Lion

OF THE latter event, however, there isno danger. The lion is in no peril of extinction, or even of becoming scarce. He has been hunted by many sportsmen for twenty years on the Athi plains only just outside of Nairobi itself; and he still frequents the Athi plains in numbers. It is no longer as possible to get him as it used to be, because he has grown wise and avoids the first signs of trouble, however grandly he may fight if trouble press itself upon him. He has not become a coward—a lion is never a coward—but he has learned discretion, and he has learned something of the sportsman's methods and how to frustrate them. But he is there; and he will continue to be there until the country becomes settled and fenced. The same may be said of all the trodden safari routes. It has always been considered the crowning glory of an ordinary sportsman's safari to get from one to four or five lions. Even in the old days they rarely got more. That was not then, any more than it is now, due to scarcity of lions, but to inexperience, and also partly to the wisdom of the white hunters in charge of the expedition. The latter are always exceeding anxious that their clients shall get their lion, and zealous to bring that result about. But they also realize the danger of the game, especially to inexperienced men, even with good backing. A killed or mauled client is not a desirable thing to have on one's hands. Therefore after the thing has been pulled off successfully they are quite content to rest on that, and to occupy their employers with the collection of more peaceable trophies. And quite right too.

Of late years in the beaten safari routes the self-education of the lion has taken care of that problem. By far the majority of the lion skins brought home by the returned "African big-game hunter" have been shot from bomas. A boma is either a platform built in a tree, or a small corral of strong timber covered with thorns on a level with the ground. An animal killed for bait is tied to a tree eight or ten yards distant. The shooter enters his boma about dusk and stays there until full daylight. When by the sounds his white hunter knows things are ripe he presses a flashlight and the sportsman cuts loose. It is an easy and a perfectly safe method of getting a lion skin or two. There can be no objection to it whatever, except perhaps that it gets a man a home reputation for something he has not done. He has not hunted lions! He has merely shot lions. For, be it repeated, to kill lions in the present condition of affairs is a good thing to do. On the game schedule they are classed as "vermin," and a bounty is paid for them.

Just Waked Up

These conditions obtain, mind you, in much shot-over country comparatively small in area. It is a mere pinhead on the map of Africa. The moment you get away from it into the back country, then the lions are—well, as they are here at Nyumbo.

In general there are two ways really to hunt lions. You can go out afoot into likely plains, approach as near and as best you can, and go into action. This may involve still-hunting, or tracking, or the working out of cover in thickets or dongas; the precise method will depend on the particular circumstances.

The other way is to look for them with glasses, from an eminence. When you see them you go over and chase them until they stand, and then go to shooting. You will not have to chase them very far, as a usual thing! They do not take much following about. The chasing may be done on a horse; or, as we do it, with a flivver.

Each method has its advantages, as well as its especial dangers. Up to the time the first shot is delivered the man on foot is not likely to be charged. He can pick that time, or he need not shoot at all. Unless he happens to suffer an attack due to his stoning a donga, he can select his field of battle or decline battle altogether. He must make his decision as to that. For example, it is unwise to shoot, at any range, at a running beast if cover is near. No man can place his shot in those conditions. The chances are eight to ten that he will merely wound the animal, which will promptly take cover. For the same reason he is well advised not to shoot at a lion seated or lying on the edge of a thick donga unless he has an absolutely sure shot for a vital point.

Finish What You Start in Lion Shooting

FOR, and here is the point, up to the moment he pulls the trigger the decision is his; but after that, if he is a true sportsman, and not a welsher, the decision has been made and he must abide by it. He must play the cards as they lie. He did not need to start this thing; but having started it he is bound in honor to use his very best efforts to finish it. A pretty fellow he'd look in his own eyes if he took all the good luck, and then when bad luck came his way he should repudiate it and take his dolls and go home. The man who hits his lucky lion stone dead, but who then leaves his unlucky lion in cover without having done everything possible is not playing the game. He should not even be permitted to hold cards.

And that is where most of the time the trouble comes in the foot hunting. One minute you are walking along in a perfectly peaceful world without a care on your mind; the next minute you have an angry and wounded lion in a dense thicket and it is up to you to do something about it.

The chief advantage of the chase 'em up with horse or car method is that you'll almost certainly get your shot out in the open. The disadvantage is that, since lions are very touchy about their dignity, you are very apt to be charged.

In illustration of the foregoing I will detail, as in an earlier article I said I might, the story of the death of Caruso. Caruso, it will be remembered, was the leading and vocal spirit of a band of lions that used to hunt out on the plains and return past our town more or less early in the morning, roaring vociferously at each other. We became interested in them because of the amount of noise they made. Otherwise they were just one lot among many. They always took the same route in the same direction, and our curiosity led us to make

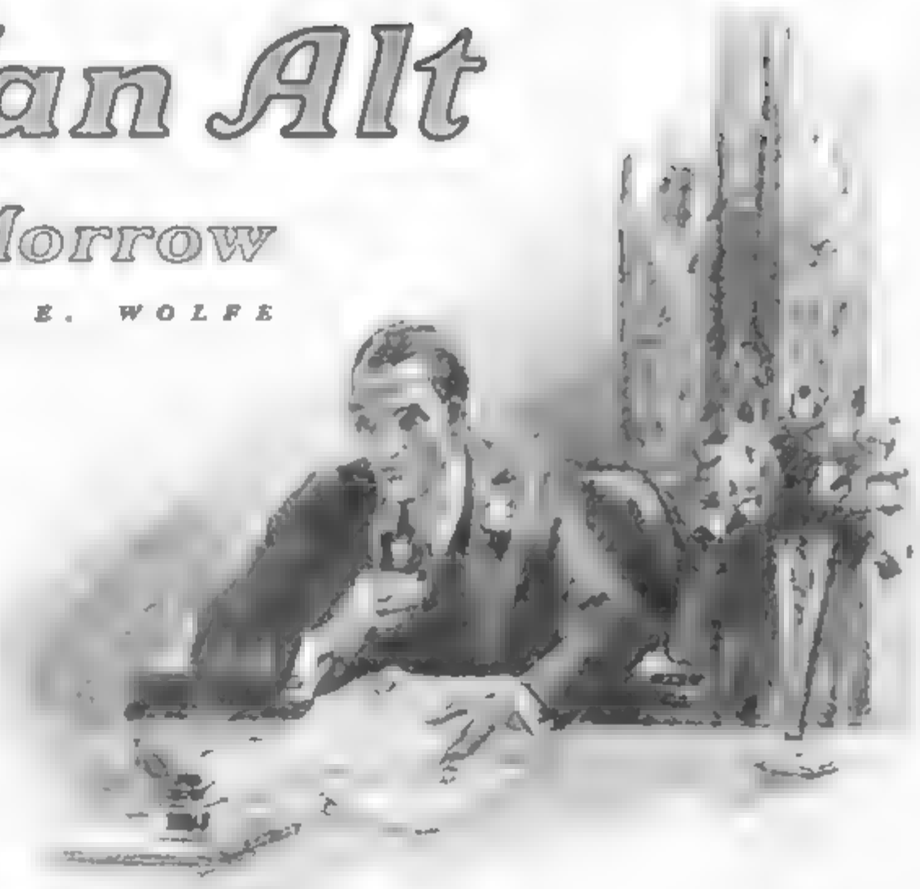
Continued on Page 112

Doctor Pope, Leslie Simson, Art Young and an Arrow-Killed Lion

People Against Van Alt

By Thomas McMorrow

ILLUSTRATED BY GEORGE E. WOLFE



Short and Sweet," He Said. "After the Debts are Paid, the Rest, Residue and Remainder Goes to You. How Much is the Estate, Doctor?"

AND which of them is your half brother, Mrs. Van Alt?" asked Mr. Syne, narrowing his eyes against the setting sun in an effort to descry two young men at the farther side of the brick-paved and weed-grown terrace. The young men were in the shadow of what had been in its time a trim hedge of California privet and what was now a billowing and towering brake.

Mrs. Van Alt, stepping between recently painted columns of the Colonial porch, clapped her hands smartly. "Boys," she called in a high and pleasant voice that carried well through the warm and drowsing air, "Mr. Syne, our neighbor, is here!

"The younger one—the shorter one—is Will Kirby, my half brother," she said. "The blond boy is Bruce Laubegang. I call him my boy—I have had him with me for so many years. His poor mother was my dearest friend."

"And Mrs. Kirby, your stepmother, is dead? Ah, that is true," said Mr. Syne, politely regretful. "I do remember hearing that your father lost his dear wife. Sudden, too, wasn't it? A terrible thing."

"Very," said Mrs. Van Alt, but her tone expressed only formal assent.

"And now you are mothering them both," said Mr. Syne, recovering his cheerfulness. "Dear me"—he cast about for a phrase to express his masculine satisfaction in the company of a pretty and affable woman—"to a stranger like myself, Mrs. Van Alt, you would be more convincing as a sister to these big fellows. Upon my word now."

She laughed lightly. "I am forty-four, Mr. Syne."

There were conventional phrases when the young men arrived.

"Is that hedge to be cut back, Aunt Allie?" asked Bruce Laubegang.

"It is not decided," said Mrs. Van Alt. "Dad has not quite made up his mind. Suppose you boys show Mr. Syne about the grounds, and he may be good enough to suggest what we should do to these ruffianly shrubs and hedges. Mr. Syne is an old Long Islander, and his opinion will be that of an expert. We should have a view of the bay from this terrace, I suppose; we will have tea here very often, I am sure. We are counting on you for all purposes, Mr. Syne, I warn you. And now you will excuse me, won't you? The house is in such a state; shut up for twelve years, you know. I could get nothing done today, really."

She entered the house. Shadows had gathered in the angles of the great living room so that they seemed again cobwebbed as they had been in the morning. Responding to a suspicion of returning mustiness in the air, Mrs. Van Alt's nostrils expanded with housewifely alertness. It was by her contriving that the family group had descended suddenly on long-closed Sunnyhold; she had wanted to see the old place again, and she had accordingly told her father that morning that he should sell it or touch a match to it if he couldn't give it away, and that she, for one, couldn't be begged or badgered into putting foot into it again. Whereupon the old man had lurched up, swearing with darkening face that he had never felt right since last in Sunnyhold, and that he would go back there that very day and morning. Authority was slipping from the big-veined hands of old Kirby, and he resented it with violence.

A dark-skinned serving man was carrying a covered tray through the dining room. "I'll take it in, Eladio," said Mrs. Van Alt, going to him. "Tell Phillips we'll have a fire in the living room tonight. Has the doctor returned?"

"He is in his room, madam," said the servant, yielding the tray. "I brought him hot water." He was a Filipino—Tagalog—a recent acquisition. He did not return to the servants' quarters at once, but busied himself in the dining room, doing nothing in particular and being active about it.

Mrs. Van Alt knocked on a door in the dining-room wall and pushed it open immediately. The room she entered was in the rear of the house; its French windows, coming down to the floor and now opened outward, were pressed against by the bristling thicket that had once been a formal garden. This had been the smoking room; Mr. Kirby had elected to make it his bedchamber. He was sitting in it now in bathrobe and slippers, smoking a pipe filled with cigar clippings. He was a great hulk of a man, gray-headed, bull-necked, with a distinct tinge of purple informing his dewlapped jaws.

"Where's the whisky?" he growled when Mrs. Van Alt had lifted the silver top from the tray.

"No whisky, dad," she said. "There are your bitters."

"Did I order bitters?"

"The doctor ordered it for you. Come now—drink it."

"The doctor and his bitters be blasted," he said. "How does he know what's good for me? He never laid eyes on me until six months ago and he thinks he knows all about me. Bitters! What I want is whisky! Always had it, always will have it. He and his bitters! You're in with him too—hand in glove, every one of you. You're a nice family."

He drank his bitters and began to eat. "I'm making a will," he said, and at once his food pleased him more.

"I suppose you should," she said in a neutral tone.

"You suppose I should. And you suppose I should put him into it, don't you? Well, I won't. I promised Agnes I wouldn't. I'll take care of you, Allie, but I'll fix it so that fellow will never lay finger on a cent of mine. I hate the sight of him. I'll have none of my money going to him after you die. And it would by the law, the same as if he was my own lawful flesh and blood. A mighty bad law that is, but I'll beat it. I'll leave you an income for life, Allie, and not a thing more. You'll have nothing to leave him. I promised Agnes I'd leave you an income for life."

"I'm sure your Agnes was worrying for me," she said.

"Not a word against her, Allie! She was a good wife to me, and she'd have been a good mother to you if you let her. She knew the sort he was. He's borrowed thousands of dollars on his expectations."

"Oh, that's not true, dad."

"It is true, every word of it. I'll fix his expectations! Half of the income to you for life, then all to Agnes' boy. Let him borrow on that. Looking at me sideways and calculating how long I'll last. I'll last long enough to fix him and his expectations. The will is being drawn right now."

"Eat your dinner," she said. "See—the cook has made your favorite almond pudding."

He ate of the pudding greedily, smacking his lips. He stopped abruptly, with spoon in air.

"I don't like it," he said. "It's not my favorite. It has a horrible taste. There's medicine in it. That doctor thinks he's fooling me."

"Oh, no," she said, "The doctor hasn't prescribed any medicine for you. Do try to eat it; it smells very nice. Why should he put medicine into it?"

She spooned some of the pudding onto a dish and began to eat it. The pudding seemed bitter, but the bitterness was yet as of almonds. He was watching her, and she ate with simulated relish; but she put the spoon into her dish at last and said with reluctance, "I do believe the almond flavor is too strong. Perhaps you had better not eat any more of it tonight."

He lit his pipe. The smoke gagged him and he threw the pipe aside. He was leaning back in his chair, breathing deeply and with effort.

"Allie!" he called.

"What is it, dad? What's the matter?"

"I can't breathe right, Allie. I don't feel right. There's no air in this room."

"Would you like to walk outside?"

"Outside," he said. "Help me up, Allie. Allie, I'm afraid of something. My head is not right. Maybe I'll have a stroke, like the doctor said."

"You'll be better at once, dad," she said, secretly afraid. She helped him to his unsteady legs, and walked him out through the nearest opening into the old garden. His burden increased on her as she guided him down an overgrown path toward a stone bench, but she did not wish to call for assistance.

He halted, leaning against a wooden railing that fenced a pit beside the house wall.

"Allie," he said, looking at her with kindness, "I've not been a good father to you, Allie."

"Just a few more steps, dad," she said, urging him.

"Allie!" he cried. He slipped from her grasp, and the railing broke, precipitating him to the bottom of the pit.

"Help!" she cried, looking down at him where he lay half-submerged in the rank growth of vegetation. "Jesse! Help—help!"

At the farther side of the pit was an iron ladder, leading down. She ran to it and descended it, vanishing below the ground level.

Bruce Laubegang was in a chair on the terrace before the house; Mr. Syne and Wilbur Kirby were in the orchard several hundred yards away. Laubegang heard the cry and ran to answer it; in a matter of seconds he was at the lip of the pit, gazing down. Mrs. Van Alt was lying across the body of her father.

"Help!" shouted Laubegang, turning and darting into the house through the open window. He bolted through the kitchen, clattered down the cellar stairs, and hurled himself against a bleared window, smashing glass and sash. The light let so into the cellar from the pit showed him a wooden door adjoining the window; he halted in the act of clambering through the shattered window and seized on the door, tearing it from its decayed fastenings with frenzied strength.

He leaped into the pit and lifted Mrs. Van Alt to her knees. "Help—help!" he shouted

Doctor Jesse Van Alt was shaving in the bathroom off his bedchamber; there was only one bathroom on this floor, serving six master bedrooms. There came a sudden battering of fists on the locked door and an incoherent shouting.

"The deuce," said Doctor Van Alt, staring at the shaking door. "Take it easy, can't you?" He wore a close-cropped black mustache and black imperial, and he had been working cautiously about the edges of these adornments, and now he had cut himself. He unlocked the door, meditating a reprimand for someone.

Bruce Laubegang leaped into the room and jerked back the door of the medicine chest. He snatched out a round brown bottle and bolted from the room, giving no heed or answer to Doctor Van Alt's, "I say—come now!"

Doctor Van Alt dried his razors, washed out his mug and brush, put all neatly away, and walked downstairs. He explained his leisurely behavior later by saying that he

supposed there was no need for his services, since Laubegang had not spoken to him; he had followed Laubegang out of curiosity.

DOCTOR JESSE VAN ALT walked on Center Street in the city of New York in a suit of black broadcloth. It was summer, and one does not wear black in summer for fun; one wears it for sorrow. Doctor Van Alt's necktie was black, too; it was a wing tie, giving to his somber costume a sprightly line at the throat. His black suit set off his tall and slender figure very well; his low, black shoes were smart; in the black band of his stiff-brimmed straw hat was a small black feather. In his buttonhole was a purple flower. No one looking at Doctor Van Alt walking on Center Street would have said "That fellow is out on a spree," but neither would one have said "That man's mind is disordered by grief"; one associates a certain untidiness with sorrow, and Doctor Van Alt was in appearance rather a conventional symbol of woe than a poor wretch to whom had been suddenly brought home the dismal fact of our common mortality.

Doctor Van Alt scanned the house fronts, slowing his pace; his gaze crossed the street and traveled over the Tombs prison. Few people can pass the Tombs without stealing at least an oblique look at it; Doctor Van Alt looked at it fully and meditatively. During this interval of reverie, his right hand went to his face and felt about for his silky black goatee and mustache, pulling these objects when found. Doctor Van Alt was thirty-two years of age, but his face, if clean shaven, would have been boyish. His unguarded motions were youthfully supple and in his full black eyes was sensitiveness; wherefore, knowing his business, he walked with a schooled stride and looked with resolution. He turned now on his rubber heel and strode up the steps of a shabby house adjoining a corner saloon.

The battered wooden doors of the house were closed. Doctor Van Alt rang the bell. There was a grinding of bolts and one door was jerked open far enough to permit a big man inside to shoot out his head with daunting suddenness.

"Who done that ringing?" demanded the man, while Doctor Van Alt took note of a swollen ear and a crushed nose.

"I wish to see Mr. Hinkle."

"Want to see Little Amby?" said the man, coming out onto the stoop. "What do you want to see him about?" He walked around the caller, scanning him from head to foot, shot out a heavy hand and touched Doctor Van Alt lightly above the breast pocket, and then waved him onward. "Never mind. You ain't him, professor. Been a process server hanging around here with a *duces tecum* and trying to put the bee on the boss, so I locked up when I went off the door. Rush by, prof."

He thrust his head back through the door opening and bellowed, "Pass one!" So heralded, Doctor Van Alt entered the house and climbed the uncarpeted stairs to the second floor. There were at least twenty men standing about in the narrow hall below and lounging on the stairs, but the house was comparatively quiet; only a low and steady tide of whispering competed against the clatter of a hard-driven battery of typewriters in the upper regions. The whisperers ceased severally their guarded talking as Doctor Van Alt begged his way along; he met no direct glance and yet he felt that he was being constantly observed. He emerged into a square chamber wherein five men sat in waiting attitudes on a row of chairs against a wall; these five men never quite left out of their fields of vision the squat figure of a fat and sallow man behind a desk by the dirty window. Doctor Van Alt went to this man and repeated his request for an interview with Counselor Ambrose Hinkle.

"What's it about?" asked the man at the desk. "I'm the managing clerk. You can't see Mr. Hinkle without an appointment. Not a chance."

"Then I shall find other counsel," said Doctor Van Alt. "Good day, sir."

"Hold up. Spill it, can't you? Maybe I can take care of it for you right away."

"It's about probating a will," said Van Alt, halting with reluctance. He didn't like the place. It was not his idea of a lawyer's office.

"I can do that on my head," said the managing clerk. "Who are you?"

"I am Doctor Jesse Van Alt."

"Are you the Van Alt who married the daughter of Kirby, the fat man?"

"My father-in-law, Mr. Kirby, was the well-known soap manufacturer, if you mean that, sir."

The managing clerk picked a dead cigar from his desk, and chewed on it, studying his visitor. He then communed with his telephone behind his cupped hand.

"Go right in, doctor," he said. "The door at the end of the hall."

Doctor Van Alt heard a flat and nasal voice talking behind the indicated door. He knocked; receiving no answer, he opened the door and entered.

A dapper little gentleman was sitting at a great mahogany desk that dwarfed him as a mahout is dwarfed by an elephant. It was a flat-top desk; its corners were bound and its sides were strapped with polished brass. It was set on a deep-piled Oriental rug; about the rug showed a polished floor laid in herringbone parquet. A gold-plated standing candelabrum, upholding five glowing globes, stood beside the desk and lit up the little man with sleeked black hair and narrow face informed with cunning, and shone on the oil portraits of five worthies who looked noble and trustworthy under the circumstances and may have been the same under others and when not having their pictures done; it shone on a convincing oil painting of a basket of fruit and a decanter of rye whisky above the long bookcase, and the five pictured gentlemen ranked on the wall behind the little man—*semper fideles* all looked that way. It fought against the daylight coming in through the windows, each of which framed an excellent view of the Tombs prison.

The little man was telephoning; his back was to the door. He was saying, "You say you have a note that's eight years old, and the maker is able to pay it now? It's too late, my boy, if you believe in the statute of limitations Did he pay you anything on account during the last six years? No? Then you're out of luck, and he can snap his fingers at you. Understand me, Jimmy—if he paid you anything on account during the last six years—even a ten-dollar bill, cash money, when you dunned him—and you certainly dunned him, didn't you?—then the statute hasn't run, and you can go ahead and collect the whole ten thousand dollars from him now. How are we going to prove he paid you something? By swearing to it, of course. Why, certainly the jury will believe you. They'll find for you whether they believe you or not! You don't suppose a jury of white men is going to let a welsher hide behind the law, do you? Oh, now you remember, do you? All right, Jimmy, send down the note and we'll collect."

He made a note in his desk book and swung about in his swivel chair as Doctor Van Alt coughed.

"Oh, yes, doctor. Cohen spoke about you, didn't he? Sit down. What is it?"

"I came to see you about proving a will," said Doctor Van Alt.

"Have you it with you? Thank you."

Little Amby turned his back to the electric light and to Doctor Van Alt and read the document.

"Short and sweet," he said "After the debts are paid, the rest, residue and remainder goes to you. How much is the estate, doctor?"

"It should be in the neighborhood of two million dollars."

"Yes?" Little Amby had tossed the document onto the desk; he recovered it now, handling it with reverence. "'Alice Kirby Van Alt,'" he read "Was your wife a daughter of Andrus Kirby, the soap man? But I remember now! She died very suddenly, didn't she—about two weeks ago? Ah, yes, I read of it."

"It was a terrible accident," said Doctor Van Alt calmly. "I was there at the time, and I supplied the death certificate, so I am in a position to speak. Mr. Kirby ——"

"Just a moment," said Little Amby, lifting a slender hand on which several large diamonds sparkled. "Who are the heirs of the old gentleman?"

"I, and ——"

"Speaking legally, doctor, you are not an heir. You're a purchaser, taking by devise. I suppose the estate that this will conveys is Mrs. Van Alt's distributive share in her father's estate. What relatives had Kirby? Any children beside your wife?"

"One other child, a son, who is the half brother of my wife. That is Wilbur Kirby, a boy of nineteen or twenty."

"And was your wife younger than that?"

"Older. Mrs. Van Alt was over forty. Wilbur Kirby is the child of the second marriage."

"I see, doctor. You anticipate some opposition to the probate of this will, I take it? Have you heard any adverse expression?"

"I have not. And yet, thinking the matter over very fairly, I could see where some feeling might be aroused. Let me explain to you the conditions under which this will was made. We were married only a very short time when this dreadful thing happened; we married

(Continued on Page 121)

"You'll be Better at Once, Dad," She Said, Secretly Afraid

MINISTERING ANGEL

By Roland Pertwee

ILLUSTRATED BY JAMES H. CRANK

DURING the reign of Edwardus VII Dei Gra: Britt: Omn: Rex Fid: Def: Ind: Imp:—which I have copied from a penny, for it is vain to pretend I knew it by heart—there was a little girl, the eldest of a family of four. And because it was Christmas, they were to be taken to a pantomime at the Theater Royal, Drury Lane; and there were rejoicings. But in as much as the father of this family forgot to buy the tickets in good time, he was able to obtain only four instead of five.

The mother said that it was scandalous and supplied fresh evidence that nothing was done properly unless she herself did it. He retorted that a man was not expected to remember all things and how was he to have known the theater was full? He also said the work he did in the City made for weariness and there was little peace in the home. His wife said if he thought of others as devoutly as he thought of himself, there would be more peace. So he slammed the door.

It will be seen that the argument was in capable hands and the weights were even.

But since it is not proper that children should visit a pantomime save under the ægis of a grown-up, the distressing fact arose that one of the family must perforce be left behind. And this being known, there were tears in the nursery—wailings and lamentation. At the height of the tumult the voice of the little girl was lifted.

Her name was Dora, and she said, "Stop your crying. I'll stay behind."

So they stopped their crying and agreed that it should be so. And none gainsaid her.

Presently a four-wheeled cab—a growler—collected and drove the family toward the west. Through the rattling windows they waved to Dora, who waved back from the doorstep. When the cab was gone round the corner she did not run upstairs and weep, but went smilingly into the drawing-room, where she darned a sock until it was time to go to bed. And a very pleasant evening she spent in the enjoyment of self-sacrifice, beside which pantomime tinsel and the astonishments of the transformation scene are poor alternatives.

And that is the prologue—a small affair, but no smaller than a seed.

Mary Louise Suiat, Accustomed to the Slavish Attention American Husbands Devote to the Comfort of Their Wives, Sat Back in Her Chair and Felt Dizzy

Dora Winchester possessed one rare quality. She never talked about herself. She knew that no one could be interested to hear what she thought, whom she had met or whether she was well or ill. Why should they, so full of thoughts and meetings and bodily orders and disorders of their own? Her *métier* was to save people trouble and make them happy, which, of course, left her with very little time for personal considerations. Her brother and sisters were the expressionists and she was the performer.

The world is divided into camps, and Dora knew to which camp she belonged. She had voluntarily enlisted herself as supply officer in a kind of family army service corps. She supplied everything from buttons to sympathy. There was no charge and not much change. Fear may be felt that a girl so self-effacing would stand in danger of being overlooked by men in search of wives. But this was not the case, and old Mr. Winchester, her father, lived in a state of permanent anxiety that Dora would be snatched from his service. Mr. Winchester had his declining years to think of, and they were more important to him than a daughter's happiness. The rest of the girls were already married, and might be for all the use they had been about the house. By now other men were finding them out. But Dora was reserved for special duty. Husbands could wait.

Dora thoroughly understood and accepted her father's ruling, and even though there were nights when her pillow was wet with the tears of unsatisfied love, she put thoughts of marriage behind her. In this she was sustained by a sense of duty and the acute satisfaction of self-denial. Her father supplied permanent occasion for the sacrifice of her instincts, and, as everybody knows, self-sacrifice is its own reward.

Suitors came, pleaded and were driven away, kissed and unkissed: ever so many suitors—poor sad wights going down the road. Dora's heart bled for them.

Some vowed they would wait; and one in particular actually waited. His name was Arthur Hanson and he knew a good thing when he saw it. He was much run after on account of his position in the world, good looks and the charm and courtesy of his address. But Arthur Hanson was deaf to the importunities of other maidens. He had set his heart on Dora and was constant. Dora's rare qualities had been revealed to him, and the qualities of others were poor by compare. He was not a man to marry blindly at the impulse of passion. He had seen too many matrimonial failures to behave rashly in so important a venture. Therefore he waited—for a certainty.

It may be wondered why he was so sure Dora was a certainty, and "love" should be the answer. But love is an emotion compounded of many practical elements, apart from and beyond the matter of a rising temperature.

Man, being by nature an incurable optimist, seeks to improve his condition in a variety of ways. He knows, and none better, that so far as in his power it lies he will never let himself down. He is his own staunchest friend and ally and ministers to his needs and comforts with untiring exactitude. He is to himself the most perfect of hosts and entertainers. He knows what he likes and will take any trouble to get it. He knows what he enjoys hearing himself say and he says it. In a multitude of ways he stands himself treat. But man is not as a rule highly imaginative, and a time arrives when he is sorely puzzled to think of a good turn to do himself. His invention breaks down before an iron door of boredom, a door of which woman holds the key.

"Open this," he cries, "and let me in."

But she, hidden on the far side amidst her mysteries and ministrations, heeds him not.

"Ho, there, admit me!" he shouts.

But is unheard.

Abracadabra will not turn the wards of that lock. Then his voice, weary with shouting, falls to a whispered "I love you."

And the door swings back upon its hinges and she beckons him in. After that anything may happen.

So here we have Arthur Hanson, patient sentry at the gate; and Dora, with her mysteries and ministrations; and old Mr. Winchester, crustily enjoying these good things; and time running through seasons.

Mr. Winchester might have clung to life long enough to put even Arthur Hanson to flight, and finally scratch Dora from the matrimonial stakes, but it happened otherwise. The old boaster, secure in his comforts, tempted Providence once too often. He said he would live another twenty years, and the day he said it a taxi chased him under a bus, which put a stop to any more nonsense of that kind.

Arthur Hanson was best man at the funeral. Dora Winchester dropped some flowers into the grave and wondered what else she could do for her father and, turning away, cried because there was nothing.

And later, when the funeral baked meats had been devoured, and there was nothing left on the sandwich plates but the cress and the labels, she sewed the loose buttons on Arthur's new gloves and brushed his hat and kissed him and said he had been very, very dear and kind and she didn't know what she would have done without him. So, very soon they were man and wife.

Let it be said outright that they were happy together. Arthur proved the most thoughtful of husbands, who never tired of inventing little kindly acts for Dora to do for him. And these she did gladly, with others of her own invention. She gave and Arthur took and life was a dream. Nor is it surprising that this should be so, for where old Winchester had blamed, Arthur praised. He praised her, present or absent, to her face and behind her back. He said, and truly, there was never such a wife as Dora. He worshiped her in

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THE FRESH EGG

By LUCIAN CARY

ILLUSTRATED BY DUDLEY GLOYNE SUMMERS

DICK CONWAY was mad and getting madder. He was having the experience that comes too often to every hard-hitting tennis player with a poor backhand. He was being beaten by a man with half his speed. He was being beaten by a third-rater in the preliminary round of a tournament he had expected to win.

It was all the worse because it had happened before. It had happened two years in succession. It was the thing that twice had prevented the ranking committee from putting him in their list of the first ten players of the year.

Dick knew that his only chance to pull through this afternoon was to quit slamming the ball. He had expected to blow the Jap off the court. He had blown him off the court in the first set. And then Hukada had discovered that Dick had no backhand and had begun to plug away at Dick's left with that abominable loop drive of his, picking the ball off the ground, ducking his head clumsily into the stroke, and finishing high over his left shoulder. A stroke so badly produced ought to have sent the ball into the net one shot and over the base line the next. The trouble was that it didn't. The Jap was steady as a good clock. Time after time after time his burlesque drive struck deep into Dick's backhand corner. When Dick ran around the ball to hit it off his forehand he left his court wide open, and when he gave it a defensive poke off his backhand the Jap put it back a little deeper and a little faster. And somehow when Dick killed the ball at the net it didn't stay dead. That earnest, industrious, short-legged little man in spectacles got there; he got the ball back; he got the ball into the air with one of those lobs you break your neck to run back for and then smash into the net. The Jap took the second set at 6-3. The matches in the preliminary round were two sets out of three. They had only one set to go.

Dick tried to talk himself into being sensible as they exchanged courts. He met Hukada behind the umpire's stand. He managed a smile in answer to his small opponent's broad and friendly grin. But he had to turn his head away quickly, and in turning he looked straight at Agnes Wilkie in the first row of the stand. She was grinning too—a satiric grin. She knew too much. She was a fresh egg.

Dick knew what she was thinking. She was thinking, "You poor boob!" Everybody in the stand who knew the difference between a half volley and a smash was thinking that. It made Dick madder than ever. It made him so mad that when Hukada's first service came over—a weakly hit high-bounding American twist that broke sharply on his backhand—Dick leaned on it with everything he had. The ball shot like a rocket high over Hukada's head, high over the backstop. Somebody in the gallery laughed. That finished Dick. He banged away at the ball like a Malay running amuck. He hardly won a point. Hukada took the set at 6-0, and the match. For the third time Dick had lost his chance at the first ranking ten.

II

THAT night Dick sat in a dark corner of the Deep Harbor Country Club's veranda and smoked one cigarette after another and thought bitter thoughts. The thing to do was to quit tennis for good. He would never learn to keep his head; not when he was being beaten. He would never have a decent backhand. He was too old to learn a backhand drive. He was twenty-six. He was really too old to care about making the first ranking ten. He was too old to care about being beaten.

So he went over and over his defeat and felt sorer and sorer. He had known when Hukada began to pound his backhand for points that he must change his game. He had known he ought to put more top spin on the ball, make it bound higher. He had known he ought to draw the fellow in with short shots and mix the pace. It was childish to stick to a losing game. It was childish to get mad. It was childish to beat yourself.

Within the big room that opened on the veranda, banjos marked the beat of a fox trot with their sharp precision, and above them hung the melodious voice of a muted trumpet. Dick listened in spite of himself. His head swayed slightly in unconscious answer to the steady beat of the banjos. His breathing quickened in answering response to the trumpet's poignant solo. And then a saxophone gave a wild ironic "Ah-ha!" by way of comment and the music stopped.

Dick shrank back in the darkness of his corner as the dancers came out of the wide doorways. He had thought he could go to the dance as if nothing had happened. He had found he couldn't. He was too sore at himself. He didn't want to see anybody. He didn't want to talk.

Two couples he didn't know passed his corner. Agnes Wilkie strolled toward him with young Harrington. Dick turned away his head and hid the glowing end of his cigarette in his cupped hand. If that girl saw him she would stop and kid him about being beaten, and he was in no mood to be kidded. Dick heard them pass on. She hadn't seen him. But even as he turned to look at their retreating backs, she paused. He heard what she said.

"Why don't you run along, Harry?" she said. "I want to go back and talk to Dick."

Harrington ran along. Young men always did what Agnes said. It was time somebody didn't. It was time somebody told her she was a fresh egg.

Agnes came back and perched herself opposite Dick on the rail of the veranda. She aroused all his prejudices. She exasperated him. He wondered sometimes what it was in her that made it so easy for her to get under his

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He Knew He Was Acting Like a Spoiled and Sulky Child. But He Could Not Stop. He Knew He Oughtn't to be Mad. But He Was Mad

Once a Clown, Always a Clown

By DeWolf Hopper and Wesley W. Stout

YOU would smile, I take it, at the thought of DeWolf Hopper as Lear or Hamlet or the hunchback Richard. Yet I was much more obviously equipped by nature for the heroic than for buffoonery, and it was by chance that I have sported the motley of the clown rather than worn the dark cloak of tragedy on the American stage these more than forty years.

The actor and the actress, I have said earlier, do not, like the most of mankind, drift into their life jobs by accident or inanition. They are obsessed by the stage and seek it out as June bugs do a street light. But once behind the footlights, their careers are subject to the same caprices of chance that dog the steps of Tom and Dick and Harriet.

There never was a clown, it is said, who did not yearn to make his audience weep or tremble. Miss Fanny Brice, for instance, who is one of the funniest women on our stage, is a positive genius of the comic. Does she glory in that distinction? She does not. She is very seriously determined, on the contrary, to make herself a dramatic actress and has enlisted, I understand, no less a person than David Belasco in the enterprise. And I know it to be true by something more than common report and the case of Miss Brice, for I have nurtured such an ambition, and of all the rôles I have played in the theater, my favorite is that of Jack Point in Gilbert and Sullivan's Yeomen of the Guard, a strolling jester who dies of a broken heart. I revel in that little touch of pathos.

Had I seen myself as Hamlet or Brutus in my freshman days I might not have this secret sorrow now, but I saw myself only as an actor; what genre of actor mattered little then. I had the first two physical essentials of the classics, stature and voice; not singing voice, but speaking voice, that deep-chested volume and resonance of speech demanded by the heroic rôles of blank verse. My stature is not so uncommon, but such chest tones are, and suggest the classics at once. Something more than six feet, a bass rumble and proper enunciation are essential to tragedy, of course, but I know of no reason why I could not have acquired the other ingredients. And my early experience in the theater was in the drama.

But when I returned from four years on the road, in which I had lost the money left me by my father, and Annie Louise Carey heard me singing The Palms in my mother's home and advised my mother that I had a fine natural voice which should be cultivated, I was turned toward the singing stage.

PHOTOS FROM THE [illegible]

Edna Wallace and DeWolf Hopper in Panjandrum, Shortly After Their Marriage. At Right—Della Fox in The Little Trooper, 1894

A Success That Couldn't be Lived Down

I DID not find work for my newly educated singing voice at once. After a season on the road in Hazel Kirke with a Madison Square Theater traveling company, I was given the part of Owen Hathaway in May Blossom with the resident troupe in a summer run at the Madison Square. My mother never missed a performance, nor did she ever fail to start and direct the applause by rapping vigorously on the floor with her umbrella.

Digby Bell as a Matinee Idol of the Eighties

As the summer was hot and business was none too good, this moral support was appreciated by the company; so much so that they presented her with a handsome gold-headed umbrella at the close of the last performance, Daniel Frohman, manager of the company, making the presentation speech.

In May Blossom one of the male characters was required to sing a few bars of a popular song offstage. The actor cast for the rôle was no singer, and the bit was given to me. Georgia Cayvan, the leading woman, who had become very fond of my mother, and sympathetic with her boundless ambition for me, asked Col. John A. McCaull to drop into the theater sometime and hear me sing. McCaull, who had been one of Mosby's guerrillas that harried the Indiana and Ohio shores during the Civil War, then was the great man of comic opera.

He came and heard and offered me a place as first barytone in one of his half dozen companies. I accepted, naturally, but I never sang first barytone for McCaull. Had I done so the probabilities are that I either still would be an obscure barytone at seventy-five or one hundred dollars a week, or that I would have strayed into grand opera. I had studied the operatic rôles of St. Bris in Les Huguenots, Sparefucile in Rigoletto, Baldasori in La Favorita, the basso rôle in La Juive and Mephisto in Faust. My mother was ready and anxious to finance two years' study abroad, which she envisioned as a prelude to stardom at the Metropolitan Opera House.

But through unexpected and enforced changes in two of McCaull's companies, Mark Smith, Jr., a recognized first barytone, was shifted to the company I was joining. Having me on his hands, McCaull, with many misgivings, tried me out in the comedy rôle of Pomeret in Desirée, John Philip Sousa's first opera.

We opened at the Broad Street Theater, Philadelphia, one of the few theaters of my youth still standing and housing first-class productions, and I was an unexpected and considerable success.

I never have been able to live down that success. At the outset I was hugely gratified with it, as one is likely to be with first victories, and when I had tired of it, it was too late. I was catalogued in the card index of the theater and of theatergoers as a singing comedian and a singing comedian I have remained. There are worse destinies.

Once many years ago Augustus Thomas was stricken with a great idea. He asked me to go with him to call upon Charles Frohman, without taking me into confidence as to his mission. When we were in Frohman's office, Thomas, to my abashed surprise, began something like this:

"Charley, here is your chance to do a big thing for the theater. Hopper's talents are being thrown away in comedy. He has the frame and the voice for tragedy. Heroics demand the heroic, but who have we among our tragedians that fills the bill? Look at Thomas W. Keene and E. H. Sothern! Splendid actors, I grant you, but neither with the robust voice or the stature. Here is Will, a man intended by Nature for the heroic, and the stage is using him as a clown. You are the manager to rectify this blunder, to give our stage a tragedian who looks the part."

Doomed to Comedy

AND more in that vein. Frohman listened tolerantly to Thomas' enthusiasm and when the latter had run down, said:

"What you say is substantially true, no doubt, Gus, with the important exception that it can't be done. Will has all the physical attributes of tragedy and he is a first-rate actor, but his public expects him to be funny and would resent his being anything else. They have labeled him as comic and comic he must be."

Frohman, of course, was right. In the theater and out, the public likes to catalogue all the ingredients of life; insists upon doing so. That is good, this is bad; this is right, that is wrong; this is funny, that is sad; this is wise, that is foolish; this to be desired, that to be avoided; all deep blacks or spotless whites and all neatly ticketed and indexed. It is a thought-saving process and few of us like to think. It is so much easier to look into the back of the book and find the answers all worked out for us.

So it is the audiences more than the managers who are at fault for the type system which has grown to be such an evil in the legitimate theater, sentencing this man to play an irascible old man all his life because he once did such a part very well; that woman to a lifetime of slangy chorus girls because she first attracted notice in such a rôle. Hundreds of actors and actresses are confined today in such strait-jackets, the most of them competent to play well any part within the limitations of their sex and age.

When Al Jolson, for instance, blacked his face and fixed himself in the public mind as a surpassing minstrel, he forever limited his usefulness. In each of his shows Mr. Jolson is careful to appear once during the performance in white-face, but it is too late. Conceive of the public bewilderment and disgust if he should announce a season of dramatic repertoire. Yet, in my opinion, Mr. Jolson is an actor of infinite possibilities.

So only once in my life have I had the gratification of playing the heroic. At the Lambs' Gambol in 1909 I played Mark Antony in the funeral-oration scene from

Julius Cæsar, seriously intended and seriously performed.

The Lambs in their annual Gambols seek a fare not to be had in the theater at large. From the Lambs' point of view it would have been pointless to have heard Robert Mantell, Louis James, Frederick B. Warde or William Farnum, all actors associated with the rôle, deliver Antony's oration. Such actors were put in the mob and the major rôles given to men identified with the frivolous in the theater. In the mob of fifty-three that listened to my guarded eulogy of the murdered Cæsar were sixteen actors who had played Antony themselves

As Shakspere wrote it, Antony enters in advance of Cæsar's body, but even before an audience largely composed of fellow professionals I was fearful of the effect my reputation as a comedian might have upon their risibilities, and I insisted upon entering behind the bearers carrying the body.

Mr. Hopper as Theophilus Ketcham in Freaks, His Second Rôle

"They won't laugh at a corpse at any rate," I grimly told Gus Thomas.

This was the last performance of mine that my mother witnessed. She was very feeble and died the following January. My son helped her into the Metropolitan Opera House by a side entrance and sat with her this night. All my stage career she had been torn between two ambitions, one to see me one of the great of the dramatic stage, the other as one of that glittering company of the elect at the Metropolitan Opera House. This night she saw me on the stage of that house in one of the great rôles of Shakspere, and she saw me successful. Much of my success was born of the surprise of the house that I could do it at all, but a success I was, gratifyingly so, before as stage-wise an audience as an actor may play to.

We went directly from the theater to the train, and as I would not see my mother again for some days, I rushed around to say good night to her as soon as I was quit of the stage. She could only put her arms around me and sob. A son, if only for a moment, had lived up to his mother's expectations.

The Lambs then had not yet ceased to take their annual Gambols on tour, and so I played Antony in eleven other cities, my last appearance in the classical drama. Twice, previously, I had played in special performances of a classic, once as Falstaff, the other time as David in The Rivals, but as the former brought me under the tutelage of William H. Crane and Mrs. John Drew, and the latter of Joseph Jefferson, I should prefer to leave these stories to another time.

The Funniest Thing in Musical Comedy

MR. THOMAS was mistaken or carried away by his argument when he told Charles Frohman that my stature and voice were thrown away in comedy. Nothing is thrown away in comedy: there is nothing but what is useful, and my height and sounding voice have greatly extended the range of my clowning by providing that sublime-to-the-ridiculous contrast that is the very juice of most comic situations. I do not intend to imply that a comedian of five-feet-two with the voice of a penny whistle is thereby prevented from being as funny as I am. A great comedian may achieve his results with very few tools in his kit. Take any comedy situation to pieces to see what makes it tick, and you will discover that its mainspring lies in the art of the comedian. The comic value of the equipment is secondary, the physical equipment of the actor last. That is why the jokes that were so excruciating in the theater last evening so often prove to have soured on you overnight when you open them at the office the next day

For five years I worked for Colonel McCaull without a rest. We played fifty-two weeks a season, twenty-two in New York City and thirty on the road In ten years, in fact, I had just two weeks' vacation. Opera bouffe, light opera, operetta or comic opera, as you will, was in its heyday. Musical comedy and the revue were yet unborn. In numbers and importance light opera ranked second only to the drama itself. Musically the United States had produced little of its own beyond Stephen Foster's negro songs, and we imported virtually all of our light operas from Austria, Germany and France, with the notable exception—Gilbert and Sullivan, who had just burst upon a delighted world. One McCaull company headed by Digby Bell was singing Gilbert and Sullivan and paying the authors' royalties; half a dozen other troupes were pirating the same.

The European flavor of light opera was, no doubt, one of its weaknesses in America and an explanation of why it had been all but driven from our stage by musical comedy fifteen years later. The former was purely romantic and far removed from American life. Musical comedy was of our own soil, its wit was native, its book topical, its music generally livelier, if cheaper, and it bore down heavily upon the comedy

But musical comedy never ceased to be a technical monstrosity, a bearded lady. In opera in any form the music helps the story; the story suggests the music. It is the artful blending of the two. In musical comedy the story and the score often were as friendly and mutually helpful as the North and South of Ireland. Either they ignored each other, or the story was kept leaping madly from the cane fields of Louisiana to Greenland's icy mountains, to India's coral strands, and back to a Montana ranch by way of the Bowery, to keep up with the changing costumes of the chorus. The peasants and soldiers having rollicked a Heidelberg drinking song, gave way for a moment to the low comedy of the Cincinnati brewer and the English silly ass in love with the heroine, and were back as cotton pickers cakewalking to the strains of Georgia Camp Meeting, the story arriving badly out of breath in its dash from Mitteleuropa. The song cues frequently were the funniest things in the show. To the last, musical comedy maintained the polite fiction that the songs had something to do with the book, and cued each musical number. In order to do this it was necessary now and then for the tenor to be reminded by a catchup bottle in a Vienna rathskeller of Apple Blossom Time in Delaware. Or the story at the moment having been left stranded on the island of Sulu and the authors having a song about Doctor Cook, gumdrops and Eskimos on their hands, the dialogue would run something like this:

SHE: Isn't it warm here in Sulu?

HE: It is indeed. I wish I were back again in dear old Franz Josef Land.

The conductor, who had been waiting with poised baton, would give it a flourish and the pack would be off in full cry on the gumdrop song.

The padded-shouldered young Harvard football hero and Policeman O'Rourke's daughter, Kathleen, the heroine, having popped up in Sherwood Forest from Bar Harbor, I always used to enjoy seeing Kathleen register surprise at finding a grand piano in the heart of the forest.

"Who could have left this piano here?" she would exclaim.

"How fortunate!" would be Padded-Shoulders' line. "Now you can play again for me that song you sang that night we first met under the elms of old Cambridge. You remember, When It's Stogy Time in Wheeling, West Vee Ay."

I exaggerate, but not so much as you may think. The musical-comedy success of last season was No, No, Nanette. It contained one song number, Tea for Two, that had traveled around the earth within sixty days after the show opened in Chicago. If you should happen to see No, No, Nanette, observe how the song arrives as abruptly as a man falling through a skylight. Nanette and Tom are quarreling. They have not been to tea, they are not going to tea, they are in no mood for tea, but suddenly amidst their reproaches they burst into song about the delights of a tender, intimate tea. And having sung it and been encored until they are breathless, they return to their quarrel. I single this out only because the show still is a current success and the melody is familiar to all the world.

The Return of Light Opera

I HAVE seen musical comedy fade away into the revue, glorified vaudeville where all pretense of plot has been scrapped and nakedness substituted for the story, and now I am seeing the return of light opera. I doubt that the Shuberts ever have made as much money on any two other productions in their history as they did recently with Blossom Time, an operetta fashioned around the life and music of Franz Schubert. Arthur Hammerstein's Rose-Marie, another light opera, has run a year on Broadway now to capacity houses, and The Student Prince, in one company of which I am playing, has been enormously profitable.

Light opera may or may not be back to stay. It will be the public's loss if it is not, but I walk warily in the paths of prophecy. I have a prediction, however, which I am prepared to shout from any housetop. That is that Gilbert and Sullivan will never die. They are to the English-speaking musical stage what Shakspere is to the drama. The analogy is not strained.

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Marguerite Clark and DeWolf Hopper in The Pied Piper. In Oval—DeWolf Hopper at the Age of Four

Odd Trick—and Oddest Trick

By Albert Payson Terhune

ILLUSTRATED BY GRATTAN CONDON

THE crowd's very limited enthusiasm voiced itself in a perfunctory, "They're off!" The day's first race was on.

Beside me on the clubhouse veranda Sim Beasley lounged. Beasley, like the traditional cynic, knows the price of everything and the value of nothing.

Had Judgment Day roared into existence as he and I stood there watching that first race at Miami's subtropic sporting suburb of Hialeah, I am quite certain Beasley would have yawned and remarked:

"Well, I've been expecting it for quite a long while. It's O. K. with me, but I'm kind of sorry for you. You'll have to think fast, when your turn comes at the bar. And you aren't what I call a fast thinker."

Now, as we stood there, he said wearily, "The papers will tell how the multiple cry, 'They're off!' shook the earth, and how the mighty thoroughbreds came whirling down the stretch, fighting madly for victory.

"Well, you see for yourself what it really is. A bunch of lanky, long-legged selling-platers humping along over the six furlongs, with dolled-up little jumping jacks squatting over their shoulders, whaling them half to death; and the crowd about as wildly stirred up as it would be at a rabbit fight.

"Then the papers will tell all about the 'galaxy of fashion and beauty and wealth' that fills the grand stand. That part is dead true. I saw it myself, as we came in. I recognized a lot of it too. So I felt kind of like a society man myself.

"I recognized the manicure that gave me this pink skating-rink polish on my nails this morning. I recognized the Royal Palm Hotel chief valet that pressed this white palmed bleach suit of mine, and I recognized the cigar-counter girl and the jitney boy and the soda clerk at Floaters'; and quite a swad of other social leaders all dressed up among the galaxy of fashion and beauty and wealth. I'm a better man for being in such company.

"I didn't make any bets today. I never bet when they use the mutuel system. I don't know how square they run it or don't run it here, but at some tracks they handle those mutuels in a way that'd cause a scandal in Leavenworth Penitentiary. I —

"Yep, the race is over. I can see that for myself. It was bound to be over some time or other, wasn't it? And one or another of the eight drowsy horses was bound to win, wasn't it? Well, then, what's the use of getting all het up with excitement when the mercury is at 83 in the shade?

"The last race I ever got excited over was a long time ago. And it gave me all the excitement of that kind I need for the rest of my life. All horse races are alike in the main. But that one wasn't.

"It wasn't like any that's ever been run since Cain nosed Abel out as a starter in the human race."

While the crowd flowed bumpily past us toward the betting booths, Beasley accepted his own unindorsed invitation to tell me the tale—a palpable lie from start to end. Before the gong clanged for the second race, his story was finished.

"Blackie," Says I.
"How Much Does Ham Kenny Give You for Working That Whip Stunt?"

It was up in New Jersey—began Beasley—in the days when the sport of kings still flourished there, because there wasn't any anti-betting law yet to interfere with pure sport for pure sport's sake. The racing, as a whole, was much about what it is here or anywhere else. But there were one or two folks who took it as serious as if it was a world war.

One of those folks was Ham Kenny, who owned Fiery Maid, a mare you've maybe read about and maybe not. Another was Lyman Biggs, who had forgotten more about the racing game than anyone else ever knew.

Fiery Maid had cleaned up big until they threatened to handicap her with enough weight cloths to sink a dreadnought.

She had a way of hopping under the wire in front of anything else in the race. Ham Kenny swore she was the grandest mare alive.

Lyman Biggs had just imported a famous English racer—a ratty sorrel gelding named Invictus. He had paid nine prices for the horse. And when Biggs paid more than three dollars and seventy-one cents for anything at all, you may be pretty certain that the thing was worth well over six billion dollars. Besides, he knew more about a horse than all the rest of us put together. He was sting proof.

He and Kenny got to bragging one night at a hotel just outside of Sewickburg, where the Race Association was holding a twenty-two-day meet. Biggs hadn't ever run his horse on this side of the water, but he'd kept him on his farm a few miles back, training him and getting him acclimated.

The upshot of his bragfest with Ham Kenny was a bet of $5000 even for a match race between Invictus and Fiery Maid; even weights over seven furlongs at the Sewickburg course.

It was a pretty match of a kind that was much more common in those days than now. You know, the Jockey Club sort of frowns on match races. So the owners get around it by having some friend enter a third horse and then scratch him. That was what Biggs and Kenny arranged to do.

The match was scheduled for a week from the next Thursday—two days before the season was to end at that track. It was to be the third race of the afternoon.

There was a passel of excitement. A lot of gallery bets were made. The sporting pages printed a good bit of inspired misinformation. Public interest boiled up to a few degrees above freezing.

And now we come to the girl.

Oh, yes, son, there's always a girl in every racing yarn. You must have played truant a lot in your two terms at night school if you haven't read that.

Always the hero's horse is beginning to lag, when the jockey catches sight of her brave pale face as he flashes by and the horse hears her call out, "Don't fail us, Forest Monarch! Kill us if you will, but don't fail us!"

And then the horse and the jock go rushing through the whole field of contenders as if the other ponies were on stage treadmills. The race is won. The dear old farm is saved.

Don't tell me you haven't read that story—"Where?" says you? Why, everywhere!

Her name was Fay Biggs. She was honest old Lyman Biggs' only living child—barring her four sisters and a son who was in reform school. That girl sure loved the races. She followed them as a donkey follows a carrot, and with about the same amount of intelligence.

She was a mighty bright girl in other ways. But she hadn't inherited any of Lyman's horse sense—only his horse enthusiasm. She was in the Biggs box at every day of every meet and in the paddock before every race.

I never knew a person to know less about more things than Fay Biggs knew about horses. But she had all the old man's love for them and for their running.

Now here is where I ought to say the Biggs family fortune hung on the outcome of the match race; and that Fay did something novelistic to save them.

But Biggs had all the cash he needed and pretty near all the cash he wanted. And if he'd been at the edge of a financial precipice, all Fay could have done with her horse knowledge would have been to push him over. So let's forget that part of the regulation story and pass on to the gallant young hero.

The hero was Stubby Panden. That wasn't his real name of course. Not the Stubby part. His name was Harold, but he used to beat folks up something pitiful when they called him that.

Up to the time he was fifteen he was pretty near a dwarf. That's where the nickname, Stubby, got soldered onto him. By the time he was twenty he was six foot three and built like a steam roller. But the nickname stuck.

If anyone could have understood racing less and loved it more than Fay Biggs, it was Stubby Panden. But it was at the races they got acquainted. And each of them used to come running to the other for advice on how to bet; and to find out what the other one thought about some new horse from one of the Western tracks, and all that.

Most likely it was because each of them was the only person on earth who had any faith in the other one's horse sense that they began to get more and more attracted to each other. Because that's what happened. Anyone with half a wall-eye could see it.

Panden had started out to beat the races. That left him only just enough money to buy his first horse—a colt that was well spoken of by his breeders and that cost Stubby all he had left.

The colt developed everything from foot and mouth disease to brain fag and spots before the eyes, before he could be entered for his first race; and presently he passed away.

Then Panden had to go back to his job as small-town lawyer to make enough cash to get to the track again. He wasn't a fool except about his knowledge of horses. So he didn't go broke betting again. He kept his bets down to subnormal.

But he had lapped up so much track virus that he wasn't content to be just an outsider. He wanted the privileges of an owner, as he had had before in the few days his materia-medica colt was his.

So he buys a badge horse. A horse whose ownership would let Panden have the run of the paddock and of the clubhouse and so forth, and would let him flash his owner badge to impress rubes

He knew what he was doing this time. He picked out a horse that had done some real winning, and that had been retired from the track to the farm back pasture more than nineteen years before.

Lyman Biggs sold him this badge horse for thirty dollars. Childe Roland was the antique's name; though it was a kind of kiddish monniker for a horse who had grandsons in the weight-for-age class.

Childe Roland could still do a mile on a good track if his rheumatism wasn't bad and if he was allowed plenty of time to do it in. He didn't need more than about ten minutes for it at most.

Naturally, Panden didn't race him. Just kept him on the Jersey circuit and gave him an honorary entry or two, once in a while, to help out someone who was willing to pay for a scratchable horse to fill out a match race.

Lyman Biggs had known what Stubby wanted the old-timer for. He had sold him for that thirty dollars, because it was cheaper than keeping on feeding him at home in grateful memory of all the cash and fame he had won for his owner some twenty years earlier. That was Lyman's way.

Well, you've guessed the next step. Kenny and Biggs come to Stubby Panden to get him to enter old Childe Roland as scratch horse in the race between Fiery Maid and Invictus Stubby was willing enough. So it was all nicely settled.

At least it would have been nicely settled if it hadn't been for Fay and Stubby. When two folks of equal idiocy gets to hatching up a scheme, look out for earthquakes accompanied by hailstones, and light and baffling airs, and waterspouts.

Fay begins it. In my own hearing one day, she begins it. She and Stubby are standing in the paddock, watching a skinny lot of horses saddled for the Something or Other Handicap. I'm there, too, but not noticeably. I'm watching something. And it isn't those two ignoramuses I'm watching, either. But I hear her say to him, all excited:

"Oh, I had such a wonderful dream last night! I've been wanting a chance all day to tell you about it as soon as we were alone. Guess what I dreamed! I dreamed we were watching the match race next week. And you hadn't scratched Childe Roland at all. And he started with the other two. And all three horses kept together till they got into the stretch. Then dear old Childe Roland tore ahead and he won by three lengths."

Panden grins. Then he looks thoughtful. Fay rushes on:

"It was such a vivid dream, Stubby! I can't forget it. It's stayed in my mind all day. Mother had an aunt by marriage who used to have queer dreams. And, Stubby, they always came true. Honestly they did. I've heard mother say so, time and again. Do you—do you suppose I could have inherited her mystic powers? I've read about such things. And the dream was so vivid! In Bible times people's dreams came true. I wonder ——"

"Fay," says Stubby, kind of hushed and impressed, "twice in the past month I've dreamed that Childe Roland had won a race. I thought it was just a silly dream. But now that you've had it, too—why, Fay, it's what they call an omen! I've—I'll get the big laugh, of course—but I've a notion to—to —— What do you think about it?"

"Do it, Stubby!" she implores him. "Do it! It would be wicked to disregard such a double omen. Childe Roland is regularly entered for the race. Don't scratch him. Let him run. I'll fix it with Dad. He won't mind. Neither will Mr. Kenny. They'll figure that Childe Roland will be left standing still at the post; and that he can't interfere with the two others. Besides, it'll keep the stewards, for once, from saying horrid things about faking a scratch for a match race. There'll be three real starters."

"I'll do it," breathes Stubby, as if he's whispering in church. "Every second I get the hunch stronger and stronger. I'll pay your father's Benny Grimg to ride him. Benny is only a stable boy, of course, but he knows how to ride and he's got big ambitions to be a real jockey. Besides, he's fond of the old horse, and he won't let him hurt himself. He won't flog him, and he'll pull him in if Childe Roland shows any signs of being tired or if his rheumatism hurts him too much. He ——"

"It won't!" she declares. "Stubby, he's going to win He can't of course. But he will. Something keeps telling me so."

Away they drifted and I looked after them, figuring how the fool killer could get 'em both in one massé shot if he was anyways onto his job. Then I forgot them for a while Because I was watching something else, just as I told you

What I was watching was Kenny's Fiery Maid. The darky stable boy had just finished saddling her for the handicap. Her jock, Spike Raegan, was standing there, twiddling his queer big whip that he said was his mascot Presently as he is twiddling the whip, it falls out of his hand. The stable boy stoops real respectful and picks it up and hands it back to him. A minute later the horses go to the post. The stable boy is scuttling away for a look at the race, when I stop him.

"Blackie," says I, soothing like, but twisting my fingers into his shirt, so as to keep my audience from walking out on me, "how much does Ham Kenny give you for working that whip stunt?"

Blackie turns yellowish and says he doesn't know what I mean and will I please let him go? But I hung on.

"Four times I've watched you at it," says I. "But today was the first time I ever could catch onto the stunt clear enough to take oath to it. Ham Kenny is so crooked he'd make a camel's hind leg look like the shortest distance between two points. So is his professionally faithful jockey, Spike Raegan. There's continuous big money in this for both of them. But where do you come in? What do they pay you?"

"I don't und'stand yo' insinuendos, suh!" jabbers Blackie, and he makes another whole-souled effort to get his shirt out of chancery

"Then I'll tell you all about it, coon," I said. "I won't begin back in the days when you were handy boy to that

(Continued on Page 190)

He Acted Like a Ninety-Year-Old Ex-Tenor Might if He Was Asked to Sing at a Gala Opera Performance

The Great American Scandal

Laws to Make Lawbreaking—By Richard Washburn Child

ILLUSTRATED BY WYNCIE KING

IT IS a silly parent who nags the children. It is a sillier parent who relaxes authority. But the silliest of all parents is one who does both. So true does this appear from mere human experience that it takes neither natural brilliance of mind nor education to recognize the straight road to failure of good order, of good spirit and of peace which is taken by parents who eternally nag, constantly forbid, continuously say "Don't!" and—fail to enforce even the fundamental obligations of right and wrong.

If this is a weakness in the family—a small and intimate unit—it is ten times a weakness in government.

And yet it has become my conviction, after contact with those who are responsible for law enforcement all over the country, that there is a clear recognition that as a nation we have undertaken the policy, not only of the silly parent who nags, not only of the parent who through folly or laziness or indulgence relaxes authority and discipline, but of that silliest of all parents who nags and harasses the children and then lets the naughty ones do a good deal as they please.

No nation in history, perhaps, and certainly no civilization today, has equaled our passion for lawmaking on the one hand, or paralleled our unpunished lawbreaking on the other hand.

Such are the bare undeniable facts. They cause no comfort. We may resent them. Especially, they will be resented by those well-intentioned persons who like to feel that a nagging government, like a nagging parent, may impose a particular individuality upon the members by the force of asserting an authority which in fact proves unenforceable. They will be resented by those good-hearted men who, having belief that a horse-chestnut carried in the pocket will cure rheumatism, wish to write laws on the statute books making it obligatory for each citizen to own, carry, possess, maintain, have, hold and keep a horse-chestnut.

More Powerful Than Any Other Factor in Accounting for the Number of Crimes Committed in This Country, Is the Apathy and the Indifference of the American People

Our Busy Law Mills

I DO not expect a statement of the facts to please those who, suspecting that certain citizens do not carry horse-chestnuts, desire a law requiring the weekly search, by a million new employes on the government pay roll, of the pockets of each and every citizen. But there is nothing quite so impartial as facts. And the facts are that we pass more laws, attempt more nagging regulations, try harder to distend the normal function of government to that of a cackling parent, and yet fail more conspicuously to make good our laws than any other civilized people. It is so true that we are being laughed at abroad because we fail to enforce even those fundamental necessary laws which safeguard our property and our personal safety, our order and our peace.

It may seem paradoxical to say that our crime record may in part be blamed on the laws. But I have found this to be a growing conviction everywhere.

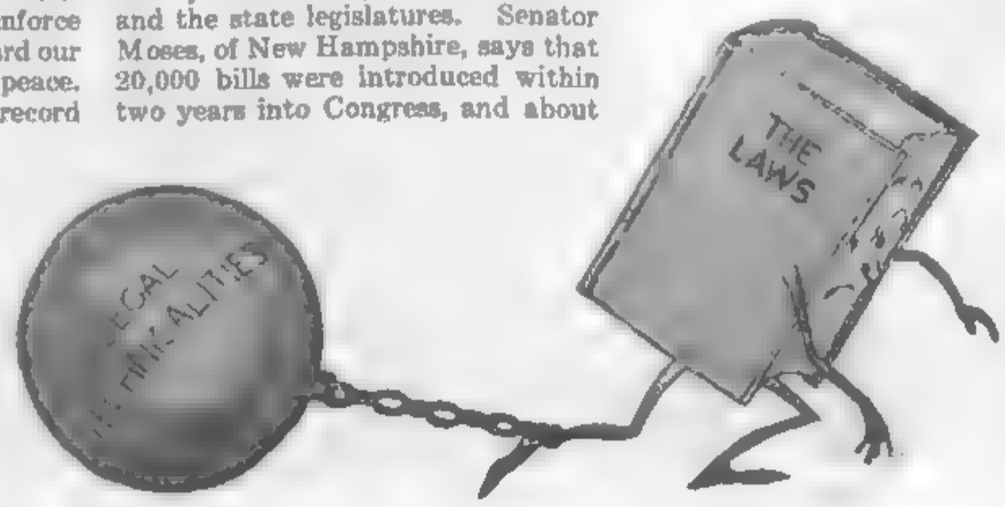
Unenforced laws lead straight to lawbreaking. Lawbreaking of one kind leads to others. Lawbreaking of unenforceable laws, or trivial or disrespected or dead laws, leads straight to the habit of lawbreaking and the disrespect for all law. Lawbreaking of one kind may breed a criminal population which will engage in lawbreaking of every kind. The attempt to enforce unenforceable laws, not supported by an overwhelming social will, takes the energy, the time and the honesty of all our law-enforcement agencies from the normal work of enforcing the enforceable laws—those laws which maintain the organization of society by preventing one man's taking from another his property or his personal safety. I know there are those who do not like to believe this. They have written me, and all I could reply was that I was not setting forth my opinions; I am only setting forth the undebatable facts.

These facts are coming into the realization of good citizens everywhere.

Letters from all over the land, from citizens, judges, social workers, police and even wrongdoers, referring to our atrocious criminal record, say that our laws are in part to blame—too many laws, too many goose-stepping laws, enough of the wrong laws to harass everybody, not enough of the right kind adequately to punish or restrain anybody.

I have on my desk a file filled with the protests which have been made against multiplicity of laws. Charles Evans Hughes more than once has warned the country against the folly of our law-milling; with him and men like Root and Taft there stand the expressed opinions of our thinking statesmen, lawyers and our law-enforcement officials.

Various estimates have been made from time to time by competent observers and statisticians of the number of laws passed each year by Congress and the state legislatures. Senator Moses, of New Hampshire, says that 20,000 bills were introduced within two years into Congress, and about 40,000 into state legislatures. A New York attorney, who has combed the estimates, informed me that last year more than 10,000 new laws were entered upon the statute books of the nation.



It is becoming evident that this stream of law is neither curative nor tonic. Much of it is advertised as a nostrum for social ills, much of it is patent medicine to re-create mankind overnight, much of it is to goose-step human beings toward perfection, much of it is more evangelistic than governmental, and most of it, though conceived in the high purpose of a few to make others as good as they, whether the others like it or not, does not stop with being merely futile, but becomes, by unforeseen but inevitable forces, a poison stream flowing into our life.

It makes for confusion. Most of such laws are badly, hastily drawn, passed by the demand of an organized minority working when the majority are asleep. The great mass of social will did not put in a requisition for such laws and will not help in their enforcement. Some of the laws are contradictory. A Southern state, in attempting to draw an antitrust law, inadvertently so phrased it that it made it a crime for partners in a retail store to talk over the prices at which they could sell a new invoice, for instance, of gentlemen's neckties.

Millenniums and Panaceas

IT MAKES for multiplication and corruption and conflict and inefficiency in law-enforcement agencies. It creates little and big bureaucracies with busybody powers, exercised with all the irritations of nagging paternalism. The poor, dumb, blinking taxpayer often does not realize it, but it adds to his burden, because the attempted enforcement of every minority or goose-stepping law creates new public jobs. And already about one in every twenty citizens of the country is on the local, county, state or national pay roll.

But above all, it creates disrespect for law—just as the constant mouthings of a nagging mother who fails to make good her "dont's," create utter disrespect for authority and actually invite wrongdoing and defiance.

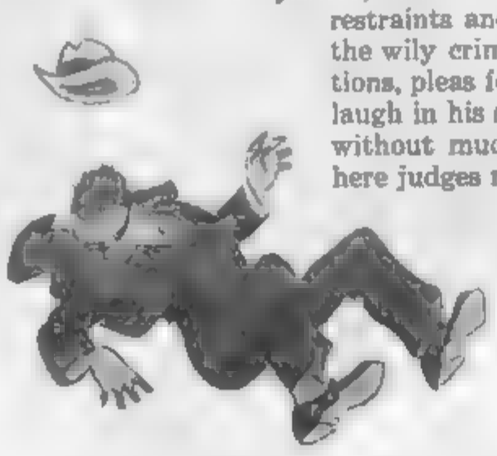
One of the three greatest statesmen in Europe once said to me, "We do not need more programs; we need better performance. We do not need more laws; we need better men to carry out those we have already." I spent four months last year observing the turning of the tide of opinion in Europe against bad legislative and toward good administrative government. I saw the realization of baffled peoples that the world did not need more government, but less; not more attempts to legislate individual character, but fewer; not more plans to remake the world on paper, but an abandonment of such nonsense. And here, where our tendency to regulate, and introduce millenniums and panaceas by law, and to say "Goose-step, thou, as I goose-step!" exceeds any other in the eternal governmental failures of a like kind, I have found the beginning of a revolt against the kind of law which makes lawbreaking a national vice.

If we have more law than our police, our prosecutors and our overcrowded courts can enforce, or if we have trivial or dead laws, or those which have not sufficient support of the people to make the laws enforceable, this is also a fact, just as the day of the month is a fact. It does not exist

because I wish it to exist. It merely is a fact, and such a fact may make ridiculous the solemn statement that we must enforce all the laws.

Says Federal District Attorney Buckner, of New York: "We cannot enforce these laws"—the variety which he is asked to enforce—"with our present machinery. We are crushed under them; we have to pick and choose." This is a statement of honesty and frankness in great contrast to those made to me by certain mayors and police chiefs who are driven by political pressure to say, as they beat themselves on the chest, "We are enforcing all the laws. It is not for us to pick and choose. The law is the law."

If these men told the truth, or, let us say, to be kind to them, if they knew what was going on, they would say: "Of course we can't enforce all the laws, and we are not doing it, if the truth must be told. There are too many. Some are too silly. The pressure on us to keep after the enforcement of these laws takes our time from protecting society against the crook and the real criminal. The real truth is that in America the laws themselves are often the real breeders of criminals, blackmailers, corruption, grafters and parasites; they are sometimes the real source of new gunmen, new days of violence and rapine, new recruits of youth in vice and crime, new recruits of older men and women to a sickening hypocrisy."



If the parent loses control by nagging and harassing, so also governments may lose rather than gain control by multiplicity of laws, or sometimes by so-called laws which are really "commandments" to goose-step personal conduct, or even to commandeer personal intelligence and thought. We are not lacking in examples of laws which made it possible to arrest two children who played old maid or slap jack on a railway train in one of our states. We can all point to attempts by indictment to suppress one side or the other of historical, intellectual or scientific controversy.

But like the usual nagging parent, at the same time that we write our multiplicity of laws and our busybody or trifling statutes, we allow our authority, our discipline and our control in vital matters to rest on antiquated laws and feather-duster authority.

One prosecuting attorney writes me, "We are more concerned with laws punishing a moving-picture exhibitor who shows a murder on the screen than with laws which punish the man in the audience who then and there actually commits a murder."

When the Law Is Found Guilty

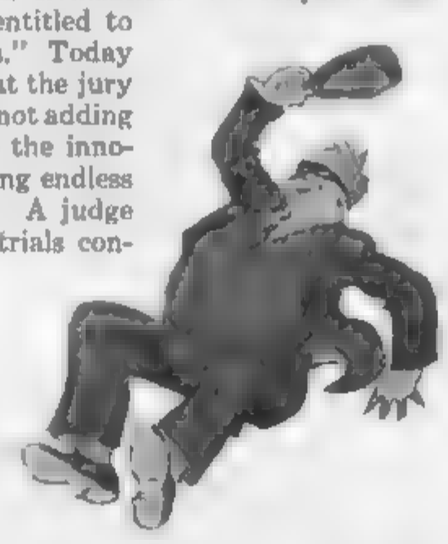
WITHOUT mincing words, the conclusion of anyone who searches the United States for the causes for our scandalous crime record must be that one of the guilty elements is the law itself. I am not speaking of the administration of the laws. In another article I will treat the subject of methods of prosecution, the action of courts, the practice of criminal attorneys, the loopholes in the bail and probation system, the holes in the jury trials and the farce of the expert witness with his gibberish. Just now I am scrutinizing, not the administration of criminal laws, but the laws themselves.

My brother attorneys, as they are called, may look in vain in these paragraphs for a learned treatise on the reform of the criminal law. I am not writing for them. I have neither the space nor the inclination. I merely wish to reach the average citizen and indicate to him in some degree why our criminal laws themselves must bear a part of the blame for our criminals' paradise. I want to set forth what I have found in our laws which gives the criminal about eighteen laps head start in a race with the authority of the state.

To begin, it is wise to compare our criminal laws with those of other countries. We founded our criminal laws with special regard for the protection of the individual against tyranny. When the United States began to come into being there was an era in which the uppermost fear was the fear of tyrannical authority. Every safeguard possible against persecution and unjust prosecution was devised or stiffened. We, and the rest of the world in part, were fearful of authority. In our formative period we shared with others in a phobia against authority. We wanted to guarantee that no unjust charges would be successful and no man railroaded to punishment. Other countries, notably England, have since readjusted their criminal law and practice to fit new times and new needs.

In America we still maintain a whole antiquated machinery which rattles with claptrap. In England judges have effective powers which serve but do not endanger justice; here our judges are still struggling under a net of restraints and checks which now only serve to make the wily criminal lawyer, with his objections, exceptions, pleas for delay and power to present obstacles, laugh in his sleeve. In England judges may comment without much restriction on the cases before them; here judges must weigh every word they utter. Since the publication of the first articles in this series, I have received not one but several copies of addresses to grand juries sent me by conscientious judges in various parts of the country. These charges contain sound doctrine as to law enforcement, but there is something almost pathetic in the statement, in these sermons, of principles and truths which judges would be reluctant to turn upon some guilty defendant under trial.

In the days when we were building safeguards for the prisoner, we held the institution of the jury as some sacred, precious possession of our civilization. We conjured with the words "A man is entitled to be judged by his peers." Today there is wide opinion that the jury system, as conducted, is not adding much of a safeguard to the innocent, although it is adding endless loopholes to the guilty. A judge who conducts criminal trials constantly said to me: "The quality of intelligence in a great many of our juries is hopelessly lacking. And the system of choosing them apparently is designed to exclude intelligence. First of all, various professional men are exempted from service. Then the power of the defense to challenge endlessly and reject intelligence and character in jurors, results in obtaining twelve men who often do not know whether they are afoot or horseback. When the psychiatrists are examining the criminal I wish they would examine the average juror. The other day I discovered one juror who had stood out for acquittal, and I discovered that he did not know in what city the crime had taken place!"



The choosing of the jury has become a ridiculous proceeding. In the Shepherd trial in Chicago, in June, 1925, the examination of jurymen consumed three weeks and three days. How many persons were examined for the jury? Nine hundred! The overwhelming mass of opinion is that the exemptions from jury duty should be cut to the bare bone, that the challenges allowed the attorneys for the defense should be cut to the bare bone and that, while the laws as to jury trial remain as they are, the only hope of adequately punishing the criminal lies in an awakened public opinion which will flow into the jury boxes of the nation and give jurors a trace of backbone.

Judge Alfred J. Talley, of the Court of General Sessions in New York, tells me that he believes the truth of the matter is that the general spirit of lawlessness even enters the jury box, causing juries to disregard facts, and he believes the only cure for the criminal menace of our institutions is in an aroused public opinion.

His is only one of dozens of expressions which have come to me from judges. The Cleveland Foundation, which conducted a crime survey of admirable thoroughness, and the Cleveland Association for Criminal Justice, whose works already have pointed the way for citizen activity in every large community, have emphasized the barn-door opening which unfitness, stupidity or corruption in juries gives to the criminal.

In face of the failure of the law to revise antiquated practices, the Cleveland Association for Criminal Justice says:

"The most conscientious and efficient prosecutor cannot secure a conviction, and the most high-minded judge cannot properly sentence a convicted criminal, unless a jury finds him guilty of the crime committed. Too much stress cannot be laid upon the duty of the public to serve conscientiously and thoughtfully upon juries."

Responsibility in the Jury Box

"WHEN the judge of a criminal court is called upon to censure severely, and even to discharge, a jury for failure to bring in verdicts of conviction where, in the honest opinion of the judge, the evidence clearly shows that the accused was guilty, it is apparent that responsibility for this situation rests in no small measure with the public as a whole.

"In a previous bulletin the association referred specifically to a number of such actions by judges of both the Federal and County Common Pleas Courts. An even more flagrant example of this situation occurred in the Court of Common Pleas during the past term, when Judge Dan B. Cull felt called upon to censure harshly the jury in the Kosienski murder case, when, after twenty-six hours' consideration, the jury disagreed. The association fully concurs in the reprimand by Judge Cull to the jury in this case:

"'My sense of public duty, my personal experience in criminal court, my study and thought on the subject of crime and its treatment, compel me to voice indignant condemnation both of juries which refuse to convict and of citizens whose support is lent to movements having for their object the weakening of the courts. I voice special indignation against a protest meeting announced in the public prints as being called for this evening, in which certain persons, it is said, will denounce a jury sitting in this very court, with one of my ablest associate judges presiding, for having found a man guilty of murder in the first degree. I believe this meeting has had effect on your minds in this case.'

"Referring specifically to the case on trial, Judge Cull said concerning the defendant:

"'He confessed his crime, but you refuse to believe the police officers upon the defendant's unsupported and weak statement that he was mistreated. I call this wrong, and I discharge this jury with the statement that things have come to a sad pass in this county when it is necessary for a judge to say the things I have felt called upon to say.'

"The meeting to which Judge Cull referred was that

(Continued on Page 206

A MAN OF PLOTS

By Ben Ames Williams

ILLUSTRATED BY W. H. D. KOERNER

Faller Considered, His Head Heavy. "Mean I Have to Take His Advice, Ma'am?" He Asked Mrs. Dunnack

VI

AUNT EMILY left Monday morning. That grim and silent woman had no further conversation with Newt before her departure; they met about the house at breakfast time, but she preserved her morose composure, and Newt was well enough pleased to avoid any issue with her. He was glad she was going. There was no reason why she should board with his mother without sharing the expense; and he felt also a certain hostility in her, an opposition which it would be necessary for him to remove or overcome.

With her going, this active opposition would remove itself. If he had Sam and his mother here alone, he felt sure of his ability to control them.

Aunt Emily would take the train from East Harbor; but her transportation from Fraternity to town offered a problem. Sam had at last opposed her going.

At the family council Sunday night, he said good-naturedly, "Might as well stay here, Aunt Em. There ain't a thing to take you home."

She made no reply to this; but Newt said amiably, "Well now, Sam, Aunt Em wants to be with her own things. A person can't be happy 'less they're where they belong. I'd be right glad to have her stay." Newt took every opportunity thus to assume his own dominance in the household. "But she wants to go, and I can see she's right to feel that way."

"She's been company for ma," Sam urged; "with me away over at the orchard a lot of the time."

"Well, I'll be here with ma now," Newt again reminded him.

So it was settled that Aunt Emily was to go. Sam offered to drive her to East Harbor; but Newt protested at that. "Take you half a day to get there and back," he argued.

"I can hire Gay Hunt to take her in," Mrs. Dunnack suggested. "Gay carries me in any time I want to go; and he don't charge but a dollar."

"No use in that," Newt urged. "Don't Bissell's truck go in every morning?"

"She wouldn't like riding on a truck," Sam protested.

"Don't see why not," Newt insisted. "It'll be about empty going in; take her, bag and all. Who drives it?"

"Andy Wattles, or Dan Bissell sometimes, when he ain't busy around home. He helps his pa some."

"I'll tell you," Newt suggested. "Why can't you go ask Andy tonight, Sam? Find out when he's starting, and all."

Sam looked doubtfully at his mother's sister. "You mind going that way, Aunt Em?" he asked.

"Any way that's easiest," Aunt Emily replied briefly. "I ain't particular."

Sam was still reluctant; but in the end he did as Newt suggested, and came back to report that Andy would leave at eight in the morning, and would take Aunt Emily if she was ready at that hour.

Newt himself saw to it that she was ready; he carried her bag downstairs and stowed it in the truck, and helped her to the high seat, and waved a generous farewell as Andy backed down to the road and turned away toward the village again. So Aunt Emily was gone.

During the week that followed, Newt fitted himself into the routine of the life at home. Sam was busy with the borers in his orchard, away sometimes overnight or for a day at a time. Newt and Mrs. Dunnack had their meals alone together; and when Sam was gone these meals were frugal ones. Breakfast, if Sam was not there, consisted of toast and coffee. Newt remarked one morning that the toast was hard; and Mrs. Dunnack nodded.

"I use up the old bread," she explained. "It toasts just as good as fresh, or better."

Newt was, as has been said, a frugal eater; but he liked cream in his coffee. Mrs. Dunnack supplied milk, a pint of milk a day from Gay Hunt's cows. But when Sam was at home she was accustomed to dip off a spoonful of the top milk for him, and she fried eggs for his breakfast. Newt spoke of this one day when they were alone.

"Sam eats more'n any need of, seems to me," he suggested, watching the effect upon his mother.

But her countenance remained impassive. "He eats hearty," she agreed. "But Sam goes pretty steady. I never grudged him."

"Like pa," he commented. "He was always one to eat. I don't eat but a little, but cream makes coffee a lot better."

She ignored this suggestion, continued to give him only milk. And Newt, not inclined to bring this small matter to an issue, allowed the question to lapse. He possessed himself in silence, studying his mother, day by day a little puzzled at her manner, by her extreme reserve, by the curiously appraising glances which now and then she cast at him. Sometimes he was uneasy in her presence.

He had, beginning Monday morning, spent much of his time at the mill. Herb Faller, who was in charge of the work there, Newt remembered dimly; but Faller, a grim and silent man, professed to have no recollection of Newt.

"I've heard tell of you," he confessed, "but I don't rec'lect seeing you around."

"I'm going to be at home for a while," Newt explained. "Ma thought maybe I could jack things up some, down here at the mill. Looks like it ought to do better than it does."

"Mostly stave stuff we get now," Faller replied. "We have to take what we get."

"What's the idea, building that sawdust conveyer?" Newt asked. "Got along all right without that for a good many years, haven't we?"

"Sawdust spoils the river for trout," Faller told him, and spat at the hole in the floor boards. "Got to keep it out of the water, I guess."

"Always was trout here when I was a boy," Newt argued. "What's the matter? They getting delicate now?"

"I figured we'd ought to stop it," the mill foreman said.

Newt shook his head.

"Ain't a bit of sense in it," he replied. "Takes lumber and a man's time to build it; and then the stuff would swamp you in six months. Let it go."

Faller looked at him doubtfully. "Who says so?" he challenged.

Newt laughed in a pleasant way. "Why, I didn't mean to put it so strong. Ma thought I could get things straightened out around here. You and me ought to be able to work together."

Faller started toward the house. "Guess I'll go talk to Mis' Dunnack," he remarked; and Newt smiled, and followed him.

"Why, all right," he agreed. "No harm in that at all."

They found Mrs. Dunnack in the kitchen, sitting by the table at the window as though she had been watching them.

At their entrance she looked toward them, but without word; and it was Newt who spoke first.

He said, in a good-natured tone, "Ma, I got off on the wrong foot. Herb and I were talking about that sawdust conveyer, and I told him to let it go; not bother to build it. I guess he thought I was taking a good deal on myself. I told him you said I could help out down there at the mill."

Mrs. Dunnack nodded faintly, watching Herb Faller. Faller fumbled for words, then said uncertainly, "I been running things there quite a spell."

She agreed quietly. "Yes; yes, you have."

"Done all right, ain't I?" Herb inquired.

"Newt figures the mill could pay better," she told him. "He says he's got some ideas. I don't know as there's any harm in trying them."

Newt took a hand, his tone almost cajoling. "The thing is, Herb, it's mighty easy to waste money, running any business. I've had some experience, cost work, and so on. I don't aim to boss things; but I'd like to give advice sometimes."

Faller considered this, his head heavy. "Mean I have to take his advice, ma'am?" he asked Mrs. Dunnack.

She hesitated, faintly uncertain; then said, "Why, if Newt said not to pay out money for a thing, I guess you better not."

Faller spoke unsteadily. "What the mill needs is some money spent on it," he urged.

"We don't have to run a trout farm, though," Newt insisted cheerfully.

"Game warden says he wished I'd put in that conveyer," Faller replied. "Law says I have to; but he's let it go. Nick's a good man; he don't go to make trouble."

"Lot of other laws he could enforce first, I expect," Newt laughed.

Mrs. Dunnack said slowly, "I'm tired of fussing myself about the mill. Looks like you could run it between you."

"That's fair enough," Newt agreed. He said to Faller, "Ma's too old to bother, Herb. We can get together on this."

Faller still hesitated, but in the end he yielded ground, and he and Newt returned to the mill together. On the way down the slope Faller said complainingly, "I dunno as you're any worse than her. I never could get her to spend a cent on the mill; and it needs it."

"If that's so, we surely don't want to put any money into taking care of the sawdust," Newt reminded him. "What does the mill need? Machinery works all right, doesn't it?"

"Good enough," Faller agreed. "But it's pretty well patched up. Main thing is the building is all gone."

They had reached the threshold of the open shed. The saw was working, two men handling the logs on the rolling carriage; and Newt and Herb had to raise their voices to a shout to be heard above the high and screaming sound as metal bit wood.

"What's the matter with it?" Newt shouted.

Herb looked around disgustedly. "Sills all gone," he pointed out. "Them corner posts have settled. And the floor's all wore out till there's holes you could stick your foot through. Ought to have new floor timbers and a new floor, anyway."

Newt shook his head.

"It don't look bad," he protested.

Herb scuffed in the sawdust and showed a broken plank, another that was worn almost through, a third which had rotted away from the nails at one end. Here and there slabs had been nailed over earlier breakages. "It's all ready to go," Faller pointed out.

"Patch it up with slabs," Newt directed. "It's stout enough. Timbers must be all right under."

"They're big stuff," the mill foreman explained. "They don't bend, but they break. One over in the end of the shed let go a couple weeks ago, when we rolled some logs in."

"You don't have to have a dance floor in a mill," Newt told him laughingly. "All you need is something that will stand the weight." They had just made the first cut in a new log, and he stepped across toward the saw and picked up the discarded slab and kicked it into place with his foot over one of the holes in the floor. "Couple of nails will hold that," he pointed out. "And it's as good as a new floor."

"You can't only keep on patching about so long," Faller protested. "She's all patches now, till you can't walk for tripping over the humps in her."

"Watch your step, then," Newt chuckled. "Don't want any of you falling into the saw."

The effort of shouting above the uproar of the mill had tired him and he drew back outside, expecting Faller to follow. But Herb turned instead to talk to the men operating the saw; and Newt understood by their glances that Herb spoke of him, not pleasantly. He was never one to resent hard words, however; so at this he merely moved away, so that he might not seem to understand.

That night Sam came home to supper. He arrived late and unexpectedly. Mrs. Dunnack had boiled potatoes and tried out salt pork for herself and Newt; but when Sam appeared she cut a bit of finnan haddie from the slab hanging in the woodshed and put it in hot water to prepare for Sam.

Newt observed this with faintly narrowing eyes; but he spoke of it only in an amiable tone.

"Don't you like salt pork, Sam?" he asked.

Sam grinned. "Why, I don't care so much about it in the summertime," he confessed. "Ma usually has something else for me."

"I was going to bake a pie tomorrow," Mrs. Dunnack said. "I thought you'd be home then."

"Guess I'll have to stay for that," Sam told her.

While they ate supper Newt recounted his discussion with Herb Faller. "Let him have his way and he'd build a mansion to put that old saw in," he said jestingly. "Hardwood floor and lead-glass windows and all."

"He's been after me to do that," Mrs. Dunnack agreed. "Always wanting to spend money on the mill. I'd as soon see it go. It don't bring in much of anything, hiring the work done and all. I guess with you there, we can let one of the men go, Newt."

He shook his head. "I can't be tied down that way," he told her. "I'll be busy looking after things, running the business."

"I'd pay you fifteen a week," she suggested. "That's what the men are a-getting."

(Continued on Page 166)

He Was Studying the Girl Attentively. There Was No Doubt in His Mind That She Was a Little Disturbed for Fear Sam Would Return and Find Them There

COUSIN JANE

By HARRY LEON WILSON

ILLUSTRATED BY HENRY RALEIGH

They Chatted Easily, Their Eyes Filling With the Feathery Play of Light and Shadow All About Them

XIV

THE days were just as before—to an eye perceiving only surfaces, but Jane continued to feel that joyous loosening from the old life. At first she dreaded an awakening, feared that some dawn would find her back in the stale corridor of too many years, all her elation but a futile inner flurry that had passed.

At first, too, she had been afraid of Marcy, suspecting she might have been unwise to confide in him. He would have pretended sympathy only to draw her out; having done that, he would look at her with amused eyes and in speech become sardonic, girding, waspish. Yet her dawns continued to be glad with certainty that this spring would be unlike other springs, and Cousin Marcy was never waspish any more. He paid her the deference of a weakling to someone reckless if not strong, watching her at times, she knew, with an odd twinkling awe.

And he was not only impressed; he wished to be helpful. There must be, he often remarked, something he could manage that would give Jane her chance at a hundred days; surely he could get her away from her Elba. But though he was earnest, the way seemed not to open. He spoke vaguely of bits of property overlooked by his brother—but only vaguely. He seemed to know little more of them than Wiley, who had forgotten them.

He fumbled among dusty papers in a cabinet and once showed Jane a sheaf of mining securities—"A wad of Ophir shares we could have had three million dollars for once, my dear. Think of it! Of course, now ——" He waved characteristically. "But surely I'll soon hit upon something. I've often thought I'd write to Maltby—J. D. Maltby—who once had charge of a great many affairs for us before Wiley began to have delusions of grandeur. I really must write to him; he might suggest something. But I so seldom write a letter."

Jane waited hopefully. Marcy went on:

"I remember seeing him here once, ages ago; a frightful old bounder, but keen. No doubt of that. He wore the most astonishing gold horse on his watch chain, and a horseshoe of diamonds in his cravat—really, quite a brutal display of diamonds. And he drank such prodigious quantities of port after dinner. I was fascinated. His big red face would begin to steam—you'd think it might be going to erupt before your eyes. Amazing old chap—ratfish, of course, but clever. You'd have enjoyed him."

Thus Marcy when he meant to be practical, losing himself in memories that were colorful but altogether beside the point. Yet Jane thought only of his generous attitude. She came to regard Marcy and herself as fellow conspirators.

To nourish that new and delightful sensation of aloofness from the old life, she managed a solitary walk beyond the town each day. From some near hillside she would stand to view the little huddle of houses under their trees as an outlander might, pretending to consider the sleepy old place quaint—a ghost town. She often got a desirable effect from this pretense, especially after Maurine Slater achieved her triumphs of short sprightly looking frocks from the old gowns that hadn't in the least suggested sports apparel. To take a possible public odium from her excursions, she always returned with an armful of flowers: branches of blossoming dogwood, long stalks of gentian, blazing stars, mariposa lilies or the mountain lilac. She could carry a great many flowers, skirts no longer having to be held up.

And she always came back to the house not only refreshed by these interludes of patronizing her valley prison but with delectable uncertainties about something that might have come about while she was gone. It seemed to her there might easily have happened in an hour the thing she knew was bound to happen. For that matter she kept her eyes alert for heaps of gold pieces when she walked in covered spots, though she thought it probable that the shining thing would reveal itself at home—after Marcy had written to Mr. J. D. Maltby.

Late in the afternoon of one such day she returned from her stroll to find a car in the drive; a strange car with a great, shrouded object in the back. This thrilled her with its possibilities so that she caught her breath, clutching closer the masses of pale-blue lupin gathered beyond the town to show that her walk was not without an object. Probably this was it—something had happened, something she had known would happen. No strange car had ever been in that drive before.

She paused by it, her color rising.

Seth Hacker, grizzled and bent now, ambled to her from the barn. His bored mien suggested that nothing unusual had occurred; but Seth would be no judge of happenings.

"Man down there in the orchard," he dully began, gesturing toward the old trees. "Been waiting for you an hour. He said it was important about his seeing you; wanted I should go hunt you. But I thought it wasn't so important it wouldn't keep. Me, I never know where you are these days since you took to traipsing over hill and dale after posies and nosegays"—he turned, but glanced bitterly back for a parting shot—"in that there dress where you have to set down on your own waist."

"Oh, but find him," Jane urged, her heart beating thick and loud. She was too agitated just then to bandy words with her critic about modern sports apparel.

Seth pointed again.

"There's the guy now," he said, and indeed the visitor appeared, strolling up the garden path.

He quickened his pace when he saw Jane, coming on alertly. She thought he was a business-looking man, alien at least to Union Hill. His somber face lighted as he neared her. It took on a speaking, expectant air, as if he were already telling her something important. His plain and not too well cared for dress was hardly that of one with power to confer benefits, but his manner was promising. He was a tall, loose-framed man with an impressive voice, and he disclosed at once that he wished to submit a matter of importance to Jane.

Something important; yes, of course; Jane had felt this from the beginning, and her excitement grew while the man greeted her, then deftly unsheathed the object in his car, discoursing meantime with a practiced oratorical effect that for some moments kept Jane from divining his intention, which was to sell her the Pal o' Mine electric washing machine, an ideal contrivance that would lighten the home labor by half, making "a mere bagatelle of a week's laundry," as he nicely phrased it.

From the first moment of this disclosure, Jane had felt a chill mounting. She was merely recovering from it while she seemed to listen as one who might, indeed, if eloquently enough persuaded, forthwith invest in a Pal o' Mine. It was not until the man was urging an instant demonstration

of his remarkable machine that she could again feel firm ground under her conviction that something would still happen, even if a mere washing machine hadn't proved to be it. She was then able to become crisp and informatory.

She didn't care to purchase a Pal o' Mine, and any time spent in demonstrating its virtues—which she didn't in the least question—would be lost. She proved to be so cold and knowing that the salesman at once lost all his evangelical fervor. Limp, deflated of his high purpose, he silently reclad his treasure. Jane felt embarrassed by her very effectiveness.

"Isn't it a heavenly day!" she said smilingly to the man as he tugged at the canvas sheath. That much, at least, she thought was due from her.

But the fellow proved unenthusiastic about the day and merely remarked that he was putting his machine into all the best homes. It was possible to detect a very slight but not unmeaning emphasis upon "best," and there was a world-weary cynicism in his tone as he added that, of course, some ladies now and then didn't care how their help had to slave.

Jane left him on that, not averse to being suspected of this reprehensible indifference. She would have liked to talk with the man about the wonderful outside world from which he came and for which she was destined, but his sudden moodiness had left him no hopeful candidate for a chat that might have refreshed him.

She wasn't for a moment cast down by the circumstance that something had all at once seemed about to happen and then didn't. Rather, she was confirmed in her belief that very soon it must happen. She was in the current—no one before this had even offered her an electric washing machine. The world was finding her out. As she worked the cold cream into her hands that night, she thought of what they might have talked about if the salesman had been a more flexible person.

After all, she might not have proved brilliant; she had been uneasily distrusting her own social gifts ever since reading a circular that Seth Hacker had passed on to her. It related the humiliating plight—happily relieved in the sequel—of an admirable girl who "had not kept pace with the intellectual world." "Please help me," the girl in the circular had written. "I have lost touch with the world and now I find myself fearfully at a loss. There is a young man of whom I am very fond who has asked me to be his guest at a dinner where there will be a lot of brilliant people. I know I shall be at a loss when they talk about the new scientific discoveries and important things in the field of art. I may try to shield myself by pretending to be reserved ——"

Jane was quickly sympathetic with the poor girl, and relieved, as she read on, to find that she had been saved from "a situation that might have meant to her the loss of the man she loved." It seemed the author had sent her a volume entitled Wonders of the Present, and she, "in one hour and forty-seven minutes," had become enabled to shine at the dinner party. In her letter of thanks she told her benefactor, "They said I was the best-informed woman in the room."

It seemed credible to Jane; a girl of the capacity to note that she had spent precisely one hour and forty-seven minutes with an improving volume seemed to have an unusual gift for facts. Jane pictured her at the dinner party winning respectful admiration and perhaps not a little envy from her brilliant fellow guests by the careless ease with which she answered difficult questions propounded at intervals around the board, such as, "What makes the aurora borealis?" "How can you shave by electricity?" "What is the new twilight-sleep method?" "How many drug fiends are there in this country?" "Where did the dinosaur hide its eggs ten million years ago?" "How are aeroplanes being used to make rain?" These and many other questions, as the publisher pointed out, were being discussed at dinner tables where brilliant people assembled.

Jane blushed to picture herself at a gay dinner, in a crisis where feigned reserve would no longer avail, having to disclose that she didn't know what the Baluchitherium is, or an atom, or a truth serum, or the name of the latest comet, or what buried city was found in Tripoli. She also must have Wonders of the Present. The volume was necessary, even if it should require of her—she was almost certain it would—quite a little more than an hour and forty-seven minutes to become the best informed woman in the room. And why, she dolorously wondered, hadn't Marcy read her more facts and less history?

Marcy continued to admire the new Jane, though often a little askance, as if more than half suspecting that it might all come to nothing. He still wished to be helpful, remarking at intervals that he really ought to write to J. D. Maltby about one or two things; but he was, as the days passed, undoubtedly thinking that Jane had better be at it herself if she meant to bring about some sensational happening. Once he significantly repeated two lines from a poem he read her:

"Always to learn no beauty ever lingers,
But passes like the wind upon the wheat —"

And when he suspected her of more than a casual interest in the personable youth who came vending phonographs, he remarked with a certain heaviness of intention, "You know what the wiseacres of the post office are always saying—'Gold is where you find it.'"

But this matter of the phonograph man was another entirely minor occurrence, of no value except as proving to Jane that she was truly in a current vital with happenings. She had returned on another day, bringing an armful of fairy lanterns she found in a little disused field, and there was another strange car in the drive. She didn't allow this one to agitate her and quite calmly ascertained that its driver wished to install good music in the Tedmon home. But when the price was found to be prohibitive, he showed himself to be of another ilk than the purveyor of washing machines. When he had unavailingly exhausted his patter about phonographs and the desirability of bringing the world's best music to one's fireside, he not only agreed affably with Jane that the day was perfect but he revealed a happy gift for discussing weather at large, the leisure in which to do this and what Jane infallibly read as a quickening intention to talk as long as she would listen.

It was she, plainly, that inspired him; not weather of sundry sorts he was boasting of eventful encounters with in this and other latitudes. She knew perfectly what she was evoking, long before it was discovered by both of them that two hours had fled while they talked. Here was someone not only the cultural superior of the washing-machine person but with an acute awareness of her that she was by no means unwilling to analyze at greater length.

When the young man, explaining he was to be in Union Hill overnight, begged for the privilege of calling that evening—it wasn't often he met anyone congenial in his rounds—she gracefully assented. She would, she said, be glad to see him again.

"Thanks," he murmured, and remembered, before driving out, to give her his card.

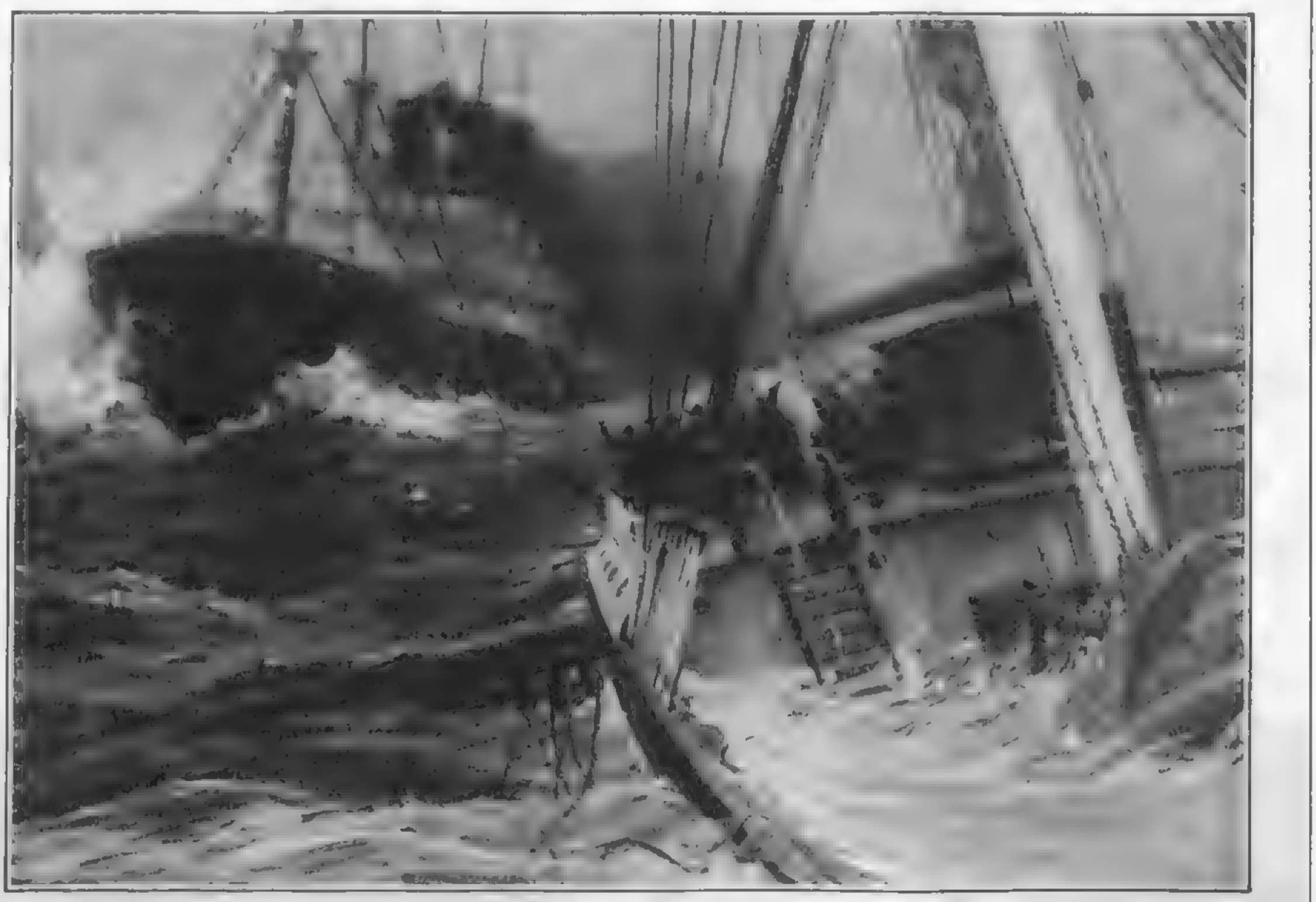
(Continued on Page 50)

She Beheld a Wondrous Change in the Grotesquely Distorted Face

POOR OLD MAN

By CAPTAIN DINGLE

ILLUSTRATED BY ANTON OTTO FISCHER



Then the Arranmore Roared Past the Ship's Stern and Her Bow Wave Leaped High Over the Poop as the Ship Rolled Down to Meet It

TWELVE hundred sheep bleated on the after deck; a thousand cattle swayed and moaned in the pens beneath the hurricane deck. At the forward derrick the boson and some cattlemen hove out and dumped into the sea a horse that had been cast and trampled to death by his terrified companions.

"Poor Old Man, your horse is dead!
Oh, poor Old Man!"

Chief Mate Legge sang the ancient chantey unconsciously as the corpse was let go. He resumed his tramp of the bridge, peering with salt-stung eyes into the furious seas ahead. The long lean steamer crashed her way homeward, seemingly invulnerable to the sustained hammering of tons of roaring ocean over her forecastle head. In the lee corner of the bridge, Tyler, the junior who shared his watch, dodged the sprays rattling against the screen. The mate's old chantey only lived through one stanza, being a habit, as another's habit might be tunelessly whistling under stress; but the mirthless grin on Tyler's gaunt face had an upward twist at the corners at sound of it.

"It's getting dirty," Legge shouted.

It was necessary to shout to be heard. The seas and the onrush of the big steamer filled the ears with thunder. Other officers could keep their watch in the snug wheelhouse. Legge, with his old-time notions, must stay outside in the bitter weather. That was all right. These square-rigger men were scarcely human anyhow. But there was no good reason why other men, doomed to stand watch with the madman, should shiver and freeze outside. The other watches didn't. It wouldn't hurt to let the Old Man know. Captain Gunter was not in love with his new chief officer. The whole ship knew that. Old Gunter was suspicious of a new man taken into the employ and pushed at once into a chief officer's berth. Skippers as old as Captain Gunter needed to keep an eye on interlopers. Aged skippers had been supplanted by young mates before.

"Getting dirty," Legge shouted again, staggering to a rail hold beside Tyler. "That's the second horse dead. If the Old Man 'ud let me set a bit o' sail aft, it 'ud hold her head up to the sea."

"He doesn't believe in bits o' sail," grinned Tyler. "Bits o' sail are out o' date in steam."

A two-mile-long sea reared up out of the eastward chaos. The steamer reeled, staggered to rise, shook to the keel bolts to the violent racing of her screw, and slid down into the hollow, while a hundred tons of hissing fury shot into the air on her weather bow and fell back roaring. The mates gasped. Only the top of that sea was hurled aboard by sheer impetus; but that top filled the foredeck, killing two more horses, and swept knee deep over the after deck, washing twelve hundred sheep from their feet and half drowning them. The boson and his men appeared, dumping the dead horses.

"When he's dead we'll bury him deep,
Oh, poor Old Man!"

Legge sang between his tight teeth, watching for the next sea to roll along. There was no mate to that big one; at least not one in sight; but there was that in sky and sea which threatened even worse to come. The quartermaster in the dry wheelhouse snatched glances through brine-incrusted windows and gave queer names to officers who stood out there when they might as well be snug and warm inside.

"Go down and tell the Old Man it's growing dirty," shouted Legge in Tyler's ear. "He needn't come up. Ask him if I may set a bit o' canvas aft to ease her. A trys'l on mizzen and jigger 'ud hold her up fine."

Tyler obeyed gleefully. He knew what the Old Man would say. There would be a fine chance to add a bit of his own when Captain Gunter roared out his ideas about meddlesome mates and sail setting. So while Legge went on with his singing, and the lean rusty steamer flogged her four naked masts and gaunt salt-caked funnel athwart the sullen gale, Tyler listened with seeming meekness to the Old Man's response to his message.

"Says it's his opinion sail 'ud help her, sir," Tyler interjected slyly. Captain Gunter stood glaring through his misty porthole; saw the derrick swing out. "Two more horses killed that time, sir. One just before," Tyler went on. "If he was in the wheelhouse, where he could watch the course, sir, instead o' staying outside, he might ——"

"Tell Mr. Legge I'll be up," snapped the skipper, and snatched down his oilskin coat and boots, while Tyler hurried to the bridge full of warmth inside.

Legge stood on sturdy feet, swaying to the dizzy lurch of the ship, watching her every plunge and recovery. Life had not been overkind to him. He had been many dreary years waiting for command. He had been second mate, mate and back to second mate again; chiefly through lack of influence, interest higher up, or, as he sometimes thought, personal impressiveness. Yet he had not soured. He was first of all a sailorman, and a good one. This cattle steamer, Arranmore, was old, slow and just about able to pass survey; but she was one of a great line, and he had been told that promotions went strictly by seniority. He was chief mate. It might be a long weary climb, by way of chief officerships of all those other steamers, to ultimate command, which after all might be no better than back to the old Arranmore again; but if only merit was rewarded fairly and without favor, what could a man want more?

"For three long months I rode him hard,
Oh, po-oo-oor O-o-old Man!"

The gale shrieked, tore the words into ragged syllables. And Captain Gunter clawed his way onto the bridge and appeared beside Mr. Legge as the last "Po-oo-oor O-o-old Man!" was flung broadcast. Tyler grinned. This promised to be good. The Old Man's face was purple. It was several moments before breath relieved him. Then —

"If ye'll stop that silly singing and mind yer ship, Mr. Legge, maybe we'll not lose all our livestock this watch!"

"She's hard-mouthed, sir. A bit o' sail might help her," the mate replied. He chose to let pass the Old Man's harsh comment.

"And I'll tell ye when I want my steamer turned into a trys'l tramp, mister. Mind yer steering and ye'll do well enough."

The Old Man turned to the bridge ladder again.

"When he's dead we'll bury him deep,
Po-oo-or O-old Man!"

Legge possibly was unaware that he was singing. It was a habit, nothing more. But it brought the Old Man back, ramping and raging, shaking his fist to the great glee of the quartermaster inside and the more secret elation of Mr. Tyler behind the dodger.

"Are ye singing that silly song at me?" the Old Man yelled.

"At you, sir?" Legge was staggered.

"Aye, at me! Watch yerself, I warn ye! Yer duty's none too well done in this ship, mister. I'll stand no impidence, mark that."

Legge could find no words. He watched the skipper go off the bridge as he might have watched a cow climb a mast. Above all the uproar of storm and terrified beasts, the slamming of Captain Gunter's stateroom door was audible even in the wheelhouse.

Two minutes after the door slammed, the Arranmore rolled down heavily. Less than a minute after that a great sea reared up and she met it with a terrific shock. Like that other earlier sea, but with tenfold the murderous force, just the crest toppled aboard the after deck and the rails went like straws. Twelve hundred sheep were swept along with the wreckage of their pens to litter the sea and the after deck. Bleating, kicking, the unfortunate muttons that survived scrambled madly in the welter of sea and pen lumber. Mr. Legge was anxiously peering aft from the bridge, hoping for the best; another great sea rolled up, silent as death, and took the steamer amidships, filling her foredeck, crashing against the bridge, forcing both officers to hang on for their lives.

When that sea passed, the sheep deck was clean. The ocean astern was foamy with wool. Mr. Legge cleared his eyes of brine and tried to get his bearings. Tyler clung up to windward, white and grinning; he clung to a ragged end of pipe rail, at half distance between the wheelhouse and the bridge end. All beyond that was gone. Steel and teak; all gone like paper and straw. The wheelhouse was smashed in. There was nobody at the wheel. Three spokes only remained of the wheel itself. There was a huddle of blue in the splintered débris of the steering grating; a hand stuck out of the huddle; a spoke was fast in the grip of the hand.

Legge groped along to the wrecked end. He meant to send Tyler for the Old Man. At the same time he wondered why any Old Man could remain below after that sea struck his ship. It had been like striking a cliff. At the beginning of the splintered planking where the bridge was sheared off he stopped in swift dismay. The boat deck, all along the starboard side, was down. Steel beams, stanchions, boats and davits lay flattened in a mad chaos, crushing down upon the bellowing cattle below; and wreckage lay jammed tight across the Old Man's door; the door to the officers' mess room and cabins was buried in a mass of twisted steel and wreck of boats.

"Get all hands along!" Legge bawled in Tyler's ear. "Tell Chips to try to get the Old Man out. Send boson to me."

Tyler took the lee side, not sorry to leave that shattered bridge. Legge seized the broken wheel and fought to bring the steamer back to her course. She rolled across the dizzy seas, strewing the leeward side with carcasses and débris. One of the old type of steamers, the Arranmore steered with a hand wheel fitted with a clamp to connect it with steam gear when entering or leaving port. Sea passages were made with the hand gear, and there was plenty of work in the steering of her.

While the mate fought with the broken wheel, the boson came up, his oilskins in ribbons and his face and hands bruised and bleeding. He chewed tobacco busily and grinned at the bridge wreckage. He was of the same school as Mr. Legge.

"Boson," said Legge, "I told Chips to get the Old Man clear. He won't. That'll take hours. You get tackles rigged and heave the wreckage of the boat deck clear of the cattle. And while you're aft for the tackles, set the mizzen and jigger trysails to ease her. Take all hands. Make the cattlemen help. I'll look out for the helm."

While the seas swept over broken rails and battered decks, men clung with one hand and worked tremendously with the other, setting two fluttering scraps of dingy canvas aft to steady the ship; crawling among jagged steel ends to fasten tackles; taking falls along to snatch blocks and winches to heave the pressure off the cattle decks.

Chips pried and pounded for ten minutes to free the captain, comment from the open port burning his ears while he worked.

"What's being done to my ship, carpenter?" the Old Man demanded.

"They've set trys'ls aft, to ease her," Chips grunted, heaving on a pinch bar.

"And this is the result! Get me out of here before they lose me my steamer!"

Another sea lifted aboard on the damaged side. The wreckage surged dangerously, only to be left in a tighter jam. Cattle moaned, cattlemen cursed, a winch clattered and a tackle set taut. The tackle snapped, the sling of broken iron and shattered wood crashed back upon the cattle pens.

(Continued on Page 68)

After the Door Slammed, the Arranmore Rolled Down Heavily. Less Than a Minute After That a Great Sea Reared Up and She Met It With a Terrific Shock

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

REG. U. S. PAT. OFF.

FOUNDED A: D: 1728

PUBLISHED EVERY SATURDAY BY

THE CURTIS PUBLISHING COMPANY

INDEPENDENCE SQUARE

PHILADELPHIA, PENNSYLVANIA, U. S. A.

GEORGE HORACE LORIMER, EDITOR

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PHILADELPHIA, OCTOBER 24, 1925

Paying the Piper

ONE of the most arresting developments of our time is the extent to which large corporations, known collectively as big business, are paying for the expenses of government—Federal, state and local. Total railroad taxes for a single year amount to several hundred million dollars, and one alone of the Standard Oil companies paid out in taxes of all kinds, in the past five-year period, the sum of $114,000,000. The aggregate of taxes of every description paid by all large corporations would merit the adjective "staggering."

Now it is not to be denied that revenue raising from the powerful corporate units has its advantages as well as its disadvantages. Taxation at best is an unpleasant, unpopular and, we fear, by no means exact science. There is much to be said for indirection, indeed for hocus-pocus, in separating the citizen from his hard-earned money. If the corporations can be forced to hand out large sums, the individual is lulled into a false sense that he does not have to pay, and teeth are rarely pulled without at least a local anæsthetic.

In the long run corporations do not continue in business unless profits are earned. If the state takes away an undue percentage of net earnings, prices are generally raised to make up for the loss, and the citizen pays eventually. This is not invariably, although usually, the case, and occasionally business enterprises are actually taxed out of existence. Or the taxes may merely reduce what would be large profits without them.

But the railroads, telephone companies, power and light companies and other so-called utilities that contribute such a large proportion of the state and local revenues are usually permitted by law to earn reasonable profits, and if one department of government takes away their earnings in the form of taxes, another department solemnly gives permission for an increase in rates. Thus, whatever theorists may say, we bump up against the hard fact that, to express the idea in language that none will misunderstand, there is really no way to beat the game. The piper must be paid. It may facilitate the actual collection of taxes to throw a lot of perfume around the room, or even to administer a little sleeping potion, but when the fumes have cleared away we find the tooth is out and gone.

There was a time when railroads and other large corporations hesitated to talk much about their part in meeting the expenses of government. Indeed, they did not always pay their fair share, and if they were forced to do so, their protests were of the quietly effective sort, directed to sympathetic legislators rather than to the general public. Now the corporations talk right out in meeting about their obligations as citizens. Unlike individuals, they are only too willing to tell the world what aggregate of taxes they are forced to pay. It is a comparatively new development, and a most wholesome one.

The corporations are becoming too wise, at least in some cases, openly and publicly to object to the payment of large taxes; what they sensibly desire is that the public should at least begin to understand what it all means.

Nowhere has the case been more clearly stated than in The Lamp, trade paper of the Standard Oil Company of New Jersey. It is pointed out that in five years net earnings of this company have amounted to $480,000,000, of which $114,000,000 has gone for taxes, $165,000,000 for dividends and $201,000,000 for the building of ships, refineries, pipe lines, tanks, service stations, and the like, upon all of which increased local taxes must be paid, and an increased Federal tax if additional profit accrues from the new investment.

Yet there is a feeling in some quarters, it is further stated, that though individual success is commendable, corporate success is a menace. Fervid oratory in Congress, state legislatures, political conventions and from soap boxes demands punitive measures against the "oil trust," "beef trust," "steel trust," Wall Street, captains of industry, big business, and the like.

"And afterward the crowd, chafing under the feeling that something ought to be done about it, goes to its home by subways built by the taxation of these corporations and other businesses and individuals who have achieved success as evidenced by the possession of property. They walk from the subway exits on sidewalks built by taxes, their way lighted by street lamps paid for by taxes, their persons and valuables watched over by a bluecoat whose wages are met out of taxes. Their food comes to them over good roads built by taxes. Their children are educated without direct cost to parents because of taxes."

It is an old saying that he who pays the piper calls the tune. The managers of the great taxpaying corporate organizations will deny vehemently that they control Federal, state or local government, even if to a large extent they are compelled to foot the bill. Their domination, even their influence, is probably subject to extreme exaggeration in popular estimate. But substantial or trivial as it may be, there is another issue arising from their tax contributions which must be faced.

It is fortunate that industrial organization in this country has become so successful. Out of its copious earnings enormous shares for the general welfare in the shape of taxes are possible; no one disputes this fact. Taxes come before dividends. As one of the corporations has said, "The people as citizens take precedence over a part of the people who are stockholders."

But the ease with which large sums are thus collected must not lull the citizens of state, county and city into a false sense of unlimited wealth. If it ever comes about that public improvements are made because revenues may be squeezed out of reluctant but undeniably affluent taxpayers, rather than because of the necessity or outstanding importance of the object itself, we shall be on the downward path that saw the end of Rome.

Strong and solvent as our business structure is, there are limits to the number of golden eggs that any goose will lay. But the real harm of excessive taxation lies in its effect upon the citizenship of the country rather than upon a few strong burden bearers.

No good can possibly come if once the people lose a keen sense of the meaning of public economy. Cost is an element inherent in life. Public improvements have obvious advantages, but any system of taxation which blurs the sense of weighing expenses as against benefits only means the deterioration of the public conscience. The costs may be worth incurring; the danger of the hour is of overlooking, in the flush of many new enthusiasms, that there are two sides to every ledger. Devices of taxation may conceal the expense item for a long time, but it always comes home to roost in the end.

Canada's Stand

CANADA'S position since the war has been a difficult one. The part she played in the conflict was both glorious and costly. Peace found her encumbered with debt, bereft of some of her best foreign markets and without any recompense in sight. Canada in fact was the only unit in the British Empire which did not draw a single prize from the Treaty of Versailles. German Southwest Africa was added to the South African Union, Australia was given mandates over various islands, Great Britain was able to write many substantial items on the credit side of the ledger when the peacemakers concluded their labors. But Canada, for geographical reasons, received nothing.

In the seven years that have elapsed, the Dominion has been emerging slowly from the economic depression which followed the war. The slowness of the recovery is to some extent a matter of choice. Canada has never indulged in short cuts to growth and prosperity. Her immigration policy has always been a cautious one, dictated largely by a desire to keep the original stock undiluted. In the past this was not difficult, as the bulk of the immigration moving to Canada came from the British Isles. Belief in Canada's frigidity, created partly by Kipling's unfortunate My Lady of Snows verse, was too firmly established to attract the Latin, Slav and Near-East flood. The United States got practically all of it. Now that we have swung over to a sound principle of restriction and selection, however, Canada could take advantage of the situation growing out of our Immigration law. But so far the Dominion has shown no tendency to throw open the gates. Canadians seem to feel that the wiser course is to grow slowly rather than to profit by a boom in population; and anyone who considers the problems that our old free and easy policy has created for us must applaud her decision.

Progressive or Conservative

WHETHER progressive or conservative forces are of the greater help in man's journey is a question not likely to be settled soon. But there are times when it seems as if one or the other were too firmly in the ascendant. Viewing the question unflinchingly, it is clear that these attitudes are mutually dependent. Daring campaigns are necessary, but they must rest upon bases. A newly installed college president, George D. Olds, recently explained the relative function of progressive and conservative in words that bear repetition. He was speaking solely of the educational process, but his remarks apply as well to political, economic and religious issues:

"Our college governors can be tolerant and sympathetic with the new, not by forgetting the things behind, but by realizing that the productive ventures in this world are based upon something solid, something permanent. We cannot banish the expression 'rest upon' from our language or from our thought.

"Of all the adventurers whose achievements are recorded by history, Columbus is, by popular accord, reputed the chief. . . . Yes, Columbus was an arch adventurer and apparently turned his back upon the past. But did he do so, after all? It was by sailing from Cadiz to the Canaries and thence due west on a parallel of latitude that he came, in the end, to open up a new world; and the run to the Canaries and the voyage due west were rendered possible only by the compass, the log and his knowledge of the fixed stars.

"So, too, beneath Socrates there was a body of solid achievement, of eternal truth, upon which he could take his stand. And Jesus came, he tells us, not to destroy the law and the prophets, but to fulfill. If the world is to be saved by moral forces . . . it must be by a chain of hands, each unit reaching out with one hand, but holding its other in the firm grasp of the unit that has gone before, and the hand of the first unit must grasp a rock. Archimedes was right in his thought of moving the world, but he must have a fulcrum."

IS CREDIT TOO CHEAP?

By Jesse Rainsford Sprague

IT WAS an August morning, hot even for New York, the first of September only a few days off. The president and general manager of the wholesale firm, a bald, stout man with large horn-rimmed spectacles, sat at his desk with the morning's mail before him, letters bearing the postmarks of cities stretching from Portland to Portland and from Duluth to New Orleans. On the average, each fourth letter that the president opened brought from him a discontented grunt as he read its contents and slammed it down on a specially reserved portion of his desk.

I ventured to ask him how business was.

"Business is all right," the president said feelingly, "but collections are rotten!"

He pointed to the letters in the special pile.

"Exactly fourteen requests this morning from merchants who want more time on their accounts. Half of them have already been granted a thirty-day extension, and now they want to extend again!"

He read extracts from several of the letters, which were surprisingly uniform in tone. The merchant in a Western state said there had been no rain for three months and he could make no collections from his own customers. The dealer in an irrigated section reported that the crops had been damaged by heavy rains. A New England customer stated that the tourist trade had not been up to expectations.

Two or three of the letter writers inclosed sixty-day notes and trusted same would be satisfactory. One man who had already closed his account with a note that would be due the first of the month wanted to renew same. Others merely asked for more time, setting no precise date for payment. Hope to send check shortly, was the phrase most used.

I asked the president what he was going to do with the various requests.

"What can I do," he answered gloomily, "but exactly what every one of them asks? They're all customers of the house and buy regularly. When they're hard up they naturally expect us to carry them along."

I asked if fourteen requests for extensions in a single day was a high or low average.

"Considering that it is summer and close to the first of the month," he said, "it is about medium."

I suggested that it must take a good deal of extra capital to carry so many past-due accounts.

"Extra capital is right," he ejaculated. "We have a certain amount of capital invested in our stock of merchandise. And as much again tied up in accounts on our books."

"Is there not some way," I queried, "to whittle down the amount on your books, to persuade your customers to pay their bills more promptly?"

"There is," he answered sarcastically. "I could write every one of these fellows that we are carrying no more past-due accounts, and that if we do not receive a check in full by return mail we will bring suit. If I did that we would probably get in a lot of cash. Also we would lose a lot of customers!"

That the wholesaler had no idea of doing this was evidenced by the fact that he got up from his desk and put on his hat preparatory to leaving his office. He was, he said, going down to his bank to arrange a loan that would enable him to carry his slow-pay customers on his books a while longer. His parting words were spoken bitterly.

"I wish I was in some business where I could have fixed rules and stick to them," he said. "The trouble with this line is that credit is too darn cheap!"

Very likely the president believed what he said. It did seem he was getting more than his share of trouble. But doubtless there were other executives that morning in the same predicament who also blamed their particular lines of business, when the fault lay principally with themselves

In the case of my friend the president I happened to know it was his own fault. He had let ambition run away with judgment. In the course of a dozen years he has built his business up from nothing to its present large proportions, and his fixed idea has been

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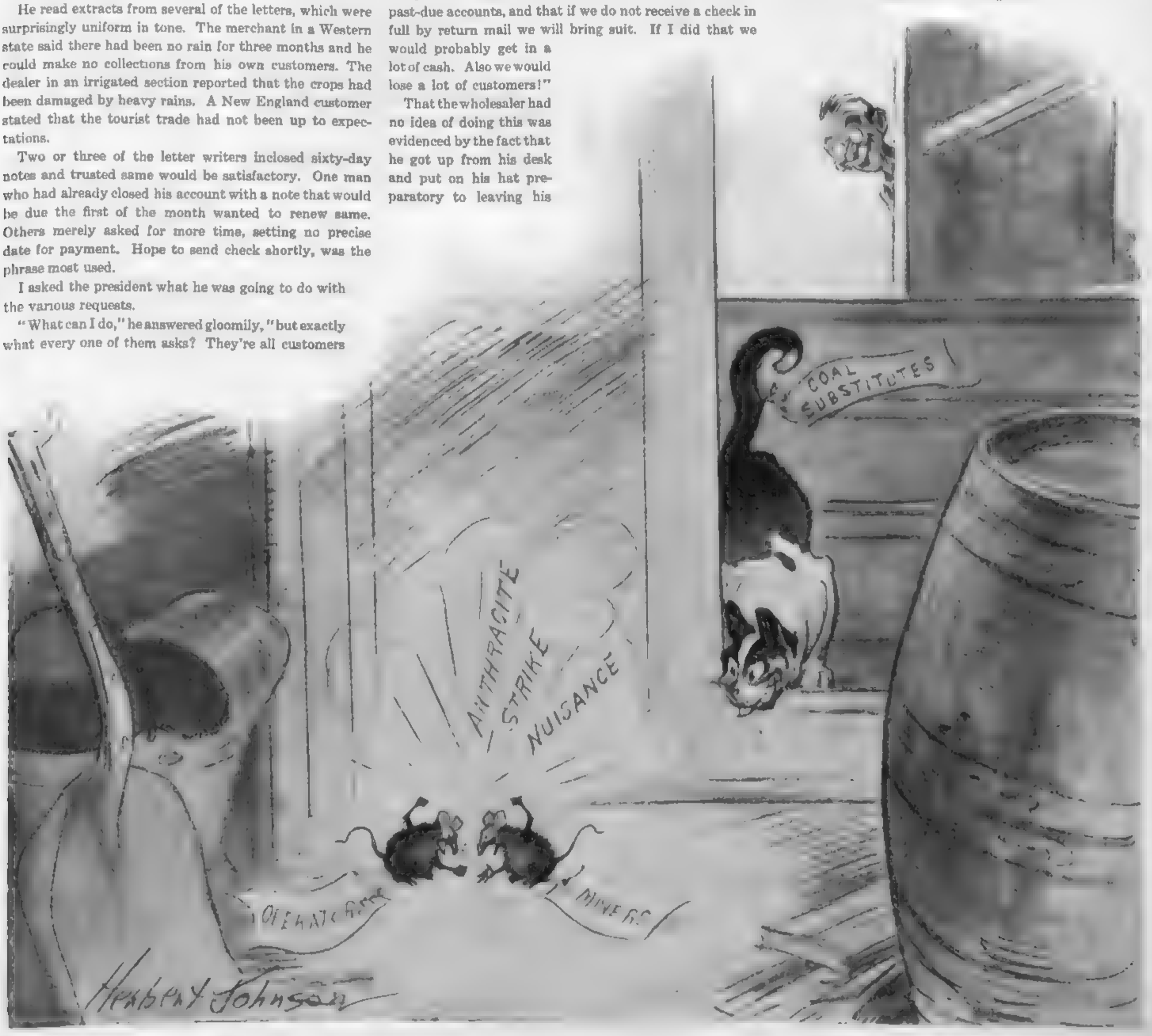


SHORT TURNS AND ENCORES

Interior Desecration

ALL I want is a place to eat
and a nook to rest my head,
A downy couch on which to slouch and a plain old-fashioned bed.
But the folks have called an expert in and they can't make me enthuse
At her temperamental, occidental-oriental views!

She brought jugs from Babylonia, flower pots from Greece,
Trinkets from Assyria, carpets from Cathay;
Tableaux showing Jason as he sought the Golden Fleece,
Germy chairs, wormy chairs, pots from old Pompeii.
There's a water pail in Chippendale, a cuspidor from Spain,
Sailing ships, whaling ships, battered brigantines;
Lacquered ash receivers from the Louis Sixteenth reign,
Turkish towels by Fragonard, Chinese soup tureens.

There are feudal noodle rollers built in medieval styles.
(James and Robert Adam have assisted in the blight.)
Rembrandt's been the motif for our painted kitchen tiles;
Daintily our cellar smacks of none but Hepplewhite.
We have cruder Tudor cabinets than Woolworth sells today,
Cuter pewter platters than I'd dent with any knife;
Potpourris baronial from Versailles and Calais,
Curios Colonial and desks by Duncan Phyfe!

She has picked up tarnished vases dubbed, at auction, cloisonné.
Though her penchant is distinctly European,
Exactly in what period our cottage is today—
Cromwellian, baroque or Jacobean,
Gregorian, Victorian, Egyptian, Arabesque,
Loco, just rococo or Queen Anne,
Grecian, Pre-Venetian or in Grandiose-Grotesque—
No one yet has ascertained—believe me, no one can!

—Arthur L. Lippmann.

Ballade of Disinclination

THE plectrum plunks the mandolin,
The trombone bleats with muffled blare,
The dancers slowly squirm and spin
And shuffle to a jazzy air.
I, too, would fain be dancing where
The lovely toddle with the brave;
I, too, would Charleston with the fair—
But golly! How I hate to shave!

The fragrance of the jessamine
Breathes softly from the midnight hair
Of Fleur, as from the merry din
She hurries toward the trysting stair.
I hear her whisper, "Don't you dare!
Dick! Be yourself! Behave! Behave!"
That is—I'll hear her if I'm there-
But golly! How I hate to shave!

I do not like synthetic gin,
For scrambled eggs I cannot care.
I hate to change a tire like sin.
I hate all games of solitaire.
I hate fat girls, I hate 'em spare.
I hate—I hate a permanent wave.
I hate blue flannel underwear—
But golly! HOW I hate to shave!

L'Envoi

Prince, you're a prince, old top, I swear!
A poker game I really crave.
I'd like to join you, on the square!
But golly! How I hate to shave!

—Baron Ireland.

If Picnickers Used Their Homes as They Do the Country

Disorder in the Court

THE DISTRICT ATTORNEY: The state will then prove that the accused is guilty of manslaughter, due to his driving his car through the city streets at a reckless rate of speed. Swear the prisoner. *(The accused is sworn.)*

THE DIST. ATT.: Were you, on the afternoon of June twenty-fifth, driving your car down Dingledale Boulevard?

PRISONER: Yes, sir.

DIST. ATT.: What kind of a car?

PRISONER: A Slippery Six.

JUDGE. What year?

PRISONER: 1922. But I had it thoroughly overhauled this spring. A new paint job, new piston rings, balloon tires.

DIST. ATT.: What was your speed?

PRISONER: About 45. But I can get 60 out of her easy on concrete.

JUDGE: Yes, downhill, maybe.

PRISONER. No, on the flat. I've got a special carburetor adjustment.

COUNSEL FOR THE DEFENSE: I object. The testimony is irrelevant, immaterial and gubble-gubble-gubble.

JUDGE: Objection overruled. I have a Slippery Six myself, but I could never get 60 out of her. She's a 1923, though.

PRISONER: The 1923 Slipperies aren't so good. They put in a newfangled ignition system that year.

FOREMAN OF THE JURY: One of the jurors wishes to make a statement

JUDGE: He may do so if the statement bears directly on the examination of the prisoner.

FOREMAN OF THE JURY: Go ahead, Mr. Gollancz.

MR. GOLLANCZ: I got a flivver with a cigar lighter on the dash.

DIST. ATT.: I object. The court's time is being wasted by the discussion of irrelevant matters.

JUDGE: Objection sustained.

DIST. ATT.: Tell the court how the accident occurred

PRISONER: Well, I was making an easy 45, and was passing a big Topheavy Twelve as easy as nothing, when all of a sudden I skidded.

DIST ATT.: I thought you said you had balloon tires.

PRISONER: Well, you can skid with balloon tires.

DIST. ATT.: You lost control of your car. You can't skid with balloons unless you lose control. I've had balloons on my car, an Oily Eight sedan, for over a year, and I haven't skidded yet. Of course if you don't know how to drive

(Continued on Page 74.

Strike of the Comic-Strip Husbands

People know good Tomato Soup when they taste it !

Whenever any one mentions tomato soup, what name comes instinctively into your mind? You think of Campbell's because practically all the tomato soup you have ever eaten has been Campbell's and because it has a delicious flavor that makes you remember it always.

Campbell's has taught people what good tomato soup is. It is a standard of quality known and recognized everywhere. It would be difficult to imagine how any food product could enjoy a greater reputation.

Puree of the finest tomatoes that grow. Country butter, fresh and golden. Deft seasoning by skillful French chefs. Taste it tonight. You'll understand its fame!

And it makes a wonderful Cream of Tomato. Read how on the label

I'm called the "flash," my speed and dash
Electrify the bowl.
I'm made of fire, I never tire
For Campbell's is my goal!

21 kinds **12 cents a can**

SELLING IN SOUTH AMERICA

PHOTO. BY E. W. H. GALLOWAY, N. Y. C.

The Harbor of Valparaiso, Chile

By Isaac F. Marcosson

THE story is told in Rio de Janeiro that during the centennial exposition a certain North American accompanied a delegation of his countrymen on a formal visit to the president of the republic. After the usual greetings had been exchanged, the Yankee in question is said to have taken the chief executive familiarly by the arm, and remarked, "Mr. President, I represent the Blank Typewriter Company. Your government should use our machines. They are the best in the world."

Whether true or not, this incident was typical of the performance of many of our 100 per cent hustlers who persistently spoiled overseas business opportunities through excess of zeal. I use the past tense, because during recent years the so-called go-getter has learned that proper approach, combined with a knowledge of the people and their needs, is the first essential in the conquest of foreign markets. Nowhere is the change, both in tactics and results, more marked than in South America, where tradition, etiquette and temperament enter into nearly every transaction, commercial or otherwise.

Trade Advance

IN MOST of the preceding articles of this series the dominant note has been commerce and our part in it. You have seen how we lead in exports to Peru and Chile; how we have lately taken first place from England in Brazil; and how we are running her a close race for supremacy in Argentina, her one-time stronghold. You have observed how our business with the east coast in particular, having survived the bursting of the bubble of postwar inflation which brought the Yankee mushroom exporter and his goods into disrepute, has struck a steady and progressive stride.

Our total trade with Latin America has increased two and a half times in less than a decade, and, excluding Mexico, the bulk of the increase is with the countries south of Panama. Putting it in another way, our entire exports in 1923 showed an advance of nearly half a billion dollars and our neighbors to the south contributed a big quota. We sold $315,000,000 worth of merchandise to South America last year, as against $269,317,939 for the preceding twelve months, and 1925 is rolling up even a more impressive record. Last May, South Americans bought exactly $10,926,631 more merchandise from us than they did in the same month in 1924.

Immensely significant is the increase in inquiries about Latin-American trade that come to the Department of Commerce. In 1922, 76,000 requests for information about business opportunities were received. The following year they had grown to 157,000. Last year they reached a total of 322,000, or more than four times the number of two years previous. They average 1000 for every working day.

How has this change from more or less haphazard juggling with surplus stocks to consistent, scientific and successful penetration been brought about? In the answer lies a lesson in merchandising for every North American exporter, whether he deals in quantity production of motor cars or manufactures buttons in small lots. It means that we arrive at the point in our narrative where we can unfurl the flag and let the eagle scream. From the more practical point of view, we have reached the real agency for permanent understanding between the peoples of the two Americas, which can lie only in a close and profitable business relation.

Fully to comprehend the evolution of our trade in South America you must know what happened before we found ourselves. It is a striking before-and-after exhibit embracing almost every possible mistake in the commercial calendar. From the time when, figuratively, we insured barbed wire against leakage and bottled goods against rust—it was long before the Volstead Act—until the establishment of branch houses, careful study of requirements, adequate packing, and integrity of shipments made us a factor to be reckoned with, we had as many export lives as the proverbial cat. It is a fortunate thing that each cycle of failure taught us something.

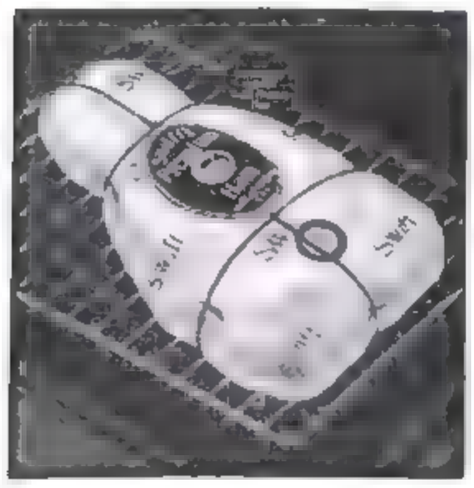
The New Salce Building, Plaza Independencia, Montevideo, Uruguay

Competition

THE greatest tribute perhaps to the fact that we have learned the export job is the attitude of our British and German competitors. During the past twelve months England, for example, has concentrated on an intensive effort to recapture her waning trade in Argentina. Half a dozen missions

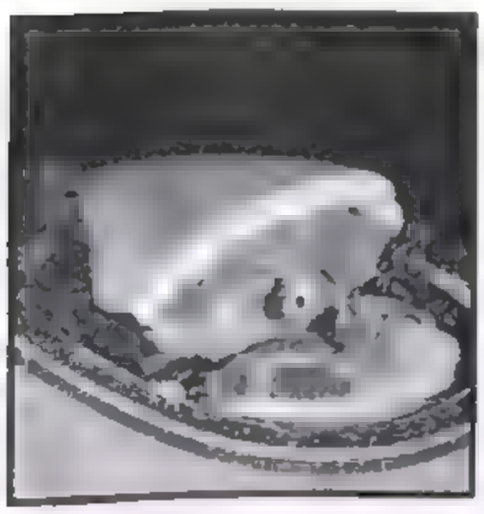
(Continued on Page 39)

Baked this way it keeps every bit of its sweet, mild flavor



Place the whole Premium Ham—just as you get it from your dealer—on the oven rack with a dripping pan underneath. Bake the ham about twenty-five minutes to the pound in a moderate oven about 325°. The Swift wrapper makes a perfect parchment baking bag that holds in all the flavor. When the meat is done this wrapper, crisp from the heat, can easily be removed

While the ham is still hot, insert one prong of a carving fork under the rind at the butt end, and roll toward the shank. The rind will peel off clean in one piece, from the underlying fat



The ham, all steaming fragrant, is now ready to be cut into thin, delicious slices. You wouldn't believe that ham could ever taste so good, so well has this method of cooking conserved the full Premium flavor!

Look for the blue identification tag when you buy a whole ham or when you buy a slice

ITS FLAVOR is always so sweet and mild that there is never any need to parboil Premium Ham. A particularly good way to conserve this flavor, full and rich, is to bake the ham just as you buy it—*whole* in its parchment wrapper.

In this *one* cooking, a generous supply of delicious meat that is equally good served hot or cold! And this advantage, too: buying the whole ham means an appreciable saving in the average cost per pound.

Swift & Company

Premium Hams and Bacon

Costly manufacturing wastes

—controlled by a trifling item

The last census reports Industry's annual expenses as $79,557,659,418. It itemizes as follows:

77.5%—principal materials
16.9%—salaries and wages
3.5%—taxes and miscellaneous
2.1%—power

In total operating expenses, lubricating oils average less than 1/10 of 1%. The significance of lubrication is not realized because its cost is so insignificant.

Indifference to lubrication costs American Industry millions of wasted dollars annually,—

—in lost horse power
—in idle time due to shutdowns for repairs
—in shortened life of machinery.

Literally your plant rides on a film of oil. Any oil will not do. An oil correct for one particular type of engine may wreck another. One oil will be correct in body, quality and character to meet a given mechanical requirement. Another oil will not. To treat lubrication casually is to treat manufacturing wastes casually.

You cannot have maximum continuity of operation and smooth production flow until every machine in your plant is supplied with an oil scientifically correct for it.

If your need for reducing waste is urgent your need for correct lubrication is urgent. The world's highest authority on reliable lubrication is at your service.

With the coöperation of your personnel, we will gladly assume the full responsibility of prescribing correct lubrication for your entire plant.

A letter addressed to any of the following offices entails no obligation:

New York (*Main Office*), Albany, Boston, Buffalo, Chicago Dallas, Des Moines, Detroit, Grand Rapids, Indianapolis, Kansas City, Milwaukee, Minneapolis, New Haven, Oklahoma City, Peoria, Philadelphia, Pittsburgh, Portland, Me., Rochester, St. Louis, Springfield, Mass.

Vacuum Oil Company

NEW YORK

GARGOYLE

Lubricating Oils
for
Plant Lubrication

IF the Vacuum Oil Company lubricates your plant, you use an organization which has specialized in lubrication for 59 years, whose engineers and field men visit over 200,000 plants yearly, whose treatises are recognized engineering text books. Gargoyle Lubricating Oils are approved specifically by 225 foremost machinery builders, and lubricate industries the world over.

(Continued from Page 36)

of various sorts, each one with a quota of titles, has been on the job.

Our foreign friends are much concerned over what they believe is the almost complete saturation of foreign markets, which would mean a highly intensive competition for ranking position as purveyor. They assume that purchasing power is nearing its peak.

The truth of the matter is, as more than one competent observer has discovered, that the South American republics have only scraped the surface of their buying capacity.

Though some of them were hard hit by the war, the revival since 1919 has proved—what Europe has demonstrated to a far greater extent—that the potentialities of the human race for recovery are little short of miraculous.

The world has progressed, because in every generation, whether emerging from the travail of war or blessed with continuous peace, people seek a higher standard of life and comfort. The fact that we have developed our South American trade so astonishingly during the past three years is only one confirmation of the point I have just made.

Argentina and Brazil, with their vast undeveloped areas, could care for ten times their present population. The former is the coming great reservoir of world immigration. Hence the South American market is perhaps the best export bet of the future. This is why Europe is concerned over our inroads in a domain that geographically, and therefore logically, should be ours.

The Fly-by-Night Exporters

THERE is no need of a lengthy recapitulation of our prewar mistakes in South American trade. Up to 1914 the bulk of our exports were automobiles, sewing machines, typewriters, agricultural implements, petroleum products and lumber. Practically 75 per cent were sold by a few big corporations. Until the World War dropped an immense volume of business into our laps, we were "also rans" in the race for orders. We regarded exports as a sort of luxurious dissipation to be indulged in when home demands had been supplied. Shipments often did not conform to samples; credit terms were often absurd, and an uncompromising take-it-or-leave-it policy did not make friends for our merchandise.

The biggest error in commercial judgment that could be charged against us, however, was that in the main we intrusted our interests to aliens who were almost invariably nationals of competitive countries, especially England and Germany. Frequently these individuals or firms were agents for manufacturers at home and they naturally gave them priority in a show-down.

The war gave us a supreme opportunity to fasten our hooks into South American commerce. Merchandise was self-selling and any old thing went. So, too, with the period following the Armistice, when we alone could replenish the empty world shelves. Again self-selling prevailed and it was our undoing, nowhere to a greater extent than in Argentina, then as now the point of our largest selling contact beyond the equator. It was in this era that the fly-by-night exporter and his full mate in destructiveness to good will, the slipshod business man, got in their deadliest work. Specifications were disregarded; shipments were delayed as long as six months, and many lines were oversold. Often goods of inferior quality were shipped. So tardy were consignments that prices frequently changed fully 100 per cent one way or the other between the taking of orders and the arrival of the goods.

A Buenos Aires Skyscraper

The result was that in 1920 there had accumulated at the Buenos Aires customhouse more than $50,000,000 worth of North American merchandise, acceptance of which had been refused by Argentine importers. Thanks to the tactful adjudication of the Arbitration Committee of our Chamber of Commerce in the Argentine capital, a favorable settlement was made in the 204 cases that came up for review.

The year 1920 marked an epoch in our commercial relationship with South America. We made of our mistakes a ladder upon which we have climbed to the safe and certain ground of a permanent trade. Fundamentally we are better equipped to deal with South Americans than any other people. What have we learned?

First of all we discovered that self-selling merchandise, like the things we get free of charge, is always the costliest. The only trade worth while is gained through effort.

The second is that you cannot go after business in South America as at home. The Latin must be wooed in order to be won commercially. The salesman who goes after him hammer and tongs usually fails.

Catering to the Latin Temperament

IN THIS matter of salesmanship the German has developed the art of personal contact to a greater degree than any of his competitors. One reason why he has planted himself in so many sections of South America is that he has made a careful study of racial and other peculiarities. He learns the dates of birthdays, feast days, and anniversaries in the families he deals with, and he never fails to give evidence that he remembers them. Usually it takes the shape of a gift and he invariably calls in person to extend felicitations. The South American is appreciative of thoughtfulness. This may seem a small thing, but to quote Michelangelo's famous remark: "Trifles make perfection and perfection is no trifle." The Germans have found that the winning of foreign trade in Latin countries means attention to apparently trivial details. In the same way, as the case of France shows, a nation's real reservoir of wealth is the sum of its savings.

Closely associated with contact is another new realization of ours. It is that each South American nation has distinctive kinks of trade and temperament which make it folly to deal with all on the same basis. The Peruvian is different from the Chilean, and the Argentine requires an approach that would not impress a Brazilian. Hence it is worth while emphasizing again that each nation and each individual must be diagnosed separately.

Furthermore, we have got at the root of international commercial relationship by becoming extensive purchasers as well as sellers. For a long time we believed that South America was merely a place into which goods could be dumped. You cannot sell without buying. We have trebled our acquisitions of raw material since 1914. We consume seven times as much rubber, and two and a half times as much cocoa, sugar, vegetable oils and silk. These growing purchases mean the establishment of foreign credits in the United States and they spell in turn orders for our goods.

Another striking feature of our commercial advance in South America is the growth of what might be called new trade. This includes cheap automobiles, films, office fixtures, construction materials and ready-made clothing, which we sold only in small quantities before the war. In such a competitive line as textiles we are cutting into the field that formerly belonged almost exclusively to the United Kingdom. As a matter of

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A Street in São Paulo, Brazil

THE CASE FOR FRANCE

By Wythe Williams

WHEN, in the month of May, the Herriot government was ousted and Painlevé became Premier, a whisper spread like wildfire through Paris that Caillaux was called back to the same position that he resigned eleven years before, when his wife temporarily ended his career by killing Gaston Calmette, editor of Figaro. There were subsequent rumbles and even threats of assassination for the man who in the interim had passed years in prison and had faced trial on a charge of treason. But Painlevé stuck to his position that Caillaux was the great medicine man who alone could cure France of her financial ills.

Gradually the opposition disappeared and the "Exile of Mamers," as he was known during his banishment, was again the powerful *Monsieur le Ministre*—respected, fawned upon, feared

By the time this article appears Caillaux will have completed his work in America and have returned home to appear in the tribune of the Chamber of Deputies, to explain and defend his acts to give the account of his stewardship.

Even more than the results of the war in Morocco, which entails considerable new expenditures quite aside from troubles in Syria or strikes in Paris, the fate of the present French Government hangs upon what Caillaux accomplishes. Therefore, in what the French Parliament will eventually decide lies the real crux of the French attempt to solve her external financial problem.

Since Caillaux's retirement in 1914 down to the date of his reappointment to the office, the fear of what Parliament might do has been an affliction resting upon the French Ministry of Finance.

M. Caillaux at His Desk

A Stand Above Party Politics

CAILLAUX, although the most ambitious and by far the ablest politician in France, is, nevertheless, the first Finance Minister since the beginning of the war, except one, who has considered his job as quite outside of politics. Time after time, during noisy and often venomous debates in the Chamber of Deputies, he has curtly informed that unruly body that if they did not accept his program he would resign. In his immediate task he has taken a stand far above party politics, just as he has proved that he is far above any of his predecessors in his technical understanding of what the job requires.

The one exception is François-Marsal, who as Finance Minister in 1920 made a heroic and partially successful effort to increase taxation, but who was without the dominant personal force that Caillaux possesses.

If the Painlevé government falls it is almost certain that Caillaux will again be the adroit politician, ready to give battle for the premiership itself. But at the moment, Caillaux is entirely sincere in his determination that France must face the problem of her intergovernment debts and at least try to solve them.

The French case, as prepared for me by French experts, presents their facts and figures. In answering the argument that Churchill and Caillaux played politics against Washington, it is stoutly denied in France that the head of the French delegation had any desire to be "clever" in his dealings with Secretary of the Treasury Mellon. The Caillaux thesis is that he did not get all that he wanted from England, but that England's interest, naturally, is above all to get everything that she can from France. Her own burden of taxation is great and includes the amount that she owes the United States. Therefore, if she has decided to be generous to France, it is only natural that she make it contingent upon the fact that France makes no better terms with her other great creditor.

It is argued that annual payments of $146,000,000 to the two nations will require the exportation of $500,000 on every working day of the year. The further argument is that such exportation would break the franc exchange. Caillaux, however, feels that the funding of the debts, thus putting the house in order, will so stabilize conditions and give such security that the market can stand it. It is declared by the experts that it is within the capacity of the market, provided there is the maximum of effort.

Intergovernment debts as yet are not shown in the French budget, but at this juncture it should be noted that the budget for 1926—provided Caillaux remains in power—will be actually balanced for the first time since the war. This Caillaux proposes to achieve largely by new taxes upon unproductive money, such as art collections, strings of pearls and otherwise idle fortunes. This budget will show an increase of receipts during the single year of the Caillaux régime of about $175,000,000 from increased taxation—for the 1925 budget, although it looks properly balanced on paper, actually has a deficit of about $100,000,000. For convenience' sake the franc is herein valued at five cents.

Joseph Caillaux is the father of the income tax, which was placed upon the statutes of France in 1914 but remained inoperative until 1920. The evil from which France still suffers then dates from the acts of the Chamber of Deputies of 1914, which decreed that there be no increase in taxation, but on the other hand, an increase in bank notes. Nevertheless, and admitting the evil, French taxes have increased annually, with the exception of the war years, from $900,000,000 to $1,600,000,000, which is the burden proposed in the forthcoming budget and which will mean that the French tax roll will then amount to 25 per cent of the national income. This is the Caillaux argument in reply to the supposedly popular American idea that the French people are not taxed.

Caillaux's Method of Tax Collecting

IT HAS often been charged, and justly, that while the income-tax laws were severe, the books of the tax collector were lax and there was only a small percentage of actual cash returns, due to the Frenchman's chronic aversion to revealing his wealth. This situation has radically changed since Caillaux came back to power. Not only are the new taxes being collected—heavily, ruthlessly, in the most approved Caillaux fashion—but the Finance Minister has ordered a going over of the lists back to 1920 Therefore, thousands of Frenchmen who, because the collector did not call, were cheerfully optimistic that they had escaped payments during all those years have lately been presented with little blue slips that are not polite requests, but curt demands for all sums—neatly typed and added—that have not been paid during the past four years.

The percentage of tax increase in France may seem low in comparison with that of England, but in order to measure the approximate weight of the increase it is

Continued on Page 72

The President of France With Cabinet Headed by Paul Painlevé. In Front—President Doumergue; Sixth From Left—Paul Painlevé, Premier and Minister of War; Seventh—Joseph Caillaux, Minister of Finance

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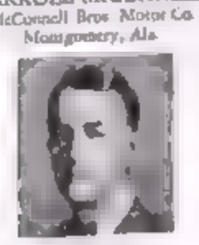
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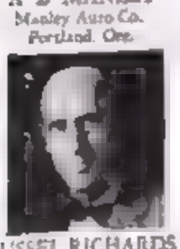
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The New Hupmobile 6

THE ROMANTIC 90's

By Richard Le Gallienne

THOUGH, as I have said, the poets of the 1890's were all distinct individualities, doing their own work in their own way, with no common artistic aims or programs, they, of course, as usually happens in every period, showed in some degree the influence of the general revolutionary time spirit; and in two or three cases, indeed, proved to be independently working on the same themes. This is especially true of the revival of interest in the town and urban things. Several of them seem to have simultaneously awakened to the poetry of London, and in prose as well as in verse there was for a time quite a cult of London and its varied life. A generation before, Robert Buchanan had written his London Poems—1866—and of greater influence was Rossetti's Jenny:

Lazy, laughing, languid Jenny,
Fond of a kiss and fond of a guinea ——

And this, doubtless, in addition to his Paris affiliations, had its influence on Mr. Arthur Symons, with his celebration of the music hall and his Noras of the Pavement. Then there was W. E. Henley, with his London Voluntaries, among the earliest experiments in free verse. John Davidson, as we have seen, had published a volume entitled In a Music Hall, and particularly in his Fleet Street Eclogues, he had sung with rare freshness the beauty both of town and country. But none of the 1890 poets had more deliberately set himself to express modern London in verse than Stephen Phillips, though that earlier endeavor of his was rather lost sight of in the great success of his later poetic dramas. It was through this shared interest for I, too, touched by the fine spirit, had written A Ballad of London and the Iron Lilies of the Strand—that Stephen Phillips and I came to know each other.

London in Verse

PHILLIPS wrote me a letter, apropos that ballad, confiding his own aims in that direction, which is of general interest as showing how the wind was blowing with him as with others. In it he said:

"You may have come across a poem of mine, Christ in Hades, which has attracted some considerable attention." [It had, indeed, won a prize of £100 from the review called The Academy, as being the best poem of the year.] "I thought I should like to write to you. I was talking to Mr. Lane the other day about modern poetry and was saying that I felt sure that the new poetry must grapple with and depict the life of today. One gets sick of these eternal echoes more or less cleverly caught. I was saying to Mr. Lane that it was the ambition of my life to try and win something out of modern existence, and I mentioned a poem of yours which I had very greatly admired. It is called A Ballad of London. Now if you will excuse my impertinence, why do we not have more of these? You seem to have got at the very heart of the Strand, and though one may take exception to one or two lines, the execution seems most happy. I thought perhaps you would not take it amiss if I wrote and said what I thought, and as I am now continually working on such themes, my opinion is not utterly worthless.

"I have got one or two subjects out of London which I think might interest you. The Lead-Worker, the lead in her body in conflict, say, with a child in her womb. Has Dante ever conceived anything more terrible than these quite ordinary episodes in the life of the London worker? But I will not bore you further. Only I know that a word of sympathy is so much to me and thought I should like to write to you. Might one hope now and then for some sympathy from you in a task which is, I know, dear to you—the poem of modern life? I send you a little ballad somewhat modern and grim, which you may like, also a poem called A Dead Woman. You know how absolutely dead many of these women look, as though they had survived their souls, yet how neatly they go about—the chief horror perhaps."

The poem referred to is, of course, The Woman With the Dead Soul, a piece of imaginative realism still unsurpassed in its conveyance of the ghastliness of the living dead, and the poet's terror at the comely apparition of the really dead woman whom he saw one day sitting sewing:

Speckless, arrayed; and with no braid awry,
All smoothed and combed, she sewed incessantly,
Yet think now I stood mourning by the side
Of her who sat, but seemed as she had died;
Cold, yet so busy; though so nimble, dead;
Whose fingers ever at her sewing sped.
I spoke with her, and in slow terror guessed
How she, so ready for perpetual rest,
So smoothly combed and for the ground prepared,
Whose eyes, already fixed, beyond me stared,
Could sidle unobserved and safely glide
Amid the crowd that wist not she had died.

The pitiful humanity and the clairvoyant imagination of this picture have a permanent value, not subject to fleeting fashions of taste. The 1890's were surely not wrong in crowning such work. But these early successes, as I said, were soon to be half forgotten in Phillips' theatrical triumphs.

One evening, as I was sitting in the stalls at the Haymarket Theater, then under George Alexander's management, an usher came to me with a request from Mr. Alexander—not yet matured into knighthood—that I would step behind for a few moments. I was pleased to find that his business with me concerned Stephen Phillips. He wanted my opinion as to Phillips' possibilities as a playwright. Did I think he had it in him to write a play? It was easy to answer that I considered Phillips' poetry unusually charged with dramatic imagination, and that, to my thinking, he was just the man to revive the poetic drama. Alexander then told me that he had it in mind to ask Phillips to write him a play on the story of Paolo and Francesca. A day or two afterward Phillips called in to see me with the exciting news that he had just got the commission. The play was not produced till three years after, and meanwhile Beerbohm Tree had produced his Herod with great éclat.

Phillips had one great advantage over many poetical dramatists—that of having been an actor himself. At the end of his first term at Cambridge, his cousin, Mr. F. R. Benson, came there with his Shaksperean company, and Phillips persuaded him to give him a trial on the stage. The result was that he acted for six years, playing, among other parts, Flute in A Midsummer Night's Dream, Gremio in The Taming of the Shrew, the Duke in Othello and the Ghost in Hamlet. It probably pleased him to recall that Shakspere is traditionally said to have excelled in the part of the Ghost, and the part was so much to Phillips' liking that, after his success as a poet, he played it again with Sir Martin Harvey in 1905.

Phillips as an Actor

I CAN well imagine him in it, for he had a very fine voice, and read his own poetry with great impressiveness. He had, too, a very striking presence, being tall and well built, and his clean-shaven face, with its strong regular features, was markedly classical. His eyes particularly struck me by their curious piercing gaze, with that look in them suggesting clairvoyance. He was, indeed, somewhat inclined to psychic experiences, and once told me about seeing the ghost of his mother: a recollection which recalls another not quite so dread in its import. Phillips, in spite of his rather solemn, blank-verse manner, was very much of a human being, a notable boon companion, and I am far from regretting that we often heard the chimes at midnight together in the old city we both loved so well. However, it was in broad daylight that the ghostly incident I am thinking of took place.

At the close of an afternoon spent together at the Mermaid, I walked with him to his train at Waterloo Station, for he lived an hour's run out of town. On Waterloo Bridge we encountered a pretty young woman, with whom, it must be confessed, we had enjoyed no previous acquaintance. She, however, being apparently willing to waive that conventionality, made no objection to our interviewing her about the weather or some such harmless subject, after which we went on our way, and I presently saw Phillips safely off on his train. A day or two afterward Phillips called in and with much gravity told me this curious sequel: On reaching home he had found his wife in a gloomy and not very

(Continued on Page 47)

Trees at Night

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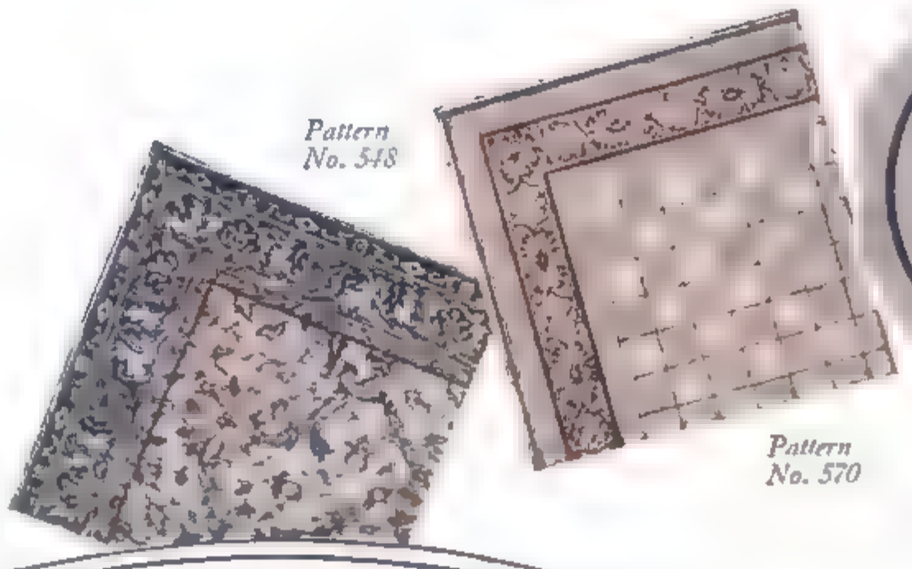

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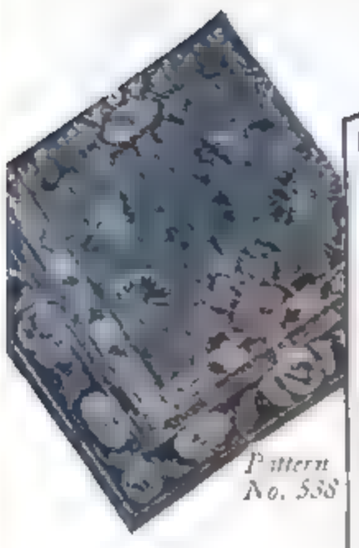

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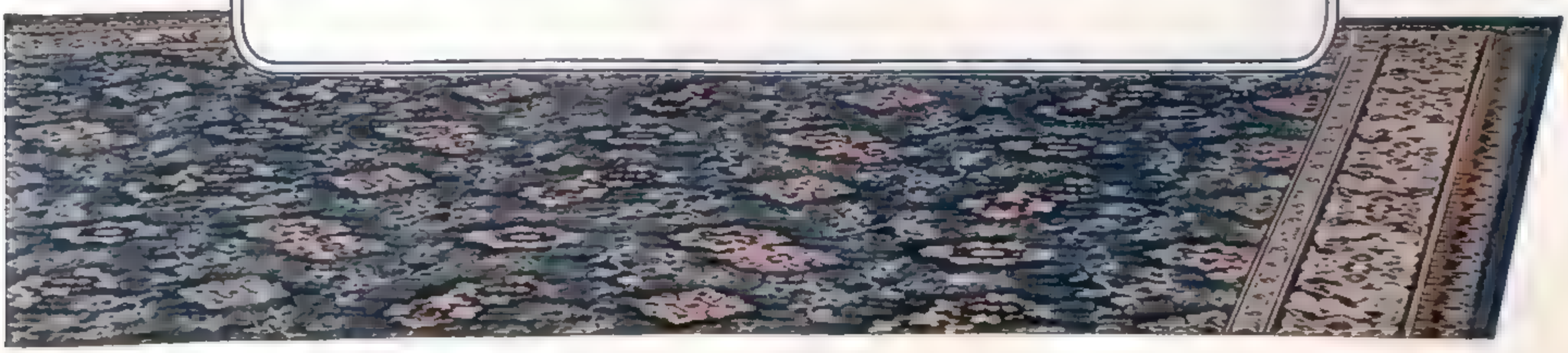

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(Continued from Page 42)

welcoming mood. Phillips tried for some time, but vainly, to discover what was wrong. To all his anxious inquiries she answered that there was nothing. However, at last, to his amazement, she faced him with the question:

"Who was the girl you spoke to on Waterloo Bridge before you caught the train?"

Denials were vain, for presently Mrs. Phillips described our chance acquaintance with great particularity, giving femininely exact details of her clothes, the style of her coat, the shape and trimmings of her hat, and the like. So there was nothing to be done but to own up, for it was quite evident that she had "seen" us all there together on the bridge. Mrs. Phillips will not, I am sure, mind my recalling this curious example of wifely clairvoyance, so striking an illustration, too, of Stevenson's well-known remark that "to marry is to domesticate the Recording Angel."

When Phillips was playing the Ghost with Sir Martin Harvey, Oscar Wilde, who loved the atmosphere of the theater and liked to sit of an evening talking witty nonsense in the dressing rooms of his friends, dropped in now and again to see him; and Phillips told me how one evening he surveyed him with his elaborate serio-comic gravity and said, in his cadenced voice, and with his usual long pauses between words, which he let fall with immense unction, as though he were carefully setting them in their places in an invisible pattern on the air:

"Ah! Stephen—my—sins—are of—scarlet—and purple—but your sins—are—of white—marble!"

It was an utterance characteristic not only of Wilde but of the period. Wilde was always half humorously talking of purple sins; and sin as a developing factor in personality played a great part in the fashionable *blague* of all the would-be decadents, who loved to pose as mysteriously wicked. To *épater la bourgeoisie* is still, as it has always been, one of the artless pastimes of artistic youth, but in a certain circle in the 1890's it was something like a gospel. The opportunities for shocking were greater then than now, when very little is left to do in that way.

All these various tendencies were summed up and accelerated by the plays of Oscar Wilde and Mr. Bernard Shaw, the drawings of Aubrey Beardsley and The Yellow Book. How The Yellow Book came by its name I don't recall, but the choice of the color yellow seems to have been a direct inspiration of the time spirit—otherwise, as some evidently felt, the devil—for the color was very much in the air. I myself noted this at the time in a prose fancy on The Boom in Yellow, in which, as Mr. Holbrook Jackson reminded me, I neglected to trace the decorative use of yellow to Whistler. I drew attention, however, to its wide employment by billposters and to Mr. Dudley Hardy's popular poster of The Yellow Girl; and possibly I was near the mark in saying, apropos the previous æsthetic Burne-Jones cult of green, "Even the æsthete himself would seem to be growing a little weary of its indefinitely divided tones, and to be anxious for a color sensation somewhat more positive than those to be gained from almost imperceptible *nuances* of green. Jaded with overrefinements and supersubtleties, we seem in many directions to be harking back to the primary colors of life. Blue, crude and unsoftened, and a form of magenta have recently had a short inning; and now the triumph of yellow is imminent."

The Yellow Book Circle

THE YELLOW ASTER was the title of a popular novel of the day, and Mr. A. C. Benson—whose fame as an essayist has unduly overshadowed his excellence as a poet—had actually anticipated the title of the famous magazine in his privately printed volume of poems called Le Cahier Jaune. Indeed, that boom in yellow may well seem to have been prophetic of the coming triumph of jazz in all the arts, and particularly of the prismatic coloring of our modern painters. However it was, The Yellow Book certainly struck the psychological moment, and the shock which it gave the British public, with "its flaming cover of yellow, out of which the Aubrey Beardsley woman smirked at the public for the first time," was deep and lasting. As Mr. Holbrook Jackson has written: "Nothing like The Yellow Book has been seen before. It was newness *in excelsis;* novelty naked and unashamed. People were puzzled and shocked and delighted."

The Yellow Book was certainly novel, even striking; but, except for the drawings and decorations by Beardsley, which, seen thus for the first time, not unnaturally affected most people as at once startling, repellent and fascinating, it is hard to realize why it should have seemed so shocking. But the public is an instinctive creature, not half so stupid as is usually taken for granted. It evidently scented something queer and rather alarming about the strange new quarterly, and thus it almost immediately regarded it as symbolic of new movements which it only partially represented. Even that compromise, which, after the first four or five numbers, was to rob it of any disquieting originality, was already present in the first issue. This was the shrewd Lane's doing. He was afraid to let its editors, Henry Harland and Aubrey Beardsley, be as daring as they wished to be, and so with such representatives of modernity as Max Beerbohm, Arthur Symons, George Egerton, Hubert Crackanthorpe, John Davidson, John Oliver Hobbes and George Moore, he sandwiched in such safe and even respectable writers as Henry James, Arthur Christopher Benson, William Watson, Arthur Waugh, Richard Garnett and Edmund Gosse, while he sought to break the shock of Beardsley with a frontispiece by Sir Frederic Leighton. The artists, indeed, were more new and strange than the writers, though there was certainly nothing to shock in the contributions by Laurence Housman, Joseph Pennell, Will Rothenstein and Walter Sickert.

However, it was Beardsley's strong personality that threw its yellow light over the whole, and in the first few numbers the compromising elements didn't count. With Beardsley I had but a slight acquaintance, but I saw enough of him to realize his high intellectual gifts and the charm of his nature. Once I had an interesting talk with him about his romance Under the Hill, and I recall the excitement with which he told me of some of the illustrations he proposed making, notably one of the wardrobe of Venus, with all its provocative garments. In such feminine matters he was as abnormally learned as he was in the curious byways of French and other classical literature. He was a strange, rather uncanny figure, spectrally lean and delicate, almost diaphanous, yet suggesting great nervous strength and energy. He was another of the doomed figures of the period, dying of consumption at the age of twenty-five, and begging his friends to destroy his "bawdy drawings."

Glimpses of Henry Harland

"BY ALL that is holy, all obscene drawings," he wrote; adding, after his signature, "In my death agony." Collectors being what they are, it was scarcely to be hoped that they would heed that pathetic appeal.

The story of Whistler's appreciation has been told before, but it is worth retelling. Whistler had been originally prejudiced against his work, but when Beardsley showed him his illustrations to The Rape of the Lock, he completely surrendered, saying with great deliberation, "Aubrey, I have made a very great mistake—you are a very great artist." The praise of the master was too much for the young artist, and he burst out crying; and Whistler presently added, "I mean it—I mean it—I mean it." Everyone means it today, and his far-reaching influence has been incalculable.

With Henry Harland, the other editor of The Yellow Book, I enjoyed an affectionate intimacy. Harland was one of those Americans in love with Paris who seem more French than the French themselves, a slim, gesticulating, goateed, snub-nosed, lovable figure, smoking innumerable cigarettes as he galvanically pranced about the room, excitedly propounding the *dernier mot* on the build of the short story or the art of prose. He was born to be the life and soul of one of those *cénacles* which from their café tables in the Quarter promulgate all those world-shaking new movements in art which succeed one another with kaleidoscopic rapidity. The most vivacious of talkers, art with him, as with his Parisian prototypes, was a life-and-death matter. Nothing else existed for him. He had no other interests. And, after all, why should an artist have any other? So it was with most of the moving spirits of the 1890's, but with none more than Henry Harland.

The polishing of his prose was for him his being's end and aim, and I have often seen him at that sacred task of a forenoon, in his study-bedroom, still in pajamas and dressing gown, with a coffeepot on the hearth, bending over an exquisite piece of handwriting, like a goldsmith at his bench. It was his theory that the brain was freshest immediately after rising, and he was jealous of dissipating that morning energy by any activities of the toilet, leaving his bath and his breakfast—which with him, of course, was déjeuner—till the real business of the day, a page of perfect prose, was accomplished. Not always a page, by any means—a perfect sentence or two was sometimes a good morning's work; which recalls Wilde's jest about a hard day's work.

"This morning," he said, "I took out a comma, and this afternoon—I put it in again."

Such meticulous craftsmanship is unfashionable nowadays. As Stevenson once prophetically wrote to me, "The little, artificial popularity of style in England tends, I think, to die out; the British pig returns to his true love, the love of the styleless, of the shapeless, of the slapdash and the disorderly." We are very much at ease in Zion, and affect the slapdash and the disorderly, if we have it not. We are of Dogberry's opinion that to write comes by Nature; and, of course, it is true that no amount of sedulous aping can make a writer if he is not born to write; but that is one thing, and to leave all to Nature is another. Of course some writers even of finished art are more spontaneous than others, and too much self-consciousness about style may defeat its own aim and become a nervous obsession. After all, the product, not the process, is what concerns the reader; and so long as the process does not stick out, it is only the writer's affair how arduous or how casual it is. But that the writers of the 1890's should have taken their art seriously and have striven to make it as fine as possible cannot reasonably be urged against them. Anyhow, in Harland's case, to the extent of his achievement, the end justified the means; and though his work may not be so important as he hoped it was, yet it still retains its charming place, and would certainly have been no better if he had aimed—a curious aim, surely, for any writer—at the "styleless and shapeless, the slapdash and the disorderly." That spontaneity was his, too, his delightful familiar letters bear witness. One of these, a prose lyric in praise of Paris—apropos a visit to that city which I once paid him and his charming wife—I reproduce here:

"GRAND CAFÉ RESTAURANT DE LA PAIX,
"5, PLACE DE L'OPÉRA, PARIS.
"WEDNESDAY.

"Do, my dear Le Gallienne, do come and join us in this enchanted town, where the sun shines and the coffee-houses prosper, and everybody has the artistic temperament, more or less. It would be such fun for us, and it couldn't but do you good. And you would be sure to live, as well as write, all manner of delectable things in prose and verse. The only pretty English word I can remember for the moment is come; so I repeat it—come, come, come. Aline and I are seated at this moment on the terrace of the Café de la Paix, and I am writing on my knee, which accounts for the tremulousness of my hand. And we are both wishing hard that you were here—whence, if there is anything in telepathy, you will be moved to flit across the Manche.

"We are drinking iced coffee, because the air is hot; and such a funny motley crowd is surging backward and forward on the pavement—infidels, Jews and Turks, as well as Christian English and Parisians, priests, soldiers, bourgeois, and prostitutes. It is most diverting; and, once here, you will wonder how you have lived elsewhere. Therefore—come. We will spend laborious days and tavern nights. We will dine with Dauphin Meunier and sup with dear old Verlaine, and breakfast with the Muses. We'll walk in the Bois de Boulogne, loaf in the boulevards, listen to the band in the Luxembourg and enjoy ourselves *par-tout*. So, at the risk of seeming a votary of damnable iteration, I must again say come. Our address is 35, Rue de Lubeck. Send us a line to say when to expect you.

"Always yours,
"H. HARLAND."

During my stay with Harland in Paris we were joined by Hubert Crackanthorpe, another amateur of the short story, whose Wreckage was one of the sensations of the period. Crackanthorpe's concern was not with his prose, but with the faithful presentation of human character and story as close to the bare fact as possible, with no intrusion whatever of the writer's temperament. A scrupulous, almost fanatical objectivity was his artistic aim. It was the ideal of Guy de Maupassant, who was very much the master just then; and Crackanthorpe followed it with such severity as, it seems to me, to give his work a certain hardness and dryness, and even lack of atmosphere. One felt that his characters and situations were presented too much as in a vacuum. Some suffusion of his austerely suppressed self might have imbued his work with more magnetism. That self was, indeed, strangely different from his work, so gentle and chivalric and romantic. His lovable boyish presence must still haunt many memories, as his tragic death is still an open wound for those to whom he was unforgettably dear.

Literary Lights of the Period

PERHAPS the most valuable success of The Yellow Book lay in the excellence and variety of its short stories and in its introduction to a wider public of so many admirable artists in that form. Among these the most notable were Mrs. George Egerton, whose Keynotes was one of the memorable sensations of the time; Marriott Watson, Maurice Baring, Kenneth Graham, Charles Kennett Burrow, Evelyn Sharp, Netta Syrett and Ella D'Arcy.

Curiously enough, the one name, we, of all others, should have expected to find there, the yellowest of all, is missing—that of Oscar Wilde. My acquaintance with him began in my pre-London days, as a member of an audience in Birkenhead, the sister city to Liverpool, assembled to hear him lecture on his Impressions of America, whence he had recently returned. He had not then published anything except his first volume of poems, and was known only as the apostle of æstheticism, the prototype of Bunthorne in Patience, a ridiculous, posturing figure, a fantastic laughingstock, whom no one took seriously. And yet I am glad to record to the credit of that Birkenhead audience that after its first bewilderment it forgot to laugh at him and soon began laughing with him; and I remember how grateful I was to my father, the last man I expected to be impressed, for saying as the lecture ended, "Don't make any mistake. That man is no fool."

At that time Wilde had abandoned his knee breeches and was dressed in a sort of Georgian costume, with tight

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THE NEW IMMIGRATION

By Kenneth L. Roberts

IT IS a well-known fact that foreign lands, to the stern and rock-bound American whose chief monuments of antiquity are the deckle-edged stone castles built by prosperous brewers in the heyday of the free-lunch counter, are lands of romance and high adventure.

The fragrant odors of Canton, sufficiently powerful to ruin the nose of a good hunting dog in three days' time, are merely one of life's little burdens to the Cantonese; but to the traveling American, fresh from the humdrum gasoline fumes of Washington Street and Highland Boulevard, they are the odors of romance.

The little inns of Brittany, limited to one bathroom apiece, if any, and that bathroom equipped with a prehistoric tin bathtub and usually removed by a mystic maze of corridors and stairways from the sleeping quarters of the guests, are full of romantic lure for the American who would expostulate passionately at being forced to sleep in the same hotel with a tin bathtub at home.

There is romance for the American in standing in line at a frontier while a cement-headed passport official preserves the honor and integrity of his country by looking at American passports upside down and defacing them with smudges of green ink; in waiting an hour or more for superior customs officials to protect the industries of an entire nation by searching all travelers' luggage for contraband cigarettes; in viewing a number of selected cathedrals and vainly trying to remember how they differ from one another; in buying rare old seventeenth-century antiques freshly made from the lumber of quaint old Continental barns; in drinking the delicious wines of the country, brewed in too many instances out of more or less savory acids in picturesque cellars; in traveling among interestingly garbed peasantry who openly regard Americans as walking gold mines from whom or which, as the case may be, it is the sacred duty of every European to extract the last fragment of ore; and in encountering in drama, song, story, news items and the spoken word the glad information that America is dollar land, populated—unlike Europe—by coarse persons whose lives are devoted to adoring, worshiping and pursuing the great god, Money.

The romantic aura that emanates from foreign lands to excite the sensibilities of Americans is produced not only by the decayed castles, the refrigerated cathedrals, the powerful smells, the peculiar foods, the interminable picture galleries, the overripe peasant homes, the strange tongues, the well-manicured scenery, the peanut-roaster locomotives and the unnourishing breakfasts that are common to most of them, but also by those of their inhabitants whose incomes are derived from long-dead ancestors, from the arts, the sciences or any other life endeavor that permits those who practice it to knock off work for two or three months at a stretch, or from some source not visible to the naked eye. These persons have the tremendous gift of carrying their romantic aura with them, as far as Americans are concerned.

The Romantic Aura

A RUINED Transylvanian castle, thoroughly impregnated with romance when viewed in Transylvania, surrounded by local peasantry nattily clad in sheepskin morning coats badly in need of dipping and felt pants mellowed by constant contact with pigs and other livestock, would in some peculiar manner lose its romantic attractions if transported to the banks of the Punxsutawney or the Mousam River.

In Transylvania it would be starred in one of the chatty books of travel, and made luminous by such thrilling directions as:

"7 m. above Schreckenstein (805 ft.) on a phonolite rock, 18 feet in height at the brink of the (2 hrs.) romantic Tirnova Valley, we reach (pink and orange way marks) the extensive ruins of the *Sedlitzwasser Castle, destroyed by fire, Hussites, college students and heavy drinkers in 1018, 1263, 1448, 1599, 1721, 1835, 1901, and repeatedly restored, now the property of Prince Fischaugen (open 9–12 & 2–4, Sun. & holidays 10–1; adm. 5 fr.) A slab of marble on the right side of the watch tower, executed after the design of Fritz Brokoff in 1683 at Zwow, marks the spot where Duke Ottokar of Hisokz broke all records for drinking March beer on June 11, 1337. Beyond the (3 mins.) old riding hall for fighting with table legs and other knightly sports, is the (7 mins.) old donjon keep, which affords a fine survey of the romantic W. Carpets Mts. (6710 ft.)."

Romantic Americans would travel 3782 miles, stop overnight at the Schweizerei-Grossvater Wirtshaus and suffer keenly in the humid embrace of a romantic Transylvanian feather bed in order to absorb the romance of Sedlitzwasser Castle; but if it were moved to the banks of the Punxsutawney, which somehow lacks the romance that clings to such European creeks as the Thames and the Tiber, the only Americans that would see it would be casual passers-by; and any inquiries on their part concerning it would be met with the terse but satisfactory reply that a feller named Higgins brought it over from some place abroad and that it was consequently known as Higgins' Folly.

It is scarcely necessary to remark in passing that the Transylvanians who visited it in ten years' time would be insufficient in numbers to get up a game of cribbage.

No such loss of aura, however, takes place when a romantic European temporarily transfers his activities from Europe to America. There is even a perceptible strengthening or thickening of the aura to such a point that European artists or musicians who are unable, either through lack of talent or romantic qualities, to elicit any deafening outbursts of enthusiasm in the highly appreciative and idealistic centers of cultured and refined Europe, are able to journey to America and receive the plaudits, the wild huzzas and the dinner invitations of America's musical and artistic circles because of their romantic European background and their world-renowned talents.

It is perhaps unfortunate that the keen appreciation that obtains in America for the romantic aspect of foreign lands and their inhabitants doesn't work both ways—that the romantic aura, if any, of Madison Avenue, the Loop, Niagara Falls, the Chaco Valley, Yellowstone Park, Hollywood, Faneuil Hall and other American points of interest holds out no promise of romance and high adventure to residents of England, France, Italy, Spain and other foreign lands; and that American authors, artists and musicians cannot carry any sort of romantic aura with them when they journey to Europe, but are reluctantly endured by superclious European desk clerks, porters, sleeping-car conductors and head waiters—but only because they are good average money chasers from dollar land.

Perhaps it is unfortunate that all this is so, and perhaps it isn't; but it is certainly so. A prominent American sculptor or author, traveling in Europe for the sole purpose of getting rid of some of the results of his money worship, excites as much attention when his steamer docks at Liverpool or Boulogne as would a seed salesman descending from the noon train at Brattleboro, Vermont; and the only interest that he arouses in the great noncommercial—as contrasted with America—Continental caravansaries is the question of how high a rate can be pinned on him without causing him to break into howls of expostulation that will possibly attract the unfavorable notice of the gendarmerie.

Invaded by the Intelligentzia

AS FOR the romantic attraction of the Washington Monument, the Woolworth Building, Bunker Hill, the Alamo, the stockyards and the new high-school building, it doesn't exist for the European. Europeans of the traveling class are appearing in America in steadily increasing numbers, but they are not in search of romance and high adventure.

The average European takes great pride and pleasure in scorning the money-chasing Americans and in acting as money's chief defender. There may be a grain of truth in his claim that he doesn't chase it, but whenever he is sufficiently fortunate to get control of any of it, he willingly uses all the weapons of uncivilized warfare to prevent anybody else from getting too close to it.

It has come to be an axiom that the slowest persons to wake up to the proper value of things which most closely touch the lives of people who like to think of themselves as highly intellectual—or highbrow—are the highbrows themselves. The common people may enjoy an author or a comedian for years, oblivious of the scornful sniffs of the highbrows; and then, just as the work of the author or the comedian has begun to move slowly down the toboggan in such a way as to give the common people a few faint pains, the highbrows discover him and publish their discoveries in all their highbrow columns and magazines with excited and hysterical cries of self-admiration.

For a great many years the proletariat of Europe had recognized America as the source of material welfare, and had strained itself severely to get to America and pry out all of the material welfare in sight before anybody else could get at it. The highbrows of Europe, however, running true to highbrow form, sniffed contemptuously and said freely that America was a land of money chasers who were totally unable to appreciate the true, the beautiful and the good; so what was the use of going to that crude and benighted land?

It is only within the past few years that the highbrows of Europe have discovered that America is the land of single-track romance; the land of easy-mark society and starry-eyed suckers; and best of all, the land of lightly held dollars.

It is a very delicate matter to state thus baldly that some thousands of Europe's leading idealists and disdainers of penny pinching and other commercial accomplishments actually came to America for the sole purpose of getting a fistful of good old American wampum—a fistful that they couldn't have got by staying at home with all the other folk who are so distressed by American money chasing.

It is a delicate matter, because European artists, politicians, authors, poets, scientists and suchlike folk have built up with careful and loving labor over many years' time a widespread belief that they weren't interested in money. This belief has become so deep-rooted in many countries that within their confines it is considered the height of bad form to intimate in any way that the desire to enlarge their accumulation of petty cash has anything whatever to do with the sort of story, or the amount of material that an author writes, or the sort of position that a politician seeks; and the destruction of any deep-rooted belief of that sort might easily

(Continued on Page 76)

New Yorker (In a Middle Western City): "Aintcha Got No Pitcher-Papers? I Stopped Reading Several Years Ago"

Attractive on a Dutch Colonial home

This roof whose colors blend with foliage and sky

"I'd like to live there!"

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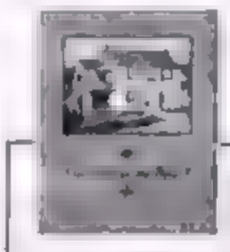

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RICHARDSON ROOFING

COUSIN JANE

(Continued from Page 29)

She stood watching his skillful twisting of the wheel as he turned the car. He was, she noted, not unlike America's screen favorite, Sumner Gale, with something of the same boyish appeal and quite the same romantic smolder in his dark eye. He was whimsical too. He had skillfully uncovered a sympathetic contact between them—their amused tolerance of Union Hill. He said it was one of those places you ask for along the road, only to find out that you've just gone through it. This was much like Sumner Gale at his whimsical best, and Jane had said truthfully that she would be glad to see him again. She knew what he felt, and she also knew that she felt nothing of the sort. Still, it was advisable, and certainly comforting, to prove that she couldn't yet be impossibly old. Aware of the far faint tweak of a sensitive conscience on this thought, she soothed it with the reminder that she needed to learn just how far short she fell of being well informed. Elmer Dorcey—she read the name—hadn't once alarmed her by talking over her head, but later he might. If he did, she would bluntly confess her ignorance and beg for light. She divined that he would think none the less of her for this, and he might help her against future embarrassments.

Suppose some man did presently invite her to be his guest at a dinner party where brilliant people talked exclusively of the new scientific discoveries or important achievements in the field of art, and suppose she had, in the meantime, learned from this young man, who invented crossword puzzles, and why the big interests wanted Muscle Shoals. She must pick up dinner-table small talk where she could.

It was clear enough that Elmer Dorcey wished to be near her for the same reason Gus Pedfern did; but she was justified. She was still the moral perfectionist. And she wore an artful band around her hair when he came that night, bringing a beribboned box of candy from the village drug store.

He again proved not to be difficult in conversation as they sat out the twilight on the portico bench; and though Jane found him likable, she began to suspect that he, too, at a table of brilliant society people, would have to shield himself by pretending reserve. She tried him out with several memorized questions from the circular, and his unvarying answer was, "Search me!" He didn't even know what the Baluchitherium is and suspected Jane of a humorous intention in asking him.

She at last frankly told him of her wish to become well informed and how she had hoped that he with his presumable knowledge of what the outside world talked of at its dinner parties would have been able to further this design. He was sympathetic, but confessed that he wasn't up in this society small talk. He thought the book itself, told about by the circular, would be needed. Then he remembered that he had received a book of this character on his last birthday, a present from his mother. It was a small volume entitled Fascinating Facts, and though he had never seriously studied it, he recalled that it was stuffed with information that would probably qualify anyone for the most brilliant gatherings.

He promised to send for this book and give it to Jane. For himself, he regretted that he could be of little assistance. True, he had a surprising musical lore; items such as the sum paid by his company to a world-famous soprano for singing My Old Kentucky Home; and he knew a lot of conundrums with ingeniously funny answers. But the circular had been silent about music; and conundrums, apparently, were not told at the best dinner tables. The circular indicated a rather austere preoccupation with graver topics.

Elmer Dorcey, it was plain, frequented circles less exacting. He said that, as to conversation, what he heard went mostly about bootleggers and movie actors. Jane learned some astonishing facts concerning illicit liquor traffic and the private lives of famous screen idols. Here her friend was well informed and fluent.

She thought a little wistfully of dinner tables where no one asked what was the highest point on the earth's surface ever reached by man, or cared what caused the aurora borealis.

Speaking of social accomplishments, Mr. Dorcey admitted the possession of one that was often found entertaining by his own circle. This was a knowledge of palmistry, of which Jane had but vaguely heard and which he began to demonstrate in the most painstaking manner. Jane found it absorbing to have her palms read, and secretly rejoiced that her cold-cream treatments had rendered their fateful lines more legible.

But she was suddenly distracted from her life and heart lines by the conviction that Mr. Dorcey was disingenuous. The human hand might be an open book to him, as he boasted, and it was undoubtedly true that Jane stood on the threshold of a new life as her lines indicated; but she couldn't help knowing that the palmist, a little too closely beside her, was chiefly conscious of holding one of her hands in both his and was recklessly plunging after any new thing to say that would prolong the intimacy. He was regarding her essentially as Gus Pedfern did, though of course Gus never descended to subtleties.

Once really convinced that the palm inspection had become, with her companion, a matter of sheer hand-holding, Jane diverted him to topics less exigent. This was easily done, for Mr. Dorcey seemed timid. She liked him, but his hand didn't draw hers or agitate it as Gus Pedfern's did; and she preferred not to encounter it after she knew why he prolonged his reading, especially as she had already proved by actual demonstration that she wasn't too old for a new life in a new world. Beauty had not yet passed like a wind upon the wheat.

She shook hands warmly at parting, cleverly evading a clasp in which he would again have lingered. The next time he made Union Hill he would surely fetch her his Fascinating Facts. She stood alone a long time after he had regretfully gone, uncomfortably admitting that she must be a monster among women. No nice girl, she was sure, would deliberately stand close to a man from an utterly cold curiosity to know how it might affect him.

Still, Mr. Dorcey was old enough to protect himself. He was thirty-two, four years older than the twenty-eight to which she had confessed.

He did come again, two weeks later, bringing his little book and spending another evening with Jane. She was very kind to him, and even submitted her hands to another reading, thinking somehow that she ought to make amends for the indifference she couldn't help feeling. She went to the drug store for soda with him, and let him take her arm on the way back. Also she promised to call him up the very first time she went to San Francisco, intimating that the date of this visit to the city would not be far distant. He wrote twice after that, reminding her of this promise.

Marcy spoke again of beauty's way of passing and of gold being where one finds it. But Jane knew that Elmer Dorcey was only silver.

However, she studied his book. It seemed to have been planned for dinner parties slightly below the grade of those the circular promised to equip one for, though difficult enough, Jane thought. She primed herself with fascinating facts about the rattlesnake's venom, the Argentine's average wheat crop, the annual rainfall of Mesopotamia, the number of rubber boots manufactured in the United States, how to uncork a bottle without a corkscrew, the weight of the earth in tons, and other items that would insure her favorable attention at any but the most intellectual gatherings.

Meantime, at her insistent urging, Marcy Tedmon did finally write the long-talked-of letter to J. D. Maltby. He let it lie on his desk a great many days, but Jane at last found and committed it to the Union Hill post office, first writing "Urgent" on the envelope, to insure that especial care be taken with it.

She frequently told Marcy, who was cordially curious, that her purpose was steadfast. This delighted him. He had been afraid, he confessed, that she suffered only from a fleeting lunacy. He was glad to find her still reckless.

"You needn't be afraid I'll weaken," she assured him. "I simply must go out from here—soon we'll find a way. You remember that man you read of the other day who'd been blind from birth and then had his eyes perfectly cured. I'm like that, Cousin Marcy; I've been blind, and of course it didn't make any difference where I was; but now I can see, and it does make a terrible difference. I must have something to see."

In a few days Marcy came trippingly up the drive to her with a letter.

"Oh, you've heard from J. D. Maltby!" she cried.

"Well, not directly from him. You see, the poor old beggar passed away some twenty years ago, so his son writes me."

Jane's face showed concern, but it was not for this son in his bereavement.

"How quick is time!" Marcy went on. "It seems but a year ago I saw him drinking our heavy port. The son's name is G. T. Maltby," he added with his helpless look.

"Then you'll write to him," Jane said.

"But of course he got the letter I wrote his deceased father. Of course there wasn't much I could say. G. T. Maltby tells me he remembers our family vividly and his father's business association with us. He says he'll be motoring in our direction this summer and will make it a point to call."

"Oh," said Jane blankly, abandoning both the dead and the still quick Maltby as avenues of release. This was maddeningly indefinite. There slowly kindled an impulse to grasp Cousin Marcy's coat lapels and shake him into some radical action; but she only said grimly, "We'll find a way."

"Oh, but surely!" he agreed. He wasn't worried about delays; he was having too many thrills from Jane's stark tenacity.

And there continued to be small happenings that pointed to one satisfyingly momentous. There was the three hundred dollars that came from a forgotten debtor of Marcy's who had become solvent after so many years that Marcy had difficulty in recalling the loan; and there was the five-year-old check for twelve hundred that he discovered beneath a litter of papers on his table one day and which surprisingly turned out to be a valid document after that lapse of time. This moved Jane to an exciting and minute search of Marcy's table and his rooms. She again wanted to shake him when the search proved fruitless—he might so easily have overlooked other checks.

It was decided that Jane's hundred days—or at least a thrilling fraction of them—might be financed with fifteen hundred dollars if no greater sums befell them. Certainly it was more than had sufficed Sarah Tedmon, who, by now, had enjoyed many times a hundred days. But they would wait in hope of more, merely deciding that Wiley wasn't to know of their windfalls.

And almost at once there was a promise that the fifteen hundred dollars would be augmented. Two men, obviously of the outer world, halted an impressive car in the drive one day and engaged Seth Hacker in talk. Jane, from one of her garden tasks, watched them, wondering what they had to sell. As neither of the strangers possessed the attractive exterior of Elmer Dorcey, she made no effort to find out, merely bestowing on them at intervals an indifferent glance. She noted that Seth was pointing often toward the south and that he seemed to be explaining something at length, so she decided that the strangers were asking a road direction.

Later she saw Seth move with them toward the car and noted that the strange men were bestowing interested looks on the house as they went. She had observed itinerant insurance agents act in much the same manner before they learned that the family saved quite a bit of money by not insuring the house. She was a little surprised when Seth entered the car and was driven rapidly off, clutching his hat against the sudden wind. Returning at nightfall, he explained his absence:

"They're some kind of men wanting to take a lot of photographs hereabouts. I wouldn't have pestered with 'em, but they offered me good money to show 'em that old mill over on the North Fork, around back of Barntop. They're going to take a photograph of that. They said it was a peach. I didn't utter a word, seeing they was paying me for my time. Then they pumped me about this house and let on they would probably want to take a photograph of it and would give good money for the privilege; so I said all right, as far as I was concerned, but they must see you or somebody because it was by no means my house; and they said yes, they would fix that up. I bet they're like that smooth guy that come along about fifteen years ago one summer and promised to put the house in a book of Homes of Our Millionaires or something for the sum of one hundred dollars with a write-up. Still, these guys said they would pay good money for taking this photograph. Of course there may be a catch to it. Most always there is. Only thing I know positive, I got ten dollars good money for showing them the old Hawn mill on North Fork over around back of Barntop. That's all I know."

Jane wondered. If Seth for one day had been worth ten dollars to the strangers, perhaps they would consider a photograph of the house worth a hundred. She added one hundred to fifteen hundred.

It was early morning a week later when, at work with a dust cloth in the dining room, she was startled by an uproar of cars entering the front drive. This subsided, and through an open window came a vivacious medley of loud voices in pleased surprise. She went swiftly out the side door and along the path that led to the front of the house. The voices continued, and she could now distinguish that the visitors were both men and women. She halted, recalling that she was unsuitably clad for the reception of callers. She wore a checked gingham dress with no Slater touches, shoes serviceable but not sightly, and a towel was bound about her head.

As she stood, hesitant, she heard a man's voice say, "Some hutch, Bill!"

Bill, presumably, answered with conviction, "I'll say it is. Ain't she a peach!"

She had taken one backward step with the perception that these visitors would justify the donning of sports apparel, even in her working hours.

"How'd you ever find her, Ed?" demanded the voice of the still admiring Bill. Jane never heard Ed say how he had found her. At a moment when she was poised for backward flight there sauntered into the sunlight from around the corner of the house the figure of a man who at once discovered her. He stared with interest a moment, then his attractive face lighted with a slow, whimsical smile, and Jane knew that she was face to face with Sumner Gale!

Dazed by the revelation, she weakly raised a hand, in its tattered work glove, to smooth back a strand of hair escaping the towel. She felt the ground rock beneath her, and there was a buzzing effect in her

(Continued on Page 55)

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QUALITY AT LOW COST

(Continued from Page 50)

head. She groped for support, but she was too far from the house wall. The smile of Sumner Gale became more cordial. His checkered cap was swept gracefully toward her, revealing his beautiful dark hair in affecting disorder. She reached again for the supporting wall, but dared not trust her feet to take her closer.

"How do you do?" saluted Sumner Gale.

It was an easy, mellow tone, and added to her panic. It seemed a miracle that the pictured Sumner Gale should have a voice at all. Jane's eyes were staring, the lids were wide and motionless.

"How do you do, I'm sure!" she said, in a voice not like her own.

XV

IT TOOK Jane all of another day to regain her coolness of vision under this influx of life from the outer world. She hadn't yet gone up the grade, but that outer world, quite all of it, she considered, had come down the grade to overwhelm her. The first day was all a whirling, colorful confusion from which hardly one personality definitely emerged, certainly no sane comprehension of its purposes. She was surrounded by delightful people, but they performed inexplicable acts in motley array and in their leisure moments spoke an esoteric jargon that tantalized her by sounding so human and yet remaining unintelligible.

What the influx of a company of motion-picture actors might be doing to the village of Union Hill, where they stayed at the International Hotel and overran the streets, where their glossily groomed horses stamped in barns that had long been vacant except for a casual cow or a span of mules employed on road work, didn't seem to matter. It was to her that the message of their coming was addressed.

On the second day, when they shot some scenes, as they quaintly put it, on the ragged lawn of the Tedmon house, and she learned that a hundred dollars for the privilege of the place was not exorbitant, she began to perceive that the joyous strangers were fewer than she had first thought. She could memorize a face here and there, a voice, a mannerism, a fashion of lighting a cigarette or a pair of eyes with heavily beaded lashes. Sumner Gale, to be sure, had preserved his identity from the first, a friendly young man whom everyone called Bill because they seemed to like him so well. He had apparently not felt that Jane needed the enhancement of sports apparel, and from that first moment when he came forward to grasp cordially the limp hand she abandoned to him he had been understandable.

In the course of this second day she placed the authoritative gentleman about whom all these units of the kaleidoscope seemed to revolve. The company, like yet unlike themselves as she had seen them on the screen, standing rigid at points or shifting by the word, the old fountain used as one focus, the front steps as another, two cameras set, Chong sliding to project an eye around a house corner, even Marcy observant from behind the curtains of an upper window, and these strange people intent for the moment only on what the man told them to do. He was a short man of impressive girth, dressed in baggy yellow homespun and leather putties that bounded enormous calves; with a dark, round face, eloquent eyes, wild hair and an almost constantly excited manner.

This was Mr. Kershaw, the director, and he was so important that no one called him Bill or anything familiar. Even Sumner Gale called him Mr. Kershaw with a nice deference. Jane came to know him first because at times, after he had been telling his people how to act before the camera, he was subject to frenzies in which he would clutch great handfuls of his coarse hair and rush madly to the barn to play with new kittens for a quieting ten minutes.

He liked kittens as well as Jane did, and holding three of them in his great hands, staring intently into their pale eyes, seemed to reinvigorate him for another spell of directing. Jane became friendly with him over the kittens, promising him as many as he liked for his own, and was always a rapt bystander when he went back to his cameras, where the people were meekly waiting. It was through him that she began to know his people as one by one they engaged his notice, often unfavorable.

There was the beautiful Marian Delevan, whom Jane had last beheld on the screen as the only child of a crazed lighthouse keeper on a lonely and storm-bound islet. She was now a waif of the Sierras in a short khaki skirt and black silk stockings, awakening to womanhood and the dawn of love under the careless attentions of Sumner Gale, who whimsically persisted in treating her as a child, unrecking the blind rage he aroused. Though but a lovely child to the eye, her woman's heart was swept by storms of emotion when the young man lightly caressed her. It was the director's insistence that her emotions were not stormy enough which made Miss Delevan the second person among her new friends to be clearly defined in Jane's thoughts. She stood fascinated while Mr. Kershaw called, with the effect of barking:

"Come on now, girlie! Remember, this is big, vital stuff. You got something besides beautiful eyes and a lot of teeth, haven't you? You got something here, haven't you?" Mr. Kershaw's great red hands were clasped over his heart and a look of agony distorted his heavy face—the look he wished to see on Miss Delevan's. "Cut loose with it, girlie. He's just kissed you like he would his seven-year-old sister, and you'd like to knife the skunk for it, because all your soul is crying out for him to do it another way—see what I mean? 'I shall make him treat me as a woman—not as a mere child.' That's what you're saying. Come on now, for Pete's sake! Be a tigress, can't you?"

Miss Delevan, who had remained calm under a tirade that Jane expected to bring a storm of real tears, now essayed to be a tigress. Mr. Kershaw's protruding eyes clung pathetically to her.

"Hell's hinges!" he wearily remarked when she had finished. "All right, we'll leave that for a minute. Try the other scene, where you're cold. Draw yourself up, freeze him with a look—get your line—'It's easy to see, Royal Blaxham, that you are one of those natures incapable of a lasting attachment.' Now you're sore again when he gives you the ha-ha!"

Mr. Kershaw, himself emotionally exhausted, had after this to restore himself with kittens, while his people smoked and lounged on the steps of the portico. Jane went with him and found some new yellow ones whose antics healed him. Shortly after, he was beseeching sex appeal from the actress they called Florine. She was a creature of opulent figure and boldly avid of eye, supposed, as the Lady Imogene Kent, to beguile Sumner Gale from the little mountain waif, but she seemed to Mr. Kershaw to be tepid in her methods.

"Come on, Florrie, where's the good old sex appeal? For Pete's sake, turn on the sex appeal! You're vamping the boy, see what I mean?—not just asking for his signed photo. And you got a surprise climax ahead, remember that. Go on, Bill; just oozle in like you didn't expect trouble. Go to it, Florrie!"

Florine began to exert fleshly wiles upon Sumner Gale, who seemed impervious. Mr. Kershaw was still far from content with her.

"Sex appeal, sex appeal! Cut loose, Florrie!"

In a voice of injured protest, he cried sex appeal to the innocent trees and wrung his hands in despair. It seemed to Jane that Florine must be devoid of this strange thing called sex appeal, but the director accorded her final sultry languor a grudging nod and addressed Sumner Gale.

"All right, Bill. You know now you're the real Duke of Blaxham. Give her the funny eyebrows and work up to the laugh line. Come on, Marian! Where's our little timber-line soubrette—Miss Delevan?"

Miss Delevan advanced from where a maid had been readjusting the folds of her poor khaki skirt; Mr. Kershaw resumed his impassioned barking and the cameras clicked.

As the drama noisily unfolded, Jane lost enough of her first awe at these intimate exposures of film technic to enable her to weave its fragments into a plausible whole. Sumner Gale, now Duke of Blaxham by reason of his older brother's death in the hunting field, had joined the gold rush to California and formed a lasting friendship with quaint old Jud Spurley, father of the little Sierra child, and with him had found a rich mine. Then came the Dowager Duchess of Blaxham to beg her son to return and take his rightful place in English society, accompanied by the Lady Angela Kent, with whom the duchess hoped her son would form an alliance. But true love was to conquer when Sumner Gale, not without an effect of being intensely stupid, finally realized that his little mountain maid was indeed a woman.

Jud Spurley, her ridiculous old father, was at last to demand comically, "My little gal is to be a duchess, but what does that make me?"

Not all of the drama transpired before the mansion which old Jud had erected with the first of his new wealth. The company would sweep off in their machines for scenes, often of violence, at one or another of the locations Seth Hacker had got good money for showing them—Hawn's Mill, on the North Fork back of Barntop, a tunnel mouth in a lonely cañon of the hills. And the main street of Union Hill, declared by the director to be a peach, was repeatedly filmed, with actors in the garb of an earlier day driving pack mules to their mines or lounging under the wooden awnings.

Mr. Kershaw lamented that he could so seldom steal a location because people who were not actors would insist on looking at the camera. He would have liked, he said, to film Union Hill solely with its lay citizens; they were such peachy types. With this director, people were either types or they weren't types, in which case they were the most negligible of human beings. If not types, he never saw them.

He astonished Jane by informing her that Marcy Tedmon was a type, and after observing him one evening in his ancient full dress he grew fervid about Marcy—such beautiful old-ivory manners! The man was a find. Mr. Kershaw's eyes became moist as he told Jane why. She was profoundly impressed by this tribute and carried it to Cousin Marcy in Mr. Kershaw's own earnest words. She made it plain, in her enthusiasm, that a remunerative career lay open to him if he should care to consider it, intimating that she rather expected he would.

But Marcy was horrified, and when he had recovered from the first shock, muttered, "How morbidly obscene!" Thereafter he was at some pains to avoid the notice of Mr. Kershaw, seeming to experience terror in his presence. From some secluded post back of the grinding camera he would watch the drama's unfolding with a sort of shuddering relish; but if he chanced, even at that distance, to note the director's calculating eye upon him, he would turn and scamper off through the shrubbery with something of the effect, Jane thought, of a scared rabbit. Marcy's manner of rejecting a film career left no room for an observer to suspect him of indecision.

There were ten of these fevered days for Jane, days passed in another world, where make-believe and the real were confusingly blended; days of fantastic make-believe out-of-doors; nights within that were indubitably real and that would yet disturbingly seem quite unreal at moments when some sharp reminder of the old life would oddly intrude at the height of a preposterous gayety in the old parlor. For the members of Mr. Kershaw's delightful company, quartered inadequately at the International Hotel, had, at Jane's cordial urging, made the Tedmon House their own each evening and enlivened its remotest dull recesses with music and a mild but winsome revelry.

Learning, with a poorly cloaked start of amazement, that the house was positively without any mechanical device for producing dance or other music—save the tinkling box which he declared ought to be safe in some museum—Mr. Kershaw thoughtfully procured a phonograph from the village and a dozen late dance records by wire from the city to supplement the more austere collection of the machine's lessor. Jane, in a festival glow, cleared the floor of the old parlor, shoving tables, sofas and chairs against the walls—Sumner Gale himself in boyish gayety helped her with the marble-topped big table—and thereafter the room relived a little of its sprightly past.

After that startling recognition of him as a type, Marcy Tedmon never so much as ventured downstairs while the dancing was in progress, but the doors were left open so Wiley Tedmon in his bed might hear the sounds of revelry.

Jane still knew how to enter a ballroom; but her first inspection of the modish dance warned her that her own learning stopped abruptly there. She sat out the first evening, resting on the fiction of a slightly sprained ankle. But these new inmates of the house were so unaffectedly friendly that, on the second evening, she confessed to not having kept up her dancing and was prevailed upon to accept a lesson from the cordially solicitous Florine, who recommended dancing as a sovereign preserver of the slim silhouette. Florine admitted being in a constant worry about her own silhouette and wished to be told how Jane had kept hers.

"How do you ever keep your hips down?" was the way she phrased it.

Instinctively imitating the rambling volubility of those about her, Jane evaded a direct answer. She hardly liked to say that she supposed she did it by constant activity in a realm humbler than Florine's. But the prevailing dance step seemed not too intricate and she accepted the kindly offer. It appeared that all you must do was to walk lightly, a little on your toes, and trust for the rest to your partner. Quickly Jane had the sensation that she was dancing, and even before she had gone once around the room with Florine she was claimed by Sumner Gale, who said that, if there was any teaching to do, why hadn't Jane brought her troubles straight to him in the first place? After that night—she received careful lessons from every gentleman present and many from Sumner Gale—she danced continuously.

And it was no longer a mere social formality. She liked it. Strangely, it seemed that dancing opened a way of escape for many odd little impulses that for so many years she had been compelled to keep shut within. She couldn't name or define these. She thought of them vaguely as little things that had demanded to come out—and now they came. Guided by Sumner Gale or another, thinking no longer of her feet or straining for the right turn, she submitted to this new ecstasy.

Sometimes, as her partner smoothly brought her past the old music box on its table against the wall, she would thrill to a swift little vision of Sarah Tedmon dancing alone here, in, it seemed to her, some remote earlier life. Better and better she understood what Sarah had wanted and all she had seen in the place that waited for her.

And she, Jane, knew now what she wanted. From a vague wanting of life, the desire had taken form. It wasn't just dancing, to be sure, but dancing expressed it; told the story of it in poetry that again created glamorous visions she could believe in so long as she danced.

She was not always herself when the music stopped. Sometimes when Sumner Gale led her from the heated room into the thin night air—they built nightly fires in the great marble fireplace that had been cold so many years—she would dream a

(Continued on Page 57)

Ravine Park, Kohler Village

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THE *fun* of being clean! Children learned it in the glorious baths of ancient Rome. They forgot it in the Dark Ages of *portable plumbing*—of the old tin tub on the kitchen floor and hot water from the stove. And now they have rediscovered it in the modern American bathroom with its graceful, beautiful Kohler fixtures. . . . To know Kohler Ware is to know that the name "Kohler" fused in superbly white enamel is a sure sign of highest quality at no higher cost. Write for Booklet E.

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Enameled Plumbing Ware

(Continued from Page 55)

fairy story of her own in the moonlight and not be forced to admit to herself its absurdity until they went back. The actual Sumner Gale was not definitely her hero. He, so boyishly alive, was but an airy, nameless embodiment of her dreaming. In moonlight he made a picture of life that she wanted, as dancing poetized all the common that had been her lot.

Sometimes when they went out he would run laughing with her to his compact little roadster of lustrous blue, throw one of his coats about her, lift her into the car despite her protests—never sustained or of any deterring vigor—and they would fly madly through the clear night, to waken discordant echoes in the main street of Union Hill—some sleeping and utterly strange town it seemed to Jane at such times—and on to the bit of good open road that led straight down the valley. The wind cut her face and the speed terrified her; but even the terror itself was a joy, and she was always conscious of a perverse regret when her companion would say, at the last turn, "Here's where we have to slow down to fifty."

Jane, all too distinctly, didn't wish to slow down to fifty.

Back at the house, Sumner Gale, helping Jane from the vital little roadster, always took her lightly in his arms and kissed her once before they went back to dance. It was a gay kiss; they laughed over it.

And this beguiling protagonist of life for Jane would say, "Aren't you the corking little pal!"

At first Jane had felt guilty on these excursions. She was being less than the perfect hostess. But her guests apparently gave no heed to her absences. They tolerantly saw no occasion for remark in the circumstance that she might wish to ride off into the night with Sumner Gale. It seemed to be a matter of course to them. They were admirable guests, with gifts for entertaining themselves.

One night the roadster climbed the grade instead of racing down the valley, having to slow far below fifty, but still negotiating the ascent at a speed that left Jane in a joyous panic at the turns. It was a night of the full moon, and at the top of the grade its driver turned the car and stopped. Far below and around them lay a silver magic and a scented silence. Even the whilom noisy roadster seemed to have been suddenly laid under its spell.

"Gee! If they could only shoot that!" murmured Jane's escort, and clasped her hand that had been hidden in the long sleeve of his overcoat.

"Oh, my!" murmured Jane, partly for the still beauty that spread below them, but partly at her realization that going up the grade should be a matter of fifteen minutes. She must, she knew, go back; but now she could never forget how little of time this momentous ascent required.

"Haven't we been such good pals?" Sumner Gale warmly demanded.

"Oh, haven't we!" agreed Jane with equal warmth.

Her companion put an arm about his own overcoat, drew Jane to him, kissed her and held her against his shoulder. Neither was sentimental, and, more astonishingly, neither pretended to be. They chatted easily, their eyes filling with the feathery play of light and shadow all about them.

"You go to the city often, of course?" he asked.

"Not so very often; not so often as you'd think," said Jane. "I'm rather tied down here."

It was then brought out that she had never been to Los Angeles or to its colorful suburb, Hollywood.

"But you really must come," Gale insisted. "I'll see that you have a wonderful time—you've been so fine to all of us here. Give us a chance to pay you back."

"Oh, I shall, very soon," she assured him.

"You'll find me in the telephone book," he reminded her.

"Some day soon I'll give you a ring."

She was desperately resolved that this should be true.

"Isn't this the snuggest moonlight?" he asked, and kissed Jane again, after which the roadster purred and they went down into the magic of silver that seemed somehow to retreat before them.

And one certain magic—of gold instead of silver—had dissolved for Jane. There had come an icy flash of discovery in relation to Sumner Gale. It not only shocked her painfully but left her floundering in some abhorrent stupefaction. She hardly dared word the thing herself. She recalled Marcy's phrase—"morbidly obscene." It was nothing less than that. She watched Gale's face intent above the wheel as they wound a tortuous way down the grade. She tried to believe that she was mistaken, but her subtlest efforts brought only a deeping conviction of its truth. It was a monstrous truth and the time she knew it most terribly for a truth was when he kissed her. Stripped of its hideous implications and put in all its barren brutality, she felt toward Sumner Gale like a mother!

In panic, she tried again and again to read another meaning in her sensation as she sat by the alert youth who skillfully eased them down a precarious road, but just as often she had to admit failure. The truth, arid and gaunt, stared her down, as insistently unemotional as the skull on Marcy's cabinet. In the face of it she groped for some relieving angle, some extenuating reservation. It must be not because she was old—no, no; but because Sumner Gale was young; so much younger than his years, which were almost her own. He would be a boy all his days, while she had merely ripened.

Certainly she hadn't felt motherly toward Elmer Dorcey; there had been no slightest trace of that taint in the aloof, dispassionate and purely scientific spirit in which she had tested Elmer's reactions to her near presence. And she was still good to look at; she knew it now from other men who plainly didn't suspect her of being old. These reflections had afforded her some slight relief by the time they were back in the Tedmon drive. She had definitely settled it in her mind that, if she felt like a mother to Sumner Gale, it was because she, being not old, found him incorrigibly young. But he was funny and nice and she liked him a lot.

When he had lifted her out he followed his custom of enfolding her and she nestled a moment comfortably in his arms.

"It was a jolly ride," she said.

His hand lay along her face, fingers patting her temple. He made his wonted play on her name—"Ladybird, you have a peach of a voice. It's so warm and cozy."

"Thank you, my dear," said Jane placidly, her panic gone. He had been—she thought happily of the word—a symbol only; a symbol of the life richly awaiting her. Back in the parlor, they danced; and Jane, forgetting his literal name and state, forgot also the maternal stirrings with which he had appallingly inspired her. They were both young—herself merely not too young.

Thus the evenings went, with innocent merrymaking during which the mummers explored every part of the old house, not omitting the apartment of Wiley Tedmon, who rejoiced in the younger women and especially in the beauteous Marian Delevan, who became so impressed with him that she often spent an hour at the bedside, with his door open, as usual, so that the dance music could come to his long-starved ears. The experience seemed to mean almost as much to Wiley as it meant to Jane, though she often found him in a desperate sort of dejection at these times. From one of her thoughtful visits to the stricken man Miss Delevan came to the parlor one night to display to Jane and to Maude Pickering—by day the Dowager Duchess of Blaxham—the diamond ring Wiley had taken from his finger to bestow upon her.

"He's awfully pathetic," said Miss Delevan, "though he must have been a prince in his time."

She extended her hand that the ring might be observed.

"He's worn it so many years," Jane told her—"so many years that he's lain there all alone. He must have felt you were bringing him something very wonderful."

"Yes, he did," said Miss Delevan very simply. "I shall have it reset, of course," she added, concerning the ring.

"It's a good stone," said Maude Pickering. "But, my dear, you should have known him in the old days. Talk about being a prince! They called him Cupid in those times, when I was trouping. I never happened to meet him myself, but a little skirt-dancer friend of mine did—we were out with a Devil's Auction company that season—and the second time he saw her he gave her a diamond. Talk about stones, I wish you could have seen the size of that one compared to this! I give you my word, my dear, an ostrich couldn't have swallowed it."

Miss Pickering dismissed the new gift pityingly, while Jane pictured an ostrich pecking doubtfully at that earlier one, only to abandon any thought of swallowing it.

"I've never thought such large stones refined," remarked Miss Delevan, holding her hand up to a critical and apparently satisfied inspection. Jane thought she must have been very amiable, indeed, to poor Cousin Wiley.

It was Mr. Kershaw, the director, who was most curious about the old house and who had Jane lead him into every room of it in order, as he explained, that he might see how the big mining push of the seventies lived when they had it. He extended a respectful survey to all the ancient furniture, which Jane by this time knew was hideous, and he was properly refreshed by a sight of such old gowns as Maurine Slater had left intact. He declared the despised wedding dress to be a peach, and he was so emotional over a fan of ivory and feathers that Jane prevailed upon him to accept it as a memento of their happy acquaintance.

He yielded to her pressure only with misgivings and warned her against lavish bestowing of these possessions. He astounded her by the price he said the wedding veil would be worth today—the price of a great many silver door knobs.

From above stairs they went below, for Mr. Kershaw insisted on the cellar and congratulated himself when he had been shown it. He found what he called a bully old door—a door of stout oak barred with wrought iron, heavily hinged and secured by what he termed one peach of a padlock. He at once conceived that this would be the door to old Jud Spurley's strong room, where he kept the gold from his mine, and wished to know if it couldn't be opened in the interests of drama.

Delighted to serve him—a jolly soul, save when he barked at his actors—she hurried off for the great bunch of keys that hung in an upstairs storeroom. Together they searched for the key that would unlock the stout door, trying many that proved to be wrong.

It was only then that Jane remembered the door and told her friend that it led to the wine cellar, long closed. Mr. Kershaw remarked that they were again building wine cellars as substantially as this.

They found a key at last that seemed to fit the lock, but this was rusted and it was only after the director had drenched it with kerosene that he was able, with the stoutest effort of his big hands, to achieve his purpose. The lock seemed to loosen itself grudgingly, the bar complained when it was wrenched away from the rusted staple, and the door groaned, when Mr. Kershaw drew it back, as if suffering an intolerable pain in its hinges.

"A gouty old door," remarked the director.

Cold dampness smote them, laden with a musty, sourish-sweet aroma that Jane found cloying, but that her companion sniffed with a knowing relish. He snatched a flashlight from the pocket of his baggy coat and directed its rays about the black interior.

"It's like a dungeon in an old castle—that's what I used to think when I was a little girl and came down here," said Jane.

"Some dungeon—sentence me for life!" said Mr. Kershaw with a lyric note in his voice as he let the light linger on barrels, piled cases and bottles in racks along the wall.

"I remember our man told me the place was about empty," said Jane, "but it seems to have a lot of wine in it still."

"A wine cellar the size of this," rejoined her friend, still on the lyric note, "could be 'about empty' and still have a lot in it. Oh, boy!" he murmured, sniffing again audibly. "There must be stuff in those barrels that you couldn't buy today. However ——"

He became businesslike, had a camera brought down, lights rigged, and proceeded to film the door, half open at first, and then with Jud Spurley coming out with a box supposed to contain pure gold.

"And keep your hands up all the time you're in there," he had grimly warned the actor playing Spurley, evoking hearty laughter from his cameraman and those who worked the big lights brought into the cellar.

Jane wondered a little why her friend should be so impressed by the sight of some dingy old bottles in a wine cellar. True, he condescended to alcoholic stimulant after his day's work, as all his company did; but none of them seemed excited about it and none of them drank to excess.

Seth Hacker had been rather contemptuous of their drinking, remarking to Jane, "You know what they put in their gin? They put orange juice in it. Ain't that desperate?"

She concluded that Mr. Kershaw's was but a mock ecstasy before the opened door of the old wine cellar, explained by his flowery temperament.

Then something happened after ten days; something Jane had ceased to believe could ever happen. She had been losing herself in another tricky impasse of time. Her friends had come there ages ago and would stay forever. It was life as she had longed for life. She had conquered her mountain barrier without passing it; those pleasant people with their jokes, their songs, their simple kindliness, and above all with their music and the dance, had met her great need.

It was a staggering blow to learn on one of the nights that tomorrow they would all go away to their own outer world. She couldn't believe it when she was told by one or another. It couldn't be true, because in that case she would be left alone, which, for the moment, was unthinkable. She wasn't equal to it, even after they had all wrung her hand with warmly repeated assurances that they would never forget the pleasant hours she had given them, and cordial invitations to ring them up the moment she reached Hollywood.

She saw Sumner Gale go with a little of the feeling that something of her youth went with him; but she couldn't yet believe he wasn't to be in front of the house tomorrow, telling the Duchess of Blaxham—who would weep bitterly on hearing it—that he could never leave these simple honest folk who had made him realize that to be a man is to be more than a paltry duke.

And Sumner Gale was truly back in the morning. With Mr. Kershaw occupying Jane's place in the shining blue roadster, he came by for another farewell and called her Ladybird and said she was the stunningest pal he'd ever had. And this he said, even though Jane, expecting no one, was again with swathed hair, in a gingham frock and shoes never to be danced in, quite as he had first beheld her that so-long-ago morning of their arrival. He came inside the house, leaving Mr. Kershaw in the car, seized Jane in his bubbling humor, dashed the towel from her head, rumpled her hair and kissed her a long good-by.

"Oh, you're dear," she told him. "And I wish I could—I don't know how to say it—I wish I could look after you." She managed a laugh. "I suppose if I went to church I'd be praying for you after you go."

She pulled his head down and kissed him. "Good-by, and don't forget me."

"You can just bet I won't do that little thing," he told her. "And don't forget to call me up the moment you get to Los Angeles. We'll all see that you have a wonderful time there."

He was in the car again, waving his checkered cap to her, his dark hair alive in the morning breeze. Beside him, Mr. Kershaw made awkward but friendly gestures with his big hands. And Jane, still unbelieving as ever, went back to her long arrears of cleaning. These good-bys were all unreal—part of another film play that anyone could see through. Presently her friends would come back and the director would be roaring for more sex appeal or warning the Duchess of Blaxham to look out where she threw her cigarette ends.

It was not until four days later, when certain gifts of remembrances came, that her desertion began to seem credible. There was a bracelet from Mr. Kershaw, "In memory of that peachy fan," and an enormous box of candy, together with his photograph, from Sumner Gale.

The photograph was inscribed "To Ladybird, with best love from her old pal," and showed him leaning thoughtfully, with two supporting fingers at his left temple. Jane patted the face in friendly fashion and opened the candy. But after she had exclaimed at the beautiful first layer of sweets she closed the box again without touching even one. It was certain enough now that she was definitely alone, once more back in the old life, with only her belief that something must happen. Candy, at the moment, seemed incongruous.

XVI

THE furniture in the parlor had been restored to its formal order, the chairs grouped in a sort of austere expectancy, the big marble-topped table precisely under the crystal chandelier, the wax lilies precisely at its center.

Yet there were little reminders of its late lively occupancy that Jane hesitated to remove. They linked her with the world. There were ashes and charred wood in the fireplace, among them many cigarette ends, some with gold tips, that would have been cast there by Sumner Gale. On the big table someone had left a pair of dice with which a vivacious game had often been played. High on the marble shelf of the mantel stood a square bottle, empty, with a gay label to declare that it had once held gin. Behind a sofa was a small crumpled handkerchief, still emanating a faint perfume. And under a chair she had found a metal vanity case containing a lipstick and a tiny round box of rouge. Several half-emptied boxes of cigarettes were left.

She couldn't bring herself to rid the room of these objects. They made it more human. In its tomblike silence, they were life—life with a lasting savor that denied her present solitude.

She would come here and stand where she could see them all—the gin bottle, the cigarette ends in the fireplace, the dice, handkerchief, vanity case. They helped her to repeople the room with dancing couples and laughing groups, to hear echoes of that inciting jerky music with its tyrannous rhythm.

It was easy to picture Florine, of the carefully waved hair that was so very yellow it somehow failed to convince; or Marian Delevan, with her rather vacant smile except when she faced the camera; or the elderly Maude Pickering, with her sometimes overprofuse grand-dame manner; or Mr. Kershaw, who smoked constantly, lighting one cigarette from another and beaming like a fond father upon his children when he no longer had to bark at their acting.

She wondered about sex appeal, the thing Florine hadn't shown enough of to satisfy the director. She thought it might be a matter of cosmetics, which all the ladies used profusely. Perhaps Florine hadn't put hers on right that day Mr Kershaw cried in a hurt voice for more of it.

Once, thinking this, she opened the vanity case, reddened the lips that were a little full, and suffused her cheeks with an opaque red from eyes to chin. The result seemed not to enrich whatever of that mysterious sex appeal might be her native dower, and she cautiously lighted a cigarette for what might be the needed touch. The effect was still unsatisfactory, she considered, studying her face closely in the small mirror of the vanity case, the fuming cigarette at a corner of her mouth.

She went to the big mirror over the mantel to survey herself from a little distance. She wasn't so bad then; but still, she decided, the sex appeal was but moderate. She tried to make her eyes languorous, letting the lids fall in the sultry fashion of Florine. But here she choked on the cigarette until tears streaked her rouge and she went to wash her face. Whatever sex appeal might mean, she was certain she couldn't compete with Florine until she became adept with cigarettes and learned to apply rouge more plausibly.

But she left all the little traces of her friends where they lay. The gin bottle on the mantel, merely by itself, gave the room a sociable warmth.

She had not resumed her walks beyond the town, realizing that they had been merely an excuse for daydreaming that wasn't practical. They had been pleasant, even thrilling; but of themselves they could never take her up the grade. She couldn't merely wish herself up that grade. It was a practical grade and required a stern practicality in those who went over it.

So she spent much of her time indoors now, grimly being as practical as she could. Marcy's fifteen hundred dollars was still intact; that was a start. To this she mentally added the sum that Mr. Kershaw had pronounced the wedding veil to be worth. She found other lace that she knew must be of value, much of it having come from the old gowns Maurine had worked over. She needed only to meet a purchaser for all this, someone knowing and wanting rare old lace.

She would feel qualms, she knew, at robbing the yellowed wedding gown of its veil and thought a little dolorously of the bride it once filmily protected. But that, of course, wasn't practical thinking. Jane Starbird was of more importance than a bride of long ago, now dust. Jane Starbird was alive, wanting the world—going to have it.

It was while she brooded over laces one day that Marcy came to tell her of a caller. Mr. G. T. Maltby had stopped for a moment to say he would be pleased to return later and spend the night with them. Jane pondered the name.

"But he's dead; he died twenty years ago," she told Marcy.

"It was J. D. that died; this is his son, G. T.," he patiently explained. "He has to go on down the valley to a ranch, and he'll come back here for the night. Of course we can put him up."

He glanced doubtfully at Jane, as if suspecting the house might already be filled with guests.

"Of course," Jane absently agreed. She had long ago dismissed all Maltbys as possible factors in her salvation. Then a ray of inspiration flashed. G. T. Maltby might be a connoisseur of laces, one who would spare no expense to add to his collection. "Of course we can put him up," she repeated with zest. "I'll have the yellow room ready for him, and I'll see that Chong gives him a good dinner—a chicken and new peas."

"He's an affable soul; he he talks about almost everything," said Marcy. "And not a bit raffish, like the old boy."

"Then he will talk about lace," said Jane to herself.

"I dare say he won't bore us too much," Marcy hoped, and pattered off, leaving her to arrange her laces in the order most likely to enchant G. T. Maltby, whom she imagined lifting them in pale, delicate hands like Marcy's and becoming ecstatic over their fineness.

She would have to bring them to his notice herself, she knew. Marcy was still cordially her well-wisher, but he was impractical beyond belief—more than ever so since the picture people had gone. From being shocked by the suggestion of Mr. Kershaw, so that he evaded the director with every sign of terror, he had come to show not a little complacency over having been found to be a type. Of course, the thought of his acting before a camera was as morbidly obscene as ever; but still, to be a type—that was something. Apparently no one had ever before told him he was anything at all, nor had he himself thought so. He was rather pluming himself on the discovery of this novel merit. He professed to deprecate it with a delicate disgust, but Jane could see that he was set up. She knew at last that Cousin Marcy was pathetically old.

G. T. Maltby arrived at six, in the largest of motor cars, impressive both for its size and its fittings, which were so many and so elaborate as to give it a pompous air. Jane didn't observe it from her window until its owner had descended, but he would plainly be a person of means to purchase any laces that might enslave his fancy. A little later she went to the parlor to meet the guest.

In the hall, she heard his loud full laugh and instantly wondered that Marcy could have evoked it. Marcy was not given to humorous anecdote. But it became clear at once that Mr. Maltby was, and that it had been one of his own stories he laughed at. Marcy looked relieved when she entered and lost not a moment in presenting her to the guest.

Jane's heart fell at sight of him. Decidedly, she thought, he wasn't a lace-looking man. He was large and loud, dressed in rough but costly garments, and he conspicuously lacked the ascetic bearing Jane had previsioned of a male lace fancier. She glanced at his hands and was unable to imagine them fingering a filmy bit of lace almost caressingly. His full face was a ruddy pink under carefully parted blond hair, of which there seemed only enough left to cover his skull rather meagerly. His eyes, pale blue, looked out under pale brows that were roundly arched to give him a permanently startled expression, with faint traces of hurt indignation. He rocked on his feet before the fireplace, hands rattling silver coins in the pockets of his gray knickerbockers, his heavily shod feet well apart, as if, Jane thought, he had merely come into his own house. Still, if he didn't want lace himself, he might know someone who would. She must continue to be practical.

G. T. Maltby elaborately acknowledged Marcy's presentation of Jane and immediately plunged into an anecdote concerning a hunting trip his father and Jane's father had once taken, bursting again into hearty laughter at its conclusion. He went on to talk of hunting, fishing, flying, golf and polo, halting only to ask if Marcy had seen any polo lately, and where the golf course lay from there. He was not easily persuaded that this sequestered community had no golf course.

"But what do you do with yourselves then?" he facetiously demanded; and after laughing at this sally, he proceeded to tell of lately getting the seventh hole in one on his own favorite course. It had cost him a lot of champagne, that shot—of course it had only been luck, finding the hole in one that way. It had given him a queer feeling, just the same. He went on to ask Marcy what he thought of the political situation.

Marcy knew and thought nothing about this; but before he could explain his incompetence, Mr. Maltby was telling him about it in detail and hadn't yet finished when dinner was announced by the gong.

As Marcy had informed Jane, their guest talked about almost everything, but she was now sure that lace would not be in his repertoire. He probably knew lace by sight, but that would be all. If only she had found some guns or hunting dogs or polo ponies!

In the dining room, their guest glanced casually over the set table and then at the sideboard, which he professed to admire; after which, on the point of sitting, he wondered if they wouldn't let him contribute a bottle of prime Scotch whisky to the repast. He was begged to do this, which gave Jane and Marcy the chance to discover that neither knew the point of his golf story nor why making a hole in one, whatever that was, should cost the maker champagne.

He returned with a bottle not entirely full, begging his hosts to try it and tell him frankly if they had ever tasted better. Marcy declined, on the ground that he had always been an abstinent person, and Jane permitted only the least bit to be poured into her glass. She declared it to be wonderful, after she had coughed and her smarting throat allowed of speech.

Mr. Maltby served himself generously, diluting his drink with water, and launched into an explanation of present-day difficulties—not to say annoyances—in keeping a gentleman's cellar properly stocked. They would hardly believe the trouble he was often put to and the outrageous prices he was forced to pay. Not that he was given to excess in drink, or liked to see it in others, but he did like a glass of wine with dinner now and then. Of course, Scotch was always to be had at a price; but bourbon—if you happened to prefer bourbon to Scotch, you were up against it. Good bourbon was seldom to be had for love or money.

While Mr. Maltby replenished his glass, Marcy found opportunity for utterance:

"But I should have thought your cellar would have been well stocked against the coming of this remarkable law. You had ample warning, surely ——"

His guest raised a hand that seemed to forbid any further development of this thought.

"That's it; that's just the point, Tedmon." He drank from his refilled glass, replaced it and prepared for extended speech, his brows arching still higher above his pale, indignant eyes. "When the law came along that was my first thought, to buy liquor enough to stock the town house and the place down the peninsula for years and years. But I had another thought. I said, 'Look here, G. T., you're a prominent and representative citizen; aren't you looked up to in the community, or at least respected? You're a member of God knows how many civic bodies guarding the city's welfare; you've even held certain positions of trust and responsibility, and will undoubtedly hold others. In short, you're a member of the so-called better classes, and if we can't look to them for law observance, where can we look? And it simply won't be fair, just because you have the means, to stock your cellar; it will be taking a nasty advantage over the people without cellars. If the workingman can't have his beer, stand by him and let your cellar go dry.' And it did go dry; the day the law went into effect it contained exactly one-half bottle of sauterne, where, if it hadn't been for the principle of the thing, I'd have had it filled to the guards. I still think I was right." Mr. Maltby glowed with conscious virtue; then the hurt look grew in his eyes as he added, "And of course, since then, I've had to pick the stuff up wherever I could."

They were able to do little more than murmur a sympathetic understanding, Mr. Maltby going quickly on to explain that he would vote for the law again tomorrow, because it was a good thing for the workingman, who, so long as Mr. Maltby could have a glass of wine with his dinner now and then, would insist upon swilling beer that wasn't good for him and took his money.

With a profound sigh, he mourned this perversity of the workingman. But he didn't regret the sacrifice he was making in the fellow's behalf. It was a better world since men of vision had been forced to pay an excessive price for stuff such as Mr Maltby now again poured into his glass. Prohibition had meant labor's salvation, even though it meant only a prohibitive price which people with the workingman's

(Continued on Page 60)

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The Better BUICK

WHEN BETTER AUTOMOBILES ARE BUILT, BUICK WILL BUILD THEM

(Continued from Page 58)

salvation at heart were generously willing to pay.

"Quite so," murmured Marcy Tedmon; adding, "Of course, I speak as a neutral to whom any sort of alcoholic stimulant has always been infelicitous in its effects."

"I'm a neutral, too—to an extent," agreed Mr. Maltby, and for a time he spoke of other things than liquor.

He was happily not one of those talkers who require almost constant signs of attention from their hearers, and Jane, during his protracted discourse, had taken advantage of this. She was idly recalling talk she had heard about the present subterranean traffic in what the workingman was better without but not people like Mr. Maltby. The picture people had said a lot about it. She recalled how one or another member of the company had been able to "get it" for sixty dollars, if you took a case. Her wandering mind came at last to the wine cellar that day she opened it for Mr. Kershaw. She heard again the lyric note in his voice as he raptly murmured, "Oh, boy! You can't buy that stuff today!"

All at once she was dazzled by a certain corollary of this impassioned tribute. To say you couldn't buy that stuff today was also to say that you could sell it at a price to make you suddenly rich!

Her heart began to quicken its beats; she stirred uneasily in her chair, glancing brightly at G. T. Maltby now, as one fascinated by his hearty and quite personal conversation. She was no longer bored, as Marcy Tedmon all too plainly was. She had forgotten her laces. Old lace was too unquestionably not the dominating hobby of this guest. With a steadily warming impatience, she waited for the meal to end, her mind racing with different manners of speech in which she would apprise Maltby of an opportunity further to protect, in his own fashion, the best interests of the workingman. The Tedmon cellar might be "about empty," but it was a large cellar.

Her chance came only after an hour in the parlor, when Mr. Maltby, seeming to have said all he had to say about almost everything, bade her good night and ascended the stairs with Marcy. She bounded up the back stairway and through the back hall to waylay Maltby at the door of his room. He came, humming a current ballad and winding the watch he had removed from his wrist.

How glad she was that she needn't propose lace to him! A mention of the world's choicest lace would surely not have brought to his pinkly florid face the look of instant grave concern that her first words about the wine cellar did.

"And I thought you might like to go down there right now," Jane added after her brief exposition,

"Of course right now! Why not right now?" he demanded. "You interest me; I needn't tell you that."

He followed her through the back hall and down the back stairs. All was turmoil in Jane's mind. Descending the stairs, she was aware of saying, "Better than lace, a lot better!"

"Better than lace?" echoed Maltby. "Well, we'll just see about that. I hope it is."

"I mean we shall have to get candles," Jane explained.

She got two from the kitchen and tried to light one, but her hands shook so that Maltby had to do it. They descended other dark stairs and stood before the old oak door. Jane recalled only then that she hadn't locked it after it was filmed as the door of Jed Spurley's strong room. She heard again Mr. Kershaw's grim admonition to the actor to hold his hands up while in the cellar. She flung back the door and Mr. Maltby preceded her over its threshold.

Jane stationed herself by the door, feeling that she had done her part. The rest would be Maltby's. Again that sourish-sweet aroma clogged her senses. Plainly, too, it enveloped Mr Maltby, who was sniffing with his head up, much as the old war horse is said to react to battle scents

He advanced into the dungeon, candle aloft, his head turning to scan the row of barrels and cases and the bottles in racks along the wall. When he had come to the end, he turned to regard Jane from beneath his newly startled brows.

"Little girl, we may have something here."

He hadn't called her little girl before. His tone was hushed, yet vibrant. Mr. Maltby, also, was excited. He placed his candle on an up-ended case and went to the four barrels side by side, slightly rolling each one to test its weight. He glanced eloquently back to Jane when he had done this, but did not speak. The moment seemed too tense for talk. He ran his eye casually over the cases, but seemed to be searching for something beyond or above them.

"Ah!" he breathed, and quickly went to take a length of thin rubber tubing from where it hung on a hook. He shook the dust from this, and placing one end in his mouth, blew vehemently through it. Again he searched for something and found a hammer with which he began to loosen the bung protruding from the upper side of a barrel. When he had this out, he tucked one end of his hose into the opening, paid out half its length and applied his lips to the other end.

When he had blown into the tube his cheeks were roundly distended, but now they became concave with an effort that held Jane fascinated; his eyebrows began to arch unbelievably, the eyes poignant with anxiety.

Then she beheld a wondrous change in the grotesquely distorted face. The wide eyes closed in ecstasy, the anxious lines relaxed to a great peace. There were two contractions of the face, as if the investigator had twice swallowed.

He took the tube from his lips, arose from his bent posture over the barrel, and beaming widely upon Jane, again breathed "Ah!" At the distance of a dozen feet, she was sensible of the breath.

Mr. Maltby stood a moment, as in some dreamy retrospect, then repeated his curious manipulations with a second barrel. Again he seemed to swallow twice, and once more he breathed "Ah!" in a hushed but potent manner.

This time he added, "Little girl, I want to tell you something." He held up a hand impressively. "Bourbon—nothing but bourbon!" He stared fondly at Jane a moment, then at the tubing, as if he liked them both.

When he rose from the third barrel and again breathed an intense "Ah!" at Jane, she became aware that, from the openings in the three barrels, and quite noticeably from Mr. Maltby himself, the cellar's aroma had been enriched almost unbearably. She stepped nearer to the door and pushed it a little open. Her guest seated himself heavily on the fourth barrel and stared again at the racks of bottles. Presently he took the candle and began a minuter survey of these, withdrawing bottles to scan their dusty labels.

"Steinberger Cabinet," she heard him say in a husky whisper, and then, at fragrant intervals, "Château Latour," or "Château Margaux," or "Sandman's Port," or "Henessey," or, perhaps, "Sherry."

Then he examined the unopened cases, sometimes turning them over to read their markings. The most of these seemed to contain gin, a word that Mr. Maltby would mutter repeatedly to himself with a chanting effect. He seemed to begin counting the bottles in the racks, but gave this up Even the unopened cases, which looked to be few enough, proved too many to count. He returned to the barrels.

"Why, here's another one!" he remarked delightedly, as if the fourth barrel had just arrived. He presently swallowed twice from this—or was it three times? But his "Ah!" had lost none of its fervor or fragrance. He then placed his tube in the first barrel and sipped from it calculatingly, as if he might have forgotten that flavor.

Finally he replaced the bungs in the four barrels, swept a last fond look around the racked walls and took up his candle. Jane now noticed that his flushed countenance was grimy with dust and cobwebs, but his look of elation was still legible. The wavering flame of the candle caused shadows to play confusingly over his face; almost it seemed that Mr. Maltby himself slightly wavered.

"Ab-so-lute-ly priceless," he began. "Little girl, I want to tell you something—you're perfectly wonderful! That's what you are, little girl, perfectly wonderful!"

He came to the door, stumbling rather awkwardly over the hammer he had used.

"Oh, my!" cried Jane. "And maybe you know someone who would buy all that stuff."

"Don't be silly," he retorted. "Know him best in the world—name of Maltby—G. T. Maltby; that's all—just Maltby." He patted her heavily on a shoulder.

"Oh, thank you, I'm sure," she returned, pushing the door wide open and stepping outside where the air was less weighty. Mr. Maltby hung back for a moment of ecstatic contemplation, passing his candle slowly before him. He murmured a word indistinctly. "I beg your pardon?" said Jane.

He parted the syllables of his word and lingered upon them with loving care.

"I said 's prishe-lesh."

"Oh," said Jane. She went ahead up the stairs, holding back her candle for Mr. Maltby, who had stumbled again, this time over a wisp of excelsior. Jane's heart was singing. "Better than lace, better than lace!" she heard herself say.

"Know 'm besh in world," declared Mr. Maltby. "Little girl, you're a perfec' marvel to me."

"Thank you, I'm sure," said Jane again, and guided him solicitously through a narrow passage to the kitchen.

When he had gone heavily upstairs, she heard his hearty laughter and his voice in vivacious talk. She thought perhaps he had awakened Marcy Tedmon, but when she followed, found that he talked to himself. She was glad she had gone, however, because he had absent-mindedly entered a room not his own and, his coat off, was surveying, in some bewilderment, a dismantled trundle-bed. She led him to the yellow room on the other side of the house, and Mr. Maltby remembered it the moment he saw his bag there. He again patted her shoulder with a heavy hand.

"You're the marvelous' little girl in the whole worl'," he told her.

She thanked him and wondered how long that fruity aroma of the wine cellar would continue to seem a presence throughout the house.

XVII

"HOW goodly is our heritage! But, my dear child, how could you ever think of anything so brilliant?" Thus an admiring but bewildered Marcy Tedmon the following day, after he had heard Jane's exciting narrative.

"It simply occurred to me," she said modestly.

Marcy regarded her with pleased awe.

"But it didn't occur to me. I'm sure it wouldn't have, even if I'd remembered that Wiley would always keep the cellar well stocked—and then, poor soul, suddenly find himself where all that stuff he used to be so fond of was nothing to him—impossible to him. You know"—Marcy assumed a confidential air—"I seem to have the type of mind that things don't occur to. I mean obvious things."

Jane explained further.

"I first thought of all that fine old lace upstairs; but after he'd talked a while, I guessed he wouldn't care so much for lace."

"He wouldn't," Marcy agreed. "That conclusion would have occurred even to me, but I'd never have thought of the other."

"It just came to me," Jane repeated. "Of course, Mr. Kershaw had already told me it was stuff you couldn't buy nowadays; and I guessed, if you couldn't buy it, that would mean you could sell it if you had it. And I knew we had it and Mr. Maltby wasn't anyone that would be crazy about lace so you see that's how it was."

"Capital!" applauded Marcy, impressed by this bit of ratiocination so apparently simple and yet, as he kept reminding her, so immeasurably beyond his own powers. Having heard but Jane's story of the previous evening, he had now to hear of the morning's interview before their guest had gone.

G. T. Maltby, it seemed, had followed Jane again to the cellar; and although now in a more dispassionate frame of mind, he had left it with his first remarkable enthusiasm. He had roughly calculated the bottles in the racks, counted the cases of liquor and estimated the contents of the four barrels. The whisky, he stated, would have shrunk at least half, in the years it had been shut away there, and it appeared to carry more than a trace of tannic acid from the containers; but he would find a way to remedy this; and anyway it would have to be cut down, because it was now of too high a proof—at least a hundred and thirty, he considered. So it was still absolutely priceless, which seemed to mean that Mr. Maltby had no intention of haggling about a price.

"And he made me lock the old door again and promise to guard the key and swear I wouldn't consider anyone else's offer until I had his," Jane concluded.

"Of course you'd promise that," suggested Marcy.

"Well, I said I wouldn't consider any other offer if he made his quick. You see, I thought he might go away and forget all about it—he's such a busy man, even if he does like a glass of wine with his dinner now and then."

"By Jove, but you are shrewd!" Marcy beamed on her.

"But he seemed awfully in earnest and said he'd lose no time. He thought the best way, the fairest to both of us, was to have all the stuff taken down to a place he has where it can be examined and counted and tested, or whatever it needs, and then he'll tell me the price. So I said, all right, if he didn't wait too long. And he said he wouldn't wait too long. He promised faithfully he wouldn't. I think the man is truthful."

"Oh, I'm sure of that," agreed Marcy. "How very extraordinary it all is!"

"But something was bound to happen," she reminded him; "so it isn't so extraordinary after all."

"Still ——" insisted Marcy, and was lost in speculation.

Nor did G. T. Maltby prove, as Jane had half feared, to be a man who would lightly make a promise, then go out into the great world and forget it. Three days later, on an afternoon when she had uneasily begun to suspect him of idle speech, he forever reassured Jane by causing to enter the Tedmon drive, and make a rumbling progress around to the side door, a mammoth moving van, its closed body elaborate with varnish and gilt lettering. On the side which she first observed was a spirited painting of a van like this, toward which careful-looking men were bearing articles of choice furniture from a charming country residence. Instantly she read an allegory into the picture. She knew what the van would carry away.

She hurried out when the huge ark halted. Its driver, who was accompanied by a competent-looking helper—neither of them being Mr. Maltby—handed her a letter which she nervously scanned. Mr. Maltby merely requested her to deliver "the goods we discussed" to the bearer, who was a responsible person. Jane saw that he did look responsible; a middle-aged man in rough garb, but with a businesslike manner. His helper was not so old; but he, too, had a businesslike manner. And of course Mr. Maltby wouldn't have intrusted so grave a mission to any but tried persons.

After only a moment's hesitation, she showed them the way to the cellar and unlocked the oaken door. Then she fetched candles and they set to work. She watched them for a time. They first brought barrels of excelsior from their van; into these they

(Continued on Page 63)

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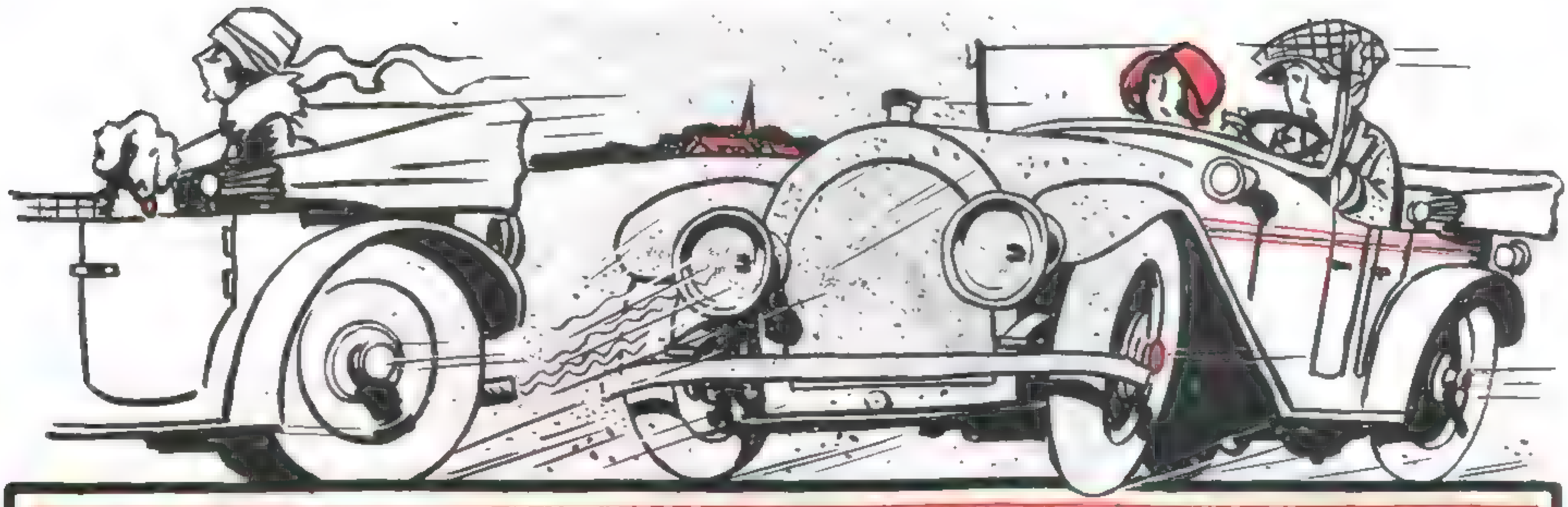

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I want to remove Traffic Film from my Duco-finished car. Please send me a pint can of Duco Polish No. 7

Enclosed find (check) (money order) for $1.

Name

Address

State

(Continued from Page 60)

packed the bottles from the racks. They were methodical and entirely without the lyric uplift which Mr. Maltby had felt here.

As she looked on from the open door, she thought back to Sarah Tedmon in the act of divesting the old house of its door knobs of silver. She was glad to remember that Seth Hacker was away this afternoon. Seth, she believed, would presently see through her, too, as a town-looking woman.

After a while she went away; but she was restless, and wandered through the house, looking into vacant rooms, sitting a moment in chairs here and there, going to a window at intervals to note that the unemotional men were still at work.

She had passed two uneasy hours in this manner when she observed the driver of the van close and lock its two great doors and mount its seat beside his helper. The impressive vehicle moved majestically around the turn and made a slow way down the drive. She ran to a front window in time to see Marcy Tedmon step wonderingly aside and survey the retreating bulk. He was still looking back at it when she came, breathless, to tell him that G. T. Maltby hadn't forgotten, and they both silently stared until the van was lost to view.

They heard its horn sound faintly then, and Jane knew that Union Hill loungers would be mildly wondering about this prodigious bird of passage from another world. None of them would suspect that it carried behind its importantly locked doors so rich a freight of dreams and all her heart. She was conscious that her breathing had become short, but she only said "Oh, Cousin Marcy!" in a quick little breath, her eyes wide with a realization that was still troubled by nameless doubts.

But Marcy was gay, even descending to a quip. Out of this limbo of forgotten spirits they were sending a precious cargo; Jane would triumphantly follow it into Beulah Land. It might have happened so long before, only things didn't occur to him. Still, he had shown a strain of the practical—hadn't he written to Maltby?

They went up the drive together. To Jane, the old house looked shabby as never before, shrinking as never before back of its unkempt garden, seeming ashamed of its tarnished, outworn foppery. She felt a pang of sympathy for it. The face in its highest gable looked so sourly hopeless, the lids drooping tiredly over dull eyes. The old house had no future in Beulah Land.

"It's farewell to Elba," Marcy reminded her as they went in. Jane thought he needn't have been quite so conscientiously historical at that moment.

"Anyway, he never went back to that hole again," she stoutly retorted. Marcy could continue, if he liked, to dwell on the hundredth day. Marcy was old.

She had Maurine Slater at work again on the morrow, more for a sane companionship that would help to keep her feet on solid ground than for the added gown—for of course, now, when G. T. Maltby had his glass of wine for dinner, she would have better gowns than even Maurine could contrive. After a wordy conference, they decided on a creation—a re-creation, rather—of black chiffon and lace over apricot satin, something more elaborate than even Maurine had yet dared. But they had magazine authority for it: "Simplicity is not dead, but simple simplicity is no longer supreme . . . a new fluttering, flowing silhouette which often slips back to the slim form when in repose."

Jane doubted if ever again she would have moments of repose. She tried to explain to Maurine:

"It's a queer thrilly something way down inside of me that stops my breath; every time I try to take a full one I can only take two or three little ones—kind of jerky. And I can't keep still; every bit of me keeps jumping."

Maurine Slater seemed to understand, but she sewed on so coolly that Jane suspected her of friendly pretense. She was certain that no one else had ever felt that odd way.

The building of the new dress helped also to bridge the time until G. T. Maltby could have been rejoiced by a sight of the laden van. Almost before Jane had begun to grow fearful and picture that unwieldy vehicle wrecked along some precipitous grade, the news came of its safe arrival.

Seth Hacker brought Jane the letter, studying the address at length, before relinquishing it, in a manner inviting any confidences she might choose to make—he didn't often bring Jane anything but circulars. He affected to believe that this was one.

"They certainly spend money on their advertisements nowadays," he made casual comment. "This one's sent first-class, and sealed to make it look like a regular letter."

"Yes, doesn't it?" she said, her eye catching an engraved "G. T. Maltby."

She carelessly took it, together with a self-confessed circular that couldn't wait to boast of its lingerie sale inside the big envelope, but had to tell on its outside in red letters of Prices Drastically Reduced. Seth Hacker merely grunted unamiably as he turned from this rebuff.

She ran with her letter to Marcy Tedmon's room, then recalled that he would be out on one of his aimless walks. But she must wait for Marcy. She wasn't equal to opening that letter by herself. She stood it against a book on his table and sat where she could look at it. But this was devastating. She took the letter and held it to the light. This wasn't informing, because the Maltby stationery was of elegantly heavy linen. Then she tried the flap of the envelope—perhaps it would come unsealed with a gentle pulling. She was afraid really to open it; but it seemed somehow that if the sealing parted she wouldn't be opening it; she could look at the first few words and reseal it.

The flap of the envelope was firm, and when she discovered this she was perversely relieved. She put the letter back. But she couldn't stay in the room after that. She was afraid to open the letter—but afraid she would. She went outside, where she could run to meet Marcy.

By the time she had talked him excitedly all the way along the drive, and hurried him breathless up the stairs, Marcy was himself none too valorous in the presence of the letter. It was too fateful a missive to be opened lightly. As Jane had done, he held it up to the unrevealing light, shook it close to his ear, bent it between his hands, then placed it carefully on edge against the book again.

"But open it!" she cried.

"It's addressed to you," he reminded her.

"But I'm afraid to."

"What nonsense! It's only a letter, isn't it? Very well, if I must."

But he was a long time finding his favorite ivory paper cutter with which to slit the envelope. Impatient with his fumbling search, Jane snatched the letter up, rudely tore open the flap and withdrew a folded sheet.

"There! Now we can read it." She could be reckless, having Marcy's purely moral support, and eagerly read over his shoulder.

The letter contained astounding information in few words. Jane had supposed there would be pages of it, remembering Mr. Maltby's discursive habit of speech. But the man became succinct when he wrote. In this communication he said what he had to say in half a page and said it admirably, leaving no point unillumined. He acknowledged the receipt of "goods delivered by you to my representative on the 14th inst." and was pleased to say that on examination they proved to be all he had hoped. He had estimated the worth of the goods at prices current, but there were peculiar reasons, as Miss Starbird would recognize, why it would be inadvisable to trust to a letter certain details that had governed this estimate. These would be more wisely disclosed at a personal interview, should Miss Starbird desire same, at which interview Mr. Maltby believed he could make plain to her that his offer of seventy-six hundred and fifty dollars for the goods would be as favorable as any she could hope to secure, even under conditions that made the present market peculiar from every point of view. Hoping to hear from Miss Starbird at her very earliest convenience, he begged to remain hers sincerely.

They stood apart, staring at each other a moment in silence.

"The chap's businesslike," said Marcy lightly.

"Seventy-six hundred and fifty dollars!" breathed Jane. "Oh, my! How—how much is that?"

"Why, it's seven thousand six hundred and fifty dollars." Marcy was sharp with this, a little scornful over his readier apprehension.

"Oh!" said Jane.

He had made it sound plainer, though she was still aware of wanting to ask how much seven thousand six hundred and fifty dollars might be. But she knew this was silly. That sum was simply a great deal of money. How absurd of Mr. Maltby to suspect her of wanting a better offer under market conditions peculiar from every point of view! This was as much money as anyone could want under any market conditions.

"Well—and there you are," said Marcy, tossing the letter aside with assumed nonchalance.

"Yes—oh, my, yes! There I am!" Jane wildly agreed.

It was on the way to her own room from Marcy's that she encountered Chong, lurking, with intention, in the hall near her door.

"Where you go all 'a time?" he demanded. He was petulant, visibly burdened with importance.

"Well, Chong?" She would listen to something he had to tell her—something he would have been saving for days, perhaps months.

"I think, Missy Jane, you very bad cook—too much not enough learn how cook."

"But you're such a good cook, Chong. I don't have to be a good cook."

He seemed not to hear this.

"Old Chong pretty old cook; pretty soon too damn old. You very bad cook; you learn how more."

"But you're not old, Chong." His frail bent frame seemed to tremble at this, but his eyes kept steadily on hers. She saw that he was, indeed, old; he was like a withered, brown leaf, that shook to any air; but he had always been old. She had, as a little girl, thought him very old. "You young China boy," she added gayly.

"Oh, so-so," he rejoined; "but pretty soon too much not young enough. You know"—he became confidential, glancing down the hallway to be sure he was not overheard—"some day I think monkey fall out of tree," he insisted, raising a wan, thin hand, looking above it to the tree's top.

"And you want to teach me how to cook more better, so I can take your place in the kitchen? Oh, you silly old Chong!"

Unaccountably to herself, she burst into shrill laughter, conquered by it, weakly surrendering. She turned away from him and into her own room, mastered by this wild laughter. Chong, with his notion of her coming days, was too funny.

"And Seth Hacker!"

She was in throes of renewed laughter. Seth hadn't been immune from age and he would be impressively telling her that she must take his place, too; be a good outside man, against the time when another monkey fell from a high tree. It was all funny, that everyone should be expecting her to stay on there, as much a prisoner as Wiley Tedmon. She stood by her window luxuriating in visions of what her future would actually be, away from this endless drudgery, out where life ran.

After a while she went slowly downstairs and through the side door, where she could see the barn and that too-familiar garden in which it seemed so many of her unthinking years had been passed—until that day when she oddly awoke in time to grasp the skirts of her flitting youth. The scene was curiously remote now, and rather pitiful, since it no longer had any power to hold her. She went down the path a little distance and turned to look up at the gable that had maliciously winked at her so many years ago. The wink was still there—with one half-drawn curtain—but now it was merely a sheepish, silly wink, an embarrassed confession of impotence; she was free of the trap. The old house, if she chose, couldn't clutch her a day longer.

On this thought she began practically to count days. She could hardly leave tomorrow, she decided. But the next day would find her ready. Not that the actual getting ready would take time; her belongings were few. But there seemed to be needed, somehow, a getting ready in her mind. That would take a day, but the whole day would be an unbroken thrill.

She went on down the path haltingly, saying to herself over and over, "Seventy-six thousand dollars!" After a bit of this she reminded herself that it wasn't exactly seventy-six thousand dollars. It was seventy-six hundred. But what difference? Either sum was so royally adequate.

She passed the barn, where kittens played about the open door, passed the wired inclosure where silly chickens seemed unaware that anything shining had happened, and came to the sty, with its two half-grown pigs. They ran to her, grunting. She laughed at their little pale eyes under white lashes and found a stick with which to reach over and scratch their backs that showed pinkly under the white bristles. They paid no attention to this, but continued to grunt urgently into the empty trough.

She glanced up and saw Seth Hacker coming with two pails of swill. He nodded to her and filled the trough. The pigs drank with a great noise, and untidily put their forefeet in the trough. Seth leaned over the sty to regard them and said they were good fleshers. Come fall, there would be something to hang up besides bone and gristle; not like last winter, when they had butchered that thin beef critter—"so goah-almighty thin I had to grease the saw when I was cutting her up. Yes, sir!"

He spoke of the smokehouse he was making ready; also of sausage. They would have real pork sausage. All the town butchers would give you was chopped scraps—of everything but pork—mixed with some kind of meal. Even a hog would know it wasn't sausage. He picked up the stick Jane had discarded and in turn scratched the backs of his charges, which seemed to grunt more unctuously.

Jane wanted to blurt out that she wouldn't be here at sausage time. But she was withheld. She studied Seth; the square solidness that used to mark him was canted and shrunken; unstable, under his own burden of time. His dream of turkeys in a multitude was still untarnished after all the years; but they had bowed his shoulders and lined his face and whitened his beard—and it was kindness not to tell him the news. Besides, even now she was loath to incur his scorn. She didn't want him to say bitterly that she was nothing but a town-looker.

Moving back toward the house together, she merely remarked, as if it were something she had almost forgotten, "I have to go to the city for a day or so pretty soon." She cleverly kept any elation from her tone; it rather indicated that she regarded going as a hardship. But the mere circumstance, thus belittled, was sensational to Seth.

"Great guns! You going to the city?" He stopped in the path to stare his incredulity.

"Some business we have to attend to with Mr. Maltby," she explained.

"Business, hey? That's certainly funny. Nobody ever said a word to me about we had business in the city. However, I guess folks know their own minds." He brooded a moment, adding grimly, "All I hope is, I hope they find out they picked the right person to settle it."

He compelled Jane to infer that he regarded the choice of herself for a probably

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"U.S." Raynsters

delicate mission as the gravest of errors, especially with other people around of proved competence in business matters. She felt apologetic when she left him at the door, but she laughed when she was alone.

In her room, she started to pack a suitcase and a hand bag; but after beginning, it occurred to her that this luxurious detail should be saved for tomorrow. She had enjoyed enough thrills for one day; she would need something like this tomorrow. It promised to be a day of barren waiting, and the packing could be made to quicken at least two of its hours.

She went to bed early, avoiding any after-dinner talk with Marcy, because, although he continued to be cordially animated by her release, she was beginning to be aware of an unreasonable little suspicion that she was deserting him. She knew Marcy didn't feel this, yet she was unable to expel it from her own mind. It persisted in lurking among her visions. But the visions themselves stayed so glamorous that she lay awake a great many hours, vainly shutting her eyes, vainly trying not to toss and turn in the tingling fever that ran through her body.

Whenever she became a little composed, the old clocks would begin to strike, still in wide disagreement, so that she had to listen to each in turn. And when the last had struck she would remember that in a few minutes the first would begin again. She strove against these interruptions a long while.

A dozen times at intervals the next day she packed her bags, then emptied them again for the thrill of repacking. And there was her room to leave in neat order. In its closet she hung the dresses she would never need again; the shapeless ones in which she had worked, the battered shoes on the floor beneath them. There were the first evening gowns Maurine Slater had made for her, the wine velvet and the canary silk, actually as unfashionable now as the older garments from which they had been converted. She smiled to recall the tremulous joy they had once given her.

And there were some of her little-girl frocks, even the plaid silk which she had worn when she came here, and two of the gingham dresses that had been let down and let down until there was but a narrow hem at the bottom. These caused her to see again that child self in her first half-frightened wonder at the old house.

On a high shelf in the closet she discovered the glossy buttoned shoes she had worn that day. She recalled how Sarah had warned her to keep them always. She had kept them; but, as she turned one about, they were now somehow quite unbelievable shoes. She put them back on the shelf, queerly picturing some other little girl coming to take her place as she had taken Sarah Tedmon's, proudly wearing the apron with pockets which she was now forever discarding.

She occupied one of her impeding half hours delightfully by doing something very important. This was to walk to the village and leave an order for the stage on a slate to which a pencil was tethered. She took pains with the message. The driver would have no excuse for misreading any word of it.

She would have preferred to supplement it with oral directions, but there was no one around to receive them.

After doubtfully relinquishing the slate pencil and leaving the office, it appallingly occurred to her that someone might go in there and carelessly blur or erase her message; so, when she stopped for the mail, she took pains to mention to the postmaster that she had left an order for the stage because she was leaving for the city tomorrow. She thought this would be enough. Her going away would surely be considered wonderful by all Union Hill, and the postmaster was known to be a master at gossip. He could be relied upon to see that this sensational news reached everyone, including the stage driver, though he heard it himself without the least sign of astonishment. But Jane knew his way. He would talk.

Among the mail he passed out to her—there was for Seth a circular advertising Sure-lay and another promising him the Secret of a Magnetic Personality—she found a letter for herself from Gus Pedfern. When she read this, walking by the roadside, she laughed again as she had laughed at old Chong the night before. Gus had bought out Sam Slater. The Slater blacksmith shop had long been a garage of sorts, but Gus was going to bring it up-to-date.

"Poor old Sam could never get up with the times," Gus wrote, "so I made him a fair offer and we put the deal through. It will be a dandy little business, what with all these new highways and cars going and coming every which way. Well, I guess you will think this is some news, and I will see you in about two weeks after I have seen about some new machinery. And I guess you know, Jane, that I am still ready whenever you are. Well, I will close now."

That was like Gus. He had never been impatient. She often thought she would have liked him better if he had been impatient. It was his calm certainty that he had only to wait that enraged her. He had never been able to understand that she wasn't waiting with him. She laughed now at the discovery ahead of him. She reflected a little maliciously that he would at last be jolted out of that almost supercilious sureness about her—just because he so well knew that she felt differently to him when he was close.

Gus' imminent consternation put an agreeable froth on her last hours in the old house.

Late that afternoon she asked Seth Hacker, as if the thought had just come to her, to be sure to tell the stage driver to stop by in the morning. He grudgingly promised this, and an hour afterward jeeringly apprised her that she had already left the order on the slate.

"There it was in your own handwriting," he complained, "so why cut into a busy man's time to put it there again?"

"I must have forgotten," she defended herself.

"I think your brain's getting plumb curdled in your old age," he retorted.

"But the stage will surely come?"

"I shouldn't be a mite surprised," he dryly answered. "It won't keel me over with astonishment if it comes."

She couldn't evade a little talk with Marcy that night, though she rather dreaded it. He seemed such a forlorn little figure to be left there while she went off into a living world. But he felt anything but forlorn. He was enjoying Jane's adventure to the full. Nor did he make any disquieting references to a hundred days or to the circumstance that a certain St. Helena had followed upon Elba and proved lasting.

"Of course you must go, child," he assured her when she let him see a little of her compunction. "It's your chance, and a prodigious chance it is. And you'd never have had it except for your own ingenuity."

"I can't pretend I don't want to go," she admitted.

They agreed that Wiley should be told merely of a trip to the city. He would scarcely be aware of it when her absence was prolonged.

And this interview kept pushing itself away till it was almost the last on Jane's list. How swiftly the smaller feet in the buttoned boots would have carried their owner to it! Life had been simpler then, when Cousin Wiley's getting back in the saddle was the only thing needed to remake the world. Wiley seemed to take much for granted; he had never been one to question; he was only solicitous about her seeing a good hairdresser and a manicurist as soon as she reached the city.

"Well-groomed woman," he was murmuring, even as she bent to kiss his cheek. "Half the battle."

Marcy recommended a hotel, gave her some bills and the address of Maltby.

"Take a cab to his office," he directed. "It's so confusing to hunt for numbers in a crowded street. But if you take a cab, the driver has to do it for you." He spoke knowingly, as a man of ripe experience.

"I must send you some of the money," Jane told him, but he quite firmly negatived this.

"Not a bit of it. What is it but a tiny fraction of what Wiley melted away of your own? And what should I do with money? All you can ever send me—a word now and then of your gay pilgrimage. I shall like that; little lights and shadows of things—yes, I shall like that."

He was wistful as he said it, and he stood in his doorway looking wistfully after her as she went.

He was still forlorn to Jane's eye, but he still jauntily didn't know it.

At 6:30 the next morning she was breakfasting in the kitchen, the finally packed bags at her feet. Chong brought her eggs from the stove to his bare table, poured coffee and gave her toast, with as little concern as on other mornings when she had risen early. He knew what the packed bags meant, the dress not customary at that hour, the hat Maurine Slater had cunningly fabricated line for line from a pictured hat; but he showed no concern.

He seemed, indeed, to be lost in a world of his own as he shuffled mechanically from stove to table.

"Why, there's the stage already!" she cried, pushing away the food she hadn't wanted.

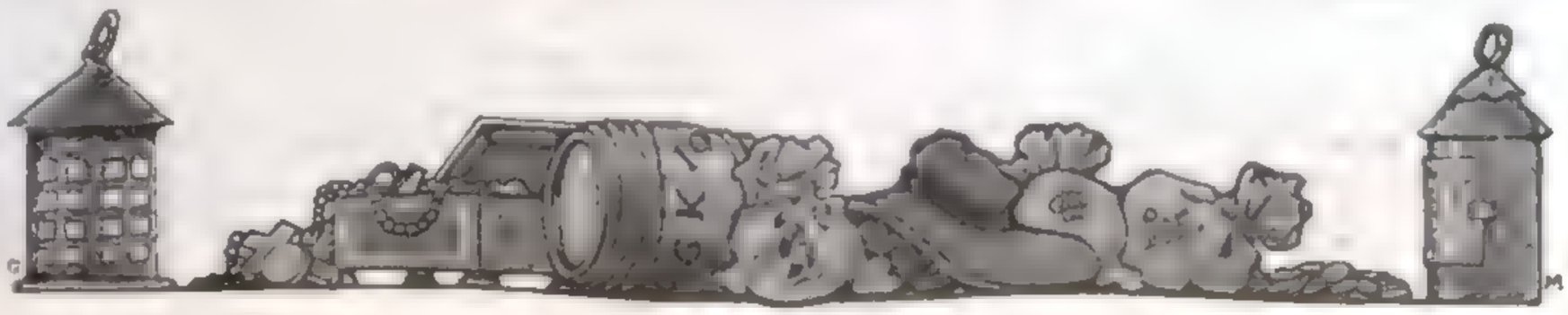
She had believed until the last that the stage wouldn't come. From the moment of her rising she had been conscious that great hands were uncannily reaching out from all directions to clutch her; fierce, imperative hands from which it seemed she could escape only by cunning. They were reaching still when she went out to the stage with her bags. Chong offered to carry these, but she felt she must do it herself. The bags were a protection against those hands. They were bigger hands, and fiercer, outside, reaching from long arms, threatening to close, but never quite touching her. She entered the stage in a panic and could manage only a nod for Seth Hacker, who was coming across from the barn, yawning.

"You better watch out for sharpers down there," he stopped to admonish her. "Carry your money in a stocking, and don't take up with any smooth strangers."

All too plainly he was still believing that the selection for this business trip had not been thoughtfully made.

She nodded again to him, not trusting speech, and shrank into her seat as the stage moved out and away from the house where hands couldn't reach.

(TO BE CONCLUDED)



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FISHER BODIES

Watch This Column

HOUSE PETERS at his best

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HOUSE PETERS

Assisting MR. PETERS is RUTH CLIFFORD. I heartily advise you to ask the Manager of your favorite theatre to get this picture.

Also tell the Manager that you would like to see *"The Phantom of the Opera"* at an early date. I believe this fantastic and magnificent spectacle, with its wonderful cast of 5,000 people, is going to make a new record for success. I judge by the demand for it and the favorable comment by the critics. LON CHANEY plays the Phantom and NORMAN KERRY and MARY PHILBIN the lovers.

"The Calgary Stampede" featuring HOOT GIBSON, is a picture of action with the Canadian classic as a background. The Stampede was held at Calgary, Canada, in July, this year, to celebrate the 50th anniversary of the creation of the Northwest Mounted Police. The entire GIBSON company, including Universal's Ranch Riders, made the trip from California to Calgary, and made the picture there.

MAY McAVOY in *"My Old Dutch"*

Pictures to look forward to: *"My Old Dutch"* with MAY McAVOY, CULLEN LANDIS and PAT O'MALLEY; *"Stella Maris"* featuring MARY PHILBIN; Samuel Hopkins Adams' *"Siege"* with VIRGINIA VALLI and EUGENE O'BRIEN; *"The Home Maker,"* featuring ALICE JOYCE and CLIVE BROOK; Rex Beach's *"The Goose Woman"* with JACK PICKFORD, LOUISE DRESSER and CONSTANCE BENNETT. Please write me your opinion of recent Universal pictures you have seen.

Carl Laemmle
President

(To be continued next week)

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UNIVERSAL PICTURES

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THE ROMANTIC 90's

Continued from Page 47

pantaloon trousers and a huge stock. His amber-colored hair, naturally straight, was not very long, and was unashamedly curled and massively modeled to his head, somewhat suggesting a wig. His large figure, with his big loose face, grossly jawed, with thick lips, suggested a sort of caricature Dionysus disguised as a rather heavy dandy of the Regency period. There was something grotesquely excessive about his whole appearance; and though he was in a way handsome, he made one think of an enormous doll, a preposterous, exaggerated puppet, such as smiles foolishly from floats at the Nice carnival. But his strong, humorous, haughty eyes, his good brow and fine nose must not be forgotten from the general effect, nor his superb and rather insolent aplomb, which early dominated his audience—and, of course, his wonderful golden voice, which he modulated with elaborate self-consciousness.

A Good Listener

Exotic as Wilde was, he was at the same time something entirely different from the dilettante, lilylike æsthete we had expected, and the great surprise about him was his impudent humor and sound common sense.

That he should talk sense at all was a complete revelation. Bunthorne, indeed, had not remotely suggested anything like this boyish fun, or such searching yet laughable social criticism and such reasonable ideas on all possible subjects. There was, too, an unquestionable fascination about the strange popinjay who said things all we youngsters had been dimly feeling, and who even won our parents into the involuntary admission that he was no fool.

It was only natural that when one of these youngsters published a volume of poems of his own he should send a copy to this friend of dreaming and rebellious youth, suddenly dropped out of the sky into that very British and humdrum Birkenhead: and that the flattering letter of acknowledgment which presently followed, in that exquisite handwriting of Wilde's which made English look beautiful as Greek, and the like of which had certainly never come through the Birkenhead mail before, should have had no little of the quality of a fairy tale. In that letter Wilde had asked me to come and take tea with him and Mrs. Wilde when next I was in London; and it was not long after my arrival there that I found myself, one spring afternoon, on my way to 16 Tite Street, Chelsea, a street that Whistler had already made famous. I remember that my first feeling at seeing Wilde again was one of boyish disappointment. He didn't seem so romantic as when I had seen him at Birkenhead. His Regency clothes had gone, and he wore a prosaic business suit of some commonplace cloth—tweeds, I almost fear. His hair, too, was short and straight, no Dionysiac curls. Also I had a queer feeling of distaste as my hand seemed literally to sink into his, which was soft and plushy. I never recall those lines in The Sphinx:

Lift up your large black satin eyes,
Which are like cushions where one sinks ——

without thinking of Wilde's hands. However, this feeling passed off, as soon as he began to talk.

One secret of the charm of Wilde's talk, apart from its wit and his beautiful voice, was the evidently sincere interest he took in his listener and what he also had to say. It is seldom that a good talker can listen, too, and for this reason even great talkers often end in being bores. Wilde was a better artist in this respect, though I am convinced that it was not merely art.

With all his egoism, he had an unselfish, sympathetic side to him which was well known to his friends, in whose affairs, particularly their artistic projects, he seemed entirely to forget his own. Even in his more elaborate flights of decorated talk he was never a monopolist. He was always ready to stop and hear someone else. He had none of that impatient patience of some talkers, who seem only waiting till one's remarks are over to resume their own eloquence, as though we had never spoken. Such conversational amenity is a rare grace. With Wilde it came easily, for one reason because of his intellectual curiosity. His interest in others was not a gossipy interest. What concerned him chiefly was their characters and minds, particularly what they were thinking, or, if they were artists, what they were doing. Naturally this made him a very agreeable companion, and for a boy from the provinces to have this sophisticated man of letters listening so respectfully to his plans for poems, and so forth, on which he immediately began to draw me out, was no little flattering. One of the first things he asked me about was my age. Twenty-three, I told him.

"Twenty-three!" he commented with a dramatic sigh. "It is a kind of genius to be twenty-three."

Who that has long since passed that inspired age will deny that this was as much a truth as a phrase—which, indeed, was usually the case with even Wilde's most frivolous phrases.

After we had talked for a while in his study we went upstairs to the drawing-room, where sat Mrs. Wilde with their two boys. Mrs. Wilde was a pretty young woman of the innocent Kate Greenaway type. They seemed very happy together, though it was impossible not to predict suffering for a woman so simple and domestic mated with a mind so searching. It was hard to see where two such different natures could find a meeting place, particularly as poor Mrs. Wilde was entirely devoid of humor and evangelically religious. So sweet and pretty and good, how came she by her outrageously intellectual husband, to whose destructive wit little was sacred and all things comedy?

Poses and Paradoxes

Wilde, like all wits, was occasionally indebted to his forerunners, though the implication of Whistler's famous "You will say it, Oscar," is, of course, absurd. Wilde was under no necessity of borrowing from Whistler or anyone else, though, like everyone, he would now and again elaborate on ideas which he had rather made his own than originated. For example, that same evening he was talking of criticism, and saying that a critic of literature should not feel bound down by his subject, but should merely use whatever author he was discussing or reviewing as a starting point for the expression of his own individuality. On which I blandly asked him if he had read Monsieur Anatole France's La Vie Littéraire. He looked at me with rather haughty surprise.

"You have read Anatole France?" he said.

Who would have expected a provincial young man from Liverpool to be so unreasonably acquainted with a certain mot about the adventures of a critic's soul among masterpieces which had then been made only a very short time? It was mean of me, I admit.

I grew to know Wilde very well, and have many memories of his charming companionship and of the generous friendship he gave me in those early days before the clouds began to settle about his life. Though there were those whom he repelled, most of his acquaintance came under the spell of his extraordinary personality.

For all his sophistication, there was in him a great simplicity. Strange as it may sound, he was an unusually natural creature, and what were regarded as affectations and eccentricities came of his being himself as few have the courage to be—"an art which Nature makes." His poses were self-dramatizations, of which he expected others to see the fun, as he invariably saw it himself. Moreover, there was reality behind them all, and it was only because his way of looking at things was so new to his day that they seemed fantastic. He employed exaggeration merely as a means of conveying his intellectual sincerity, and, as I once said, paradox with him was merely "truth standing on its head to attract attention."

Behind all his humorous fopperies there was a serious philosophy, as beneath all the surface sophistication there was the deep and simple heart of a poet. Doubtless he was weak as well as strong, and wrong as he was right; but if there was evil in him there was also a great good.

Making Bricks Without Straw

In many of his mots Wilde had a remarkable skill in making bricks without straw, or catching up any wind-blown straw for his purpose with fascinating readiness. It was that skill which gave his wit so incomparable a levity. His Intentions was published in London by Osgood, McIlvaine & Co., a new firm that made a point in all their advertisements of the fact that all their books were "published simultaneously in London and New York." That was their slogan, as the advertising men put it. Well, one morning I happened to meet Wilde in Piccadilly. After our first greetings he assumed an air of deep grief.

"Did you see in the papers this morning," he said, "that Osgood was dead?" He paused for a moment, his manner deepening in solemnity, and continued: "Poor Osgood! He is a great loss to us! However," he added, as with a consolatory cheerfulness, "I suppose they will bury him simultaneously in London and New York."

Another delightfully foolish remark I recall apropos Mr. Kipling's Captains Courageous, which, it will be recalled, is concerned with a lad's adventures among the codfishers off the Banks of Newfoundland.

"I really don't know," said Wilde, "why an author should write a book all about codfishing." Then, after a pause, in which he seemed to be thinking it over, he said, as by way of explanation, "But perhaps it is because I never eat cod"—the possibility of eating cod being too vulgar to contemplate.

Wilde once said that he gave only his talent to his writings and kept his genius for his conversation. This was quite true, but it would have been truer still if he had said that he kept his genius for his life; for his writings, the value of which is less than he thought and more than some allow, are but one illustrative part of him. They contribute to the general effect he strove to produce, the dramatization of his own personality. From the beginning to the end he was a great actor—of himself.

I have called the 1890's romantic, not merely because it was romantic to have lived in them or because they included so many romantic figures but because their representative writers and artists emphasized the modern determination to escape from the deadening thraldom of materialism and out-worn conventions, and to live life significantly, keenly and beautifully, personally and, if need be, daringly: to win from it its fullest satisfactions, its deepest and richest and most exhilarating experiences. The will to romance that—in a phrase—was the motive philosophy of the 1890's.

Editor's Note—This is the fifth and last of a series of articles by Mr. Le Gallienne.

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BUILT TO LAST A BUSINESS LIFETIME

POOR OLD MAN

(Continued from Page 31)

"What's the matter, carpenter? Can't you move that wreck?" the skipper cried, shoving desperately at the door. "My steamer is being cast away! I can feel her laboring!"

"The ship's all right," growled Chips. "Ought to have set them trys'ls before. I'll have to quit this, cap'n. They need all hands down there freein' them steers."

"Don't you leave me shut up here! That madman on the bridge will drown me!"

"You're safer 'n wot he is. The mate knows what he's doin'."

Chips was gone before the Old Man could say more. And for two hours, while the seas roared and leaped, the steamer kept her head toward them with the help of the tiny trysails and the stout-hearted seamanship of the lonely figure on the broken bridge handling the spokes of the shattered wheel.

Down on the cattle deck men toiled like heroes in the hideous maze of maddened beasts and tangled wreckage, slinging out carcasses, raising imprisoning obstacles, shoring up and securing parts of the ship's structure against further damage.

Every time a man passed the Old Man's porthole in taking along a fall or shifting a tackle, the Old Man vociferously commanded him to send somebody to move the wreck from around his door. When the boson happened along, still grinning as he chewed his quid, Captain Gunter reached out a powerful old hand and stopped him.

"Where's Mr. Tyler? Send him up here!"

"He's lending a hand 'long o' the rest, sir. Mr. Legge is the only man not at the wreckage, and he's holdin' the hellum."

"Well, you send somebody to me instantly! Send Mr. Tyler. Send anybody with sense. I'll log the lot o' ye for insubordination if I'm not out o' here in ten minutes! Yer all in conspiracy wi' the mate to ruin me wi' the owners! Away wi' ye, and do as I bid ye!"

Mr. Legge stood at the broken wheel. His sou'wester had blown off through the shattered wheelhouse windows. He sweat. His face was salt crusted and haggard. When he first took the helm he had ordered steam on the steering gear by means of the speaking tube, and it had been turned on, with much engine-room profanity at the prodigal waste of steam. Winches and steering gear using steam at sea? Damned poor seamanship, that! But the steam had come; and in the first whirling of the mutilated wheel Legge had been hurled to the deck by a blow of the broken teak rim. He had fallen upon the blue-clothed figure whose hand still held a spoke and the experience had shaken him. He yelled down the tube for the steam to be turned off, disengaged the clamping lever and thereafter steered by strength and cunning. He kept the laboring steamer to the seas, none but him knew how, but he was afraid for the remaining cattle. The ship put her bows deeply into the rolling surges, shaken to the keelson.

The boson appeared, wiping a brown streak across his humorous face.

"Old Man says we're all tryin' to bust him and you're at the head of it," he shouted. Mr. Legge's teeth clicked. He hove at the wheel. The boson grinned, adding, "Orders me to send somebody to get him out, sir. What about it? Them steers are in bad shape if we don't get the boat deck raised."

"Hold this wheel. I'll take a look myself," said the mate. "Watch yourself, boson! That ragged wheel kicks like a crippled steer."

Legge stood outside the captain's room and inspected the damage. He paid no heed to the scurrilous remarks from the porthole. Satisfied that the job of extricating the skipper was far bigger than that of releasing the animals, that the other officers were as completely imprisoned, and that none of the human prisoners was in danger so long as the steamer floated, he at last gave a scant word of respectful decision to his captain.

"It'll take an hour to release you, sir. I want every man down on the cattle deck. The ship's all right. Have you out in a twink when the cattle are secure. Any orders, sir?"

"My orders are that you get me out! Damme, I'll—I'll log ye and break ye if ye don't, Mr. Legge!"

"As soon as the cattle are secure, sir."

Relieving the boson at the wheel again, the mate sent him back to his labors.

"Tell Chips to take another look at the Old Man's door," Legge suggested. "Needn't waste any time, but we don't want to let Captain Gunter say he was kept prisoner out o' spite; not to the owners anyhow."

Chips looked. Chips went back to clearing the wreck. And through seemingly interminable hours, long after watches ought to have been changed, Legge fought with the jagged wheel and kept the steamer to the seas. A steward brought him hot tea and hard biscuit. That was his dinner. The stewards were having their troubles. A sea had smashed in the foredeck ports to the saloon and cracked a bulkhead plate. The lads were kept busy with increeping water. The boson, careful of the proprieties, told Tyler the captain had sent for him, and Tyler went to see what was wanted. It pleased him when the Old Man ordered him to take men from the other work and release him instantly. But neither boson nor carpenter would give him men. They had their orders from the chief officer, and their work was more pressing. Tyler had another pleasant moment when he had to tell Captain Gunter he could get no men.

"Mate's orders, sir," he was scrupulous to explain, and his lips drew back from his teeth at the torrent of deep-sea vituperation that answered him. He could not get into his own room for a smoke, any more than he could get the skipper out; so he went back to his job, buoyed up by the certainty that the end of the passage would see one chief mate at least fired out of a job; and that must, logically, mean promotion for juniors.

Legge peered through the driving spray mists. He felt the strained motion of the steamer, but knew that, so far as was humanly possible, the Arranmore was handled perfectly. There was no change in the barometer; night was coming on; the wind shrieked around and through the broken wheelhouse. The sounds from the cattle deck had subsided to a low organ note of beefy moans, with a rare equine squeal to break the drone of it. There were only a few horses left. So far the livestock had suffered sadly. Whatever happened thereafter, the profits of the voyage were about shot to pieces. There would be no reputations made with the Arranmore owners. And worst of all, so far as Legge was concerned, he fully believed, and was doubtless right, that the setting of a bit of canvas aft much earlier in the storm would have prevented those two or three vicious seas boarding and sweeping her. He might have felt sorry for the Old Man but for that.

"They say, Old Man, your horse is dead;
We say so, and we hope so!
They say, Old Man, your horse is dead;
Oh, po-oo-or O-old Man!"

Though he sang, Legge was not thinking of the song. Even as he droned out the dirgelike lines, his glance went toward the dead hand of the blue-clad figure at his feet, still clutching the spoke that had been the handle of its duty while it lived. Hurriedly he took an ensign from the flag locker and carefully laid it over the heap of gratings and wheel and steersman.

Just when darkness began to set in, the mate left the wheel for an instant to snatch down the old-fashioned log slate which he personally used in his own watch to record the happenings of that period. He set down the course. It was several points to the north of the proper course, the divergence made necessary in order to hold the steamer to the seas so that she took them on the bluff of the bow instead of in the waist. He set down a terse record of damages, dashing a word here, a word there during attention to the wheel. The Old Man and the other officers keeping watches had long ago discarded the slate; Legge held to it, and now was glad, because it was far handier to use while bucking that jagged wheel.

He entered the accident which swept the ship clean of sheep and imperiled half her cattle. A note was made about the imprisonment of the captain and officers. Legge put the slate pencil into his mouth and let the slate swing by the string while he brought the steamer to her course; and there arose out of the dark east the father of all seas, meeting the ship squarely on the bow. It filled the foredeck. It swept away all that part of the broken boat deck which had been laboriously raised to free the cattle below. It took with it the beasts, maimed or whole, which had just been freed. It swept men with it. The shattered bridge was shorn of another ten feet. The wheelhouse suffered, and Legge was hurled headlong across the flag he had laid down. As he picked himself up, dazed, the pencil still in his teeth and the broken string dangling, the boson staggered up the intact ladder, still grinning through a smear of red and brown, wiping his sleeve across his mouth.

"That was a hot package," he grinned. Legge groped for the slate with one hand, holding the wheel with the other. "Won't be enough beasts left to be worth savin' if we ship another like that, sir."

"How are the pens on the lee side?" Legge asked, still groping.

"All right so far. There's no shelter though. All the weather side is stove in. Couple o' men hurt. Dead cows floatin' everywhere."

"Get some sort of shelter rigged, boson. Got to save all we can."

Legge found the slate down alongside the dead hand holding the broken spoke. He picked it up, absently moistened the pencil with his tongue and entered the last catastrophe. The boson took the wheel unasked while Legge wrote. Then, while the mate sucked his pencil in thought and the boson experienced the fiendish perversity of the crippled wheel, both gazed out through the gaping front of the wheelhouse upon the gray, tumultuous seas that leaped to meet the lowering sky around the whole circle of the horizon.

There was not much in the prospect to cheer the mate. No matter how the passage ended, he stood to gain nothing. If the Arranmore got any of her live cargo home, the Old Man would get the credit. If none survived, the Old Man would lay it to the mate's door. A gang of men taken from the vital work of preserving cattle might extricate Captain Gunter and the barricaded mates in an hour. The beasts would suffer. Perhaps not one would come through alive. But at any rate, the responsibility thereafter would be upon the Old Man's shoulders. Why should a man consider Captain Gunter? That was what Legge was asking of himself as he scanned the tremendous upheaval of sea. More than one man had heard the skipper assert his conviction that Legge was seeking to ruin him with the owners; seeking to keep him prisoner while he worked his devious will on the ship. The boson, incapable of inventing such a yarn, had reported just such an assertion. Legge turned to the boson. He would give orders to put a gang to work at the Old Man's door. The boson was staring ahead. Legge, with a hand outstretched to take the helm, stared too, and into the narrow field of vision between two wrecked windows danced a sizable speck, vivid against the sky when high flung on the seas.

(Continued on Page 70)

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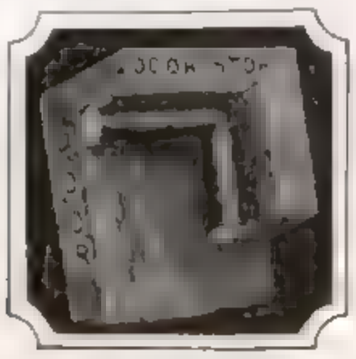

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(Continued from Page 68

"A ship, dismasted!" the boson shouted. Legge had taken up his glasses. "White-painted, white masts and yards," the boson added. His eyes needed no glasses. "Looks like one o' them Sierras, sir." Legge was peering at the two-flag hoist flying from the mizzen topmast of a three-masted, full-rigged ship; the fore and main lower masts stood, with the lower yards swinging wildly, all above gone. The mizzen, lower and topmasts stood, with their yards, and from every spar streamed ribbons of canvas.

"N. C. In distress! Need assistance!" read the mate. He looked a while longer. The derelict, if such she proved to be, lay head to sea by sheer force of wind upon the naked mizzenmast, a full topmast loftier than the main or fore. "Lot o' people on her poop. Looks like one's got a skirt on too."

Dropping the glasses to the strap about his neck, the mate took the helm.

"Can't do nothin' in this sea. Got troubles of our own," the boson muttered a bit wistfully, casting a last glance toward the sailing ship as he turned to put the crew to work again making shelter for the surviving cattle. "Shall I ask Mr. Tyler to try to dig the Old Man out, sir? Can spare a few hands now."

Legge had spun the wheel. The Arranmore sheered a point aside from her course as if to pass clear of the pitiful ship with its pleading two-flag signal. His salt-stung eyes were puckered; his haggard face looked gray in the fading light.

"Leave the Old Man alone. Any man who'll talk about his chief officer like he's done is likely to see ruin in that ship ahead. We'll do without him. Can't spare hands anyhow. Send Mr. Tyler to me, boson; then you leave Chips with half the hands to secure the cattle deck and take the rest of the men aft. I'm going to take those people off that ship, whatever we may have to do with the ship itself."

"Boats, sir?" asked the boson briskly, already at the ladder head, snatching a huge quid of tobacco from a fresh plug. His brown, smeared, humorous face was suddenly all alight.

"No; not boatmen enough. Get gear ready to rig up a breeches buoy from our jiggermast to her fore lowermast. And rouse out a hawser for towing. We can tow her that long anyhow. Send Mr. Tyler up right away. I want him to signal that ship."

Mr. Tyler came. He was ragged, wet, wholly miserable. He had worked. Oh, yes. Down there in the mad frenzy of wreck and drowning beasts every man had worked. But the bridge looked good to Mr. Tyler; even the poor shattered remnant of it. His teeth gleamed in a grin as he joined the mate.

"Get out the flags. Signal that ship to stand by for our line as we steam past," Legge jerked out rapidly.

Tyler looked, saw for the first time the distressed ship, and his face turned chalk-white.

"You can't handle this steamer that close. You'll smash us both!" he stuttered.

"Make up the signal! Tell him we'll not abandon him! Get a move on!"

Tyler took another look, then dropped the flag he had taken from the locker and ran from the bridge. Legge gauged the distance between the vessels, doubting visibility in the deepening darkness unless the signal were made immediately; then he took his whistle and blew the piercing summons that would bring a quartermaster running. Not waiting longer, he stepped to the outside bridge and began waving his arms in the flag-wag code toward the wreck, hoping that somebody would be able to see and understand.

The steamer rolled sickeningly. The ship performed antics that took away the breath even of anyone looking on. Legge had keen vision; but the ships were very close before he detected an answering wave to his signal. But once established, communication was swift and certain.

"I'll take your people off in a breeches buoy forward, and hold you in tow meanwhile," he signaled; and a weak and watery yell went up across the sea in gratitude. A sailor appeared on the bridge in reply to the whistle, and to him Legge gave the necessary orders to carry aft so that when the steamer foamed past to windward of the ship no time might be lost in getting a line across.

"Where's Mr. Tyler?" he snapped.

"He took three hands to help the captain out, sir," the man replied, and ran aft with his orders.

There was just enough light left to see that somebody was getting a flare ready on the ship. Legge seized the fire ax in the wheelhouse and smashed away all the remaining woodwork between him and the side the ship was on. He could see a man, perhaps the master, leaning out over the near rail as if in alarm at the dangerous course the steamer was taking. But there was no time for sending assurance. Legge snatched time to wigwag a curt "Stand by!" Then the Arranmore roared past the ship's stern and her bow wave leaped high over the poop as the ship rolled down to meet it. There was a terrifying sensation of the two vessels being dragged together. Legge felt a dry lump rise in his throat. Men on the ship screamed warning. Somewhere abaft the bridge a hollow crash sounded. There arose another yell. Somebody shouted something about the funnel. Stubbornly the mate held on his way. He knew the ships touched once—barely touched; but the shudder of it went through the old Arranmore. The frantic profanity of Captain Gunter issued from his porthole and reached the bridge.

But another yell went up. The steamer was clear. Six men ran along the ship's clear decks, carrying the heaving line which the boson had shot across, taking it to the forecastle, where they could handle the heavier line. Then Legge left the wheel long enough to telegraph to the engine room to slow down the engines. He snatched time to look aft. The mizzen-topsail yard of the ship stuck through the Arranmore's funnel like a javelin through a tree trunk. Braces and fathoms of running gear trailed from it ludicrously. But men were hauling a line in over the ship's forecastle head; men at the Arranmore's stern toiled like fiends under the quiet efficiency of the boson, paying out line, bending on, paying out again until, with the steamer wallowing under reduced steam scarcely two lengths clear of the ship, Legge saw the heavy towline slowly snaking over the savage crests, perhaps after all to rob them of their prey.

It was dark then. Only keen sea-trained eyes could follow what was going on. Somebody lit a flare on the ship, and her people stood out black and animated in the sudden light. Legge switched on the binnacle light and the wheelhouse shaded light at the chart board. And he felt an abrupt loss of strength. He felt as if sinking. The strain had been terrific; must continue to be terrific before that ship's crew was safe. He tottered to look aft again. Lights gleamed there. He saw the first man come across on the breeches buoy. That was to test it. The woman would come next. It was all going to be well. But for what? There would be no glory for him. He had done what any sailorman would do; but he was not master of the steamer. When the master came up, if he were released in time, there would be a show-down. Legge realized at last what the term "eternal mate" meant. It meant a man doomed never to rise to command; to spend his days a good chief mate without hope. Oh, well:

"When he's dead we'll bury him deep,
They say so, and hope so.
When he's dead we'll bury him deep,
Oh, po-oo-oor O-old Man!"

Somebody had come onto the bridge. Legge sensed it. He did not look up. He needed all his faculties to handle the steamer; a touch ahead, a momentary stop, a bit ahead again to keep the strain on the towline even. But by the heavy breathing and the staccato snort now and then he knew it was the Old Man. Tyler slid into view too, grinning. They just had to come up when he sang that verse. Had Captain Gunter not appeared, Legge might not have been conscious he was singing. But the Old Man was speaking. He was peering around at the shattered bridge, the broken wheel, the pitiful blue-clad figure under the flag, with the spoke still gripped in the dead hand. What was said at the moment mattered little. The reeling steamer groaned and shivered under the burden she dragged. Captain Gunter shoved Tyler aside to look aft, where bundles swinging along the spidery line grew into human beings; where, under a flare still farther away in the night, rolled and pitched a fine ship broken by the sea, doomed along with her people but for the Arranmore and a stubborn chief mate.

"I see ye have managed to lose a part o' my steamer, Mr. Legge," the Old Man said grimly.

"It was before I set the trys'ls," answered Legge without resentment.

"Mr. Tyler tells me ye have lost most o' the cattle. Why did ye not let me out sooner?"

The Old Man stood where he could look aft all the time. He saw the shadowy shape of the topsail yard and its gear sticking into the funnel, and his grim old mouth twisted queerly. Who knows what may have been in his canny mind then? He was a good old sailorman at bottom; he had a reputation for shrewdness and regard for the bawbees. Something was working behind his dour exterior. His cattle were lost. But here was a shipwrecked crew being saved by his steamer; and if the steamer could hang on to a towline to take off the people, why might she not hang on a bit longer until the weather moderated? There was much soothing influence in a bit of salvage when an old ship master had suffered a bad voyage. But Legge answered his last query shortly:

"It was none of my orders you were released. I needed all hands to secure the cattle and pass those lines. Tyler went against my orders, wasting time on your door, sir. There were more important things doing."

Tyler grinned at that. Now Legge was going to hear something. Captain Gunter peered and poked around. He muttered, and to Tyler's astonished ears the mutterings sounded very like "I dunno how any one man could ha' done it! Any man! Any man at all!"

Legge went on handling his ship. It was hard to stand on the staggering bridge. He was beyond caring what the Old Man said.

"Mr. Legge"—the mate started at the Old Man's tone—"d'ye think if we set yonder fore and main trys'ls, and mebbe a bit o' forestays'l, it might ease her a bit more?"

Tyler gaped. Mr. Legge darted a look at the skipper that was more than half suspicion. But the Old Man reached out, taking the wheel.

"Take men as they can be spared and set that canvas, Mr. Legge. And ye can stand by to go aboard the tow as soon as her people are all off and carry her into port, if so be we're that lucky. Mr. Tyler, I'll have ye stand by the telegraph here. Ye went against the mate's orders, and mebbe lost many a beast for me. Ye're not to be trusted. Away wi' ye, Mr. Legge. Take yer own men when ye go aboard the tow."

Legge went down the ladder half dazed. But habit was strong.

"If he's not dead we'll ride him again,
We say so, and we hope so!
If he's not dead we'll ride him again ——"

Tyler, standing with his cold hand on the telegraph handle, scarcely yet realizing that Legge was going to the job where the salvage was fattest, was stupefied to hear behind him, in the skipper's queer, rusty old growl, the last line:

"Oh, po-oo-oor O-old Man!"

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THE CASE FOR FRANCE

(Continued from Page 40)

necessary to consider the total of national income. In 1913 the French national income, in round figures, was 36 billion prewar gold francs. That same year the tax proceeds totaled 10 per cent of the national income—not including local taxes, which brought it up to 14 per cent. In England the tax burden then stood at 7 per cent and in the United States 6 per cent, both percentages including the local taxes. This is one reason why France has had difficulty to increase taxation in the same courageous proportion as in these countries.

It is doubtful that the present national income of France, expressed in gold francs, is equal to the prewar figure. The net income of farming, estimated in gold, has decreased by 30 per cent, despite the fact that farm products sell at the same gold price as before the war, the decrease therefore being due to cost of labor, fertilizers, taxes. The net income derived from industry has also been substantially reduced owing to the increase in salaries—12 per cent of the prewar level—and to the lower efficiency of the workers.

The income from marketable securities has decreased, in spite of the increased volume of these securities. The revenue from foreign securities is estimated at 2500 million paper francs in 1924 as compared with 2300 million gold francs in 1913—a decrease therefore of more than 70 per cent.

As to French securities, the net aggregate income has been cut by about 20 per cent, in spite of the creation of the huge volume of government securities and of higher interest rates.

As a whole, and although only an approximation can be given, it would appear that the aggregate income of France, expressed in gold francs, has been reduced.

The return of Alsace-Lorraine has, to a certain extent, offset this loss, but not fully. It seems that the present aggregate national income may be figured at about 100 to 110 billion paper francs per annum, which corresponds to about 25 billion gold francs, and thus the present percentage of taxation appears to be approximately 25 per cent—not including local taxes. The 29 billion francs paid in taxes during 1924 divided among the less than 40,000,000 inhabitants, makes the average tax upon every man, woman and child about $35, which is equally proportionate to the per capita tax in the United States. Owing to the fact that the purchasing power of the franc in France is greater than its actual gold value, it would be fairer to estimate this average at $50 per person. Caillaux, therefore, assumes that at the present time to say that France is negligent is unfair.

French Military Costs

Another point upon which France has been assailed abroad is the item of her army and navy expenses. To this, the Caillaux figures reply that the military and naval budget, figuring on a gold basis, is less than before the war and is but two-thirds that of England and only one-third that of America today.

The present year's budget shows plainly that 56 per cent of the total expenses went into charges upon the public debt, while only 14 per cent went to the upkeep of the army and navy.

Inasmuch as the bulk of these charges upon the public debt is due to the war, the budget receipt estimates point out rather dramatically that while nearly 78 per cent comes from taxation only 3 per cent is derived from reparation payments under the Dawes Plan—which was to make it possible for France to live again in peaceful commercial accord with her powerful neighbor across the Rhine.

The exact figures on military expenditures for 1925 are $225,000,000 as against $283,000,000 in 1913. In the matter of comparison favorable to France, the military expenditures of Great Britain for the fiscal year 1925–1926 are $583,000,000, while those of the United States for 1925 are $675,000,000.

The French taxpayer has two kinds of income tax—first, the so-called classified income tax, which corresponds to the Federal normal tax, and second, the general income tax, corresponding to the American surtax.

The first tax is levied on income and practically all kinds of sources, the rate in each class being a fixed percentage of the net income, and both corporations and individuals being subject to the tax.

Recovering From the War

In the second category, or general income tax, individuals only are subject. The rates here run from 2½ per cent on incomes between 7000 and 20,000 francs, up to 60 per cent upon the excess of the income above 550,000 francs, or $27,000. Deductions are allowed for married persons and for each dependent. In cases of unmarried persons over 30 years of age, the general rate is now increased by 25 per cent, and in order also to bolster the falling birth rate, married persons who have been wedded two years and are without children now face a general tax increase of 10 per cent.

It was quite well understood by the French delegation prior to its departure for Washington that a vital point in the discussions would be the subject of the French foreign trade balance and how that increasing sum can best be employed. Many French industries have made striking progress since the war. Take coal, for instance. The production of the devastated mines is now above the 1913 level, while in January, 1919, it was reduced to one thousandth of the prewar figure. The destroyed and flooded mines therefore have been restored to full vigor in six years, whereas the mining experts at the time of the Armistice estimated it would take twelve years.

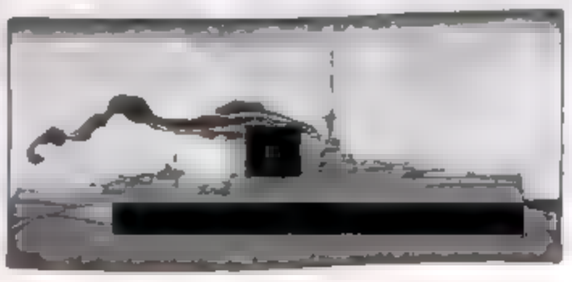
In order to reduce imports of coal and coke, France has remarkably developed her natural resources of hydroelectric power. Before the war plants of a general capacity of only 500,000 horse power were in operation. Now she has plants with 1,500,000 horse power, which means a reduction of ten million tons in her annual coal requirements.

Here she still has great possibilities, in as much as only one-fifth of her water-power energy has been utilized.

Since the return of Lorraine, France has become the second world's producer of iron ore. The rapid recovery of all French industry from the effects of war is most clearly demonstrated by the production figures of iron and steel. The great plants of the east and north, which, in most instances, were entirely destroyed, are now almost all rebuilt. The combined production of France and Lorraine is now 85 per cent of the prewar figure, in spite of the hardship caused by the eight-hour day, which her greatest competitor, Germany, does not observe.

The textile industry, which is of foremost importance for France, has also remarkably recovered from the war's effects. The destroyed spindles and looms of the north district have been wholly replaced and production again equals the best prewar years. However, this industry is endangered by high protective tariffs in other countries.

The return of Alsace gave France one of the world's richest potash deposits. Since becoming French the production of the Alsatian beds has quadrupled and the output of pure potash has trebled. Also France is one of the world's largest producers of aluminum ore and the output is constantly increasing.



France's balance of trade was slightly unfavorable before the war, but the deficit was more than offset by expenses of tourists in France and the income from investments. During the war the deficit became huge, reaching 24 billion francs in 1919. But since then there has been steady improvement, and in 1924, the second time only in fifty years, the balance was favorable to France. The increase is steadily mounting and naturally the question is asked in Washington whether Frenchmen will export their balances abroad, after the German fashion, or liquidate the debt to the United States with suitable interest?

When the Armistice was signed the total devastated area of France was 12,767 square miles, of which 7267 square miles had been under cultivation. Out of a population of 4,600,000 in 1913, more than 2,600,000 had fled, and 742,000 buildings of all kinds had been destroyed.

At the beginning of the present year the reconstructed area reached 11,983 square miles, out of which 6907 square miles were under cultivation. The census of the population reached 4,278,000 and 605,989 buildings had been reconstructed. The general railway system of the district is rebuilt, there now being 42,360 kilometers of road out of 53,976 that were destroyed. The waterways are again what they were in 1913, and one-half of the pre-war livestock has been reconstituted.

The expense for rebuilding private property has been 60 billion francs, the rebuilding of public works 13 billion francs, and damages to persons 36 billions. The burden of compound interest amounts to 19 billions. Thus the total reconstruction work has required 128 billion francs. It is estimated that 20 billions additional are necessary definitely to complete the restoration of the devastated areas.

Caillaux's Influence

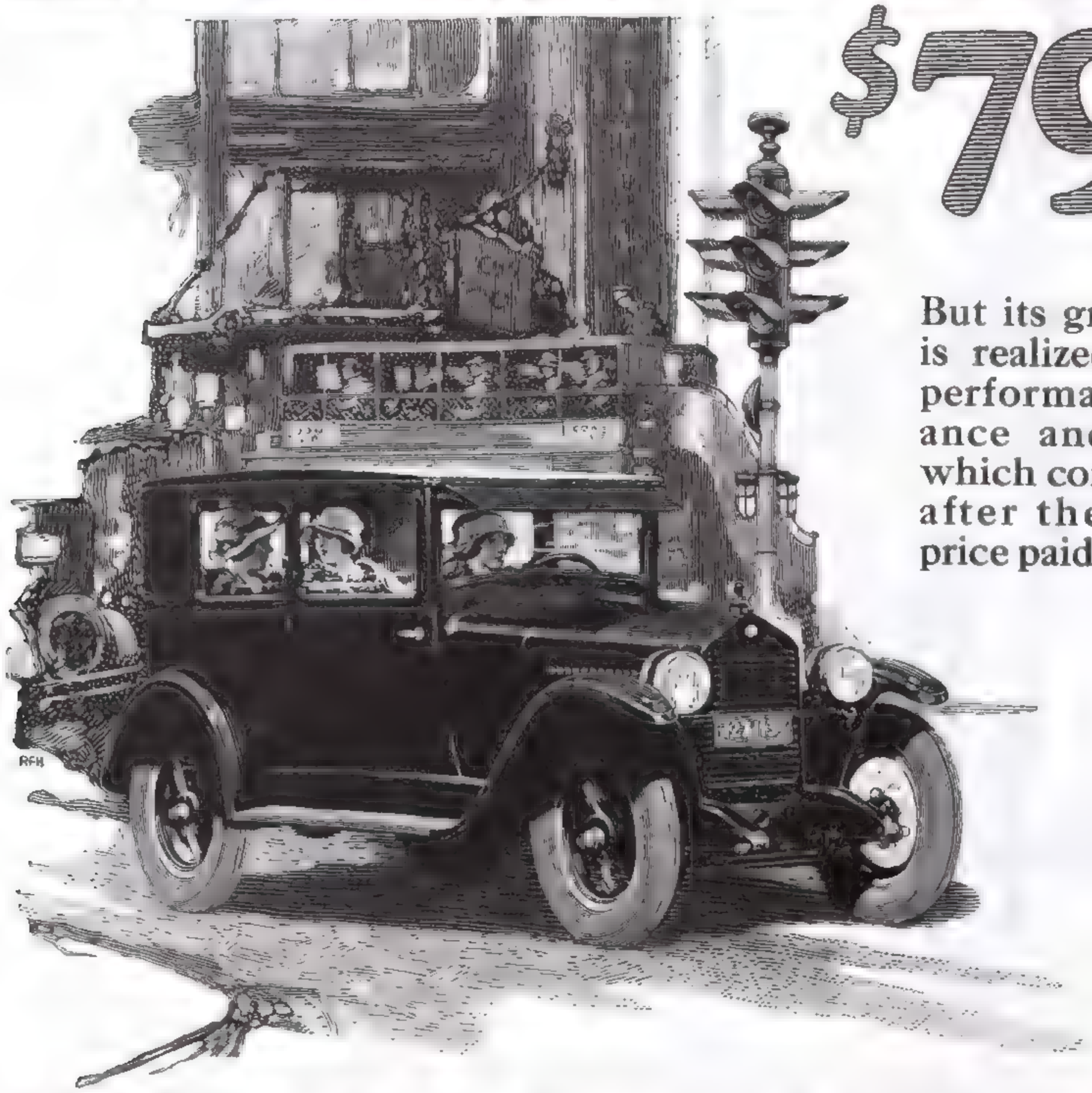
A year ago there was a definite feeling that while the debt could not properly be repudiated, it actually would never be paid. Such feeling gave rise to the suspicion that the suggestion of settlement would be toyed with, bandied about indefinitely, without the debtor nation ever getting really down to brass tacks. There was much, indeed, to warrant this suspicion. Throughout the long postwar period, particularly during the Poincaré Ruhr-occupation régime, France harped continually on the theme that her intergovernment debt payments could only be contingent upon what she might be able to get out of Germany.

Happily—both in the interests of debt settlement, and for the continuance of cordial relations between the two republics—this feeling has changed. Since the return of Caillaux from exile to power, the prevalent opinion, reflected in governmental and financial circles, until it has begun to affect even French public opinion generally, is that France must go to her creditors with a straight settlement offer—that otherwise her credit would continue to suffer until hopelessly beyond repair.

For this change, and on account of which he should be given due credit in the United States, Caillaux is responsible. When he took office he asked for time to study his problems. Not once was he guilty of the banalities of public expression common to modern statesmen. He said nothing on the vital subject of debt settlement until he felt sure that on whatever he promised he would be able to make good.

Just as would any other patriotic Frenchman, the present Finance Minister hoped to get far more favorable terms than payment in full, and his arguments are those which he considers will prove that France has done her best to put her house in order and is doing all that she can.

ESSEX COACH $795



But its greatest value is realized in lasting performance, endurance and economy which continues long after the purchase price paid is forgotten.

World's Greatest Values

Everyone Says It—Sales Prove It

Although their amazing low prices are an undoubted attraction in making Hudson-Essex the world's largest selling "Sixes", the lasting impression of owners is the quality, brilliant performance, reliability; fine appearance and riding ease that remains when the price paid is forgotten.

Their leadership in sales gives advantages in constantly improving value to the buyer—because of volume economy in purchase of materials, manufacturing savings and low cost of distribution. And with it are basic advantages of exclusive patents that no other maker shares, and which must always command recognition of unrivalled qualities in Hudson-Essex.

HUDSON COACH

$1195

Hudson Brougham - - $1495
Hudson 7-Pass. Sedan 1695

All prices freight and tax extra

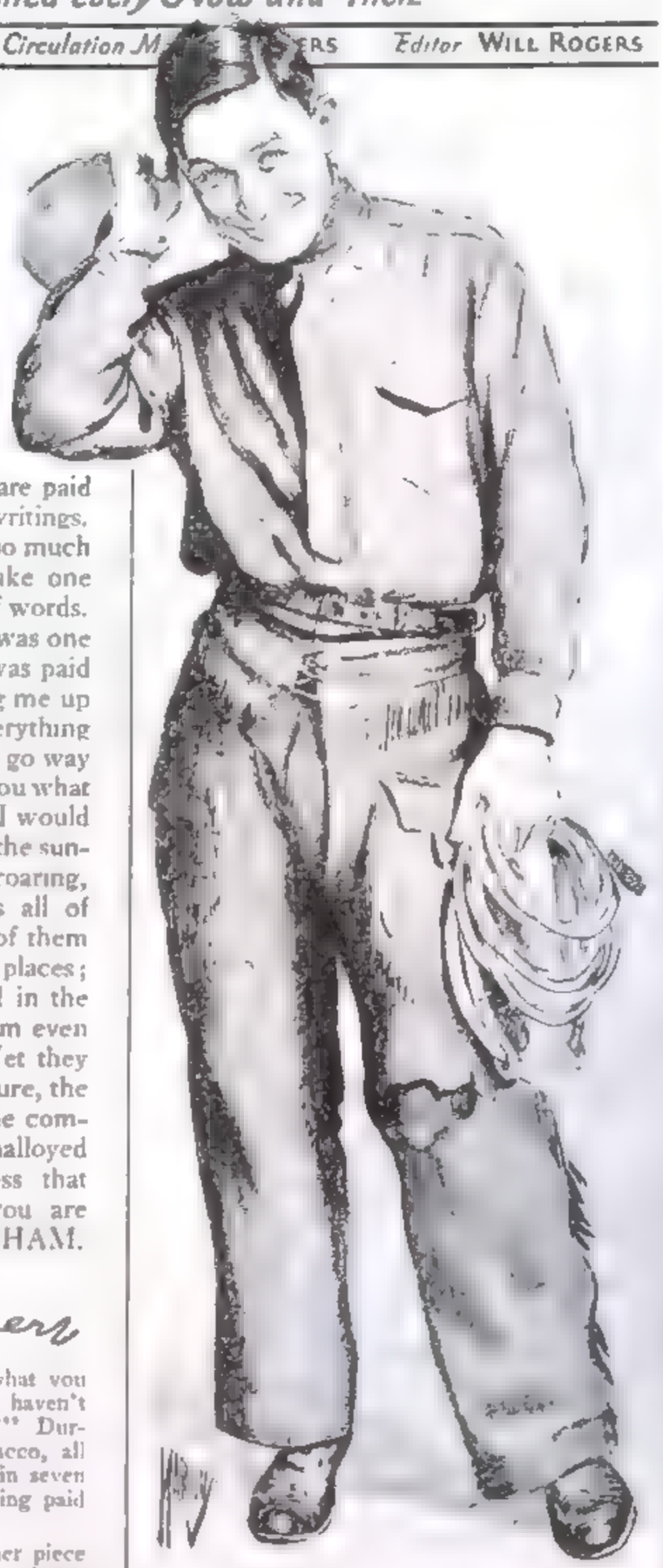
Hudson-Essex World's Largest Selling 6-Cylinder Cars

The BULL'S EYE

Published every Now and Then

Proprietor MR. ROGERS *Circulation M...* *Editor* WILL ROGERS

Another "Bull" Durham advertisement by Will Rogers, Ziegfeld Follies and screen star, and leading American humorist. More coming. Watch for them.



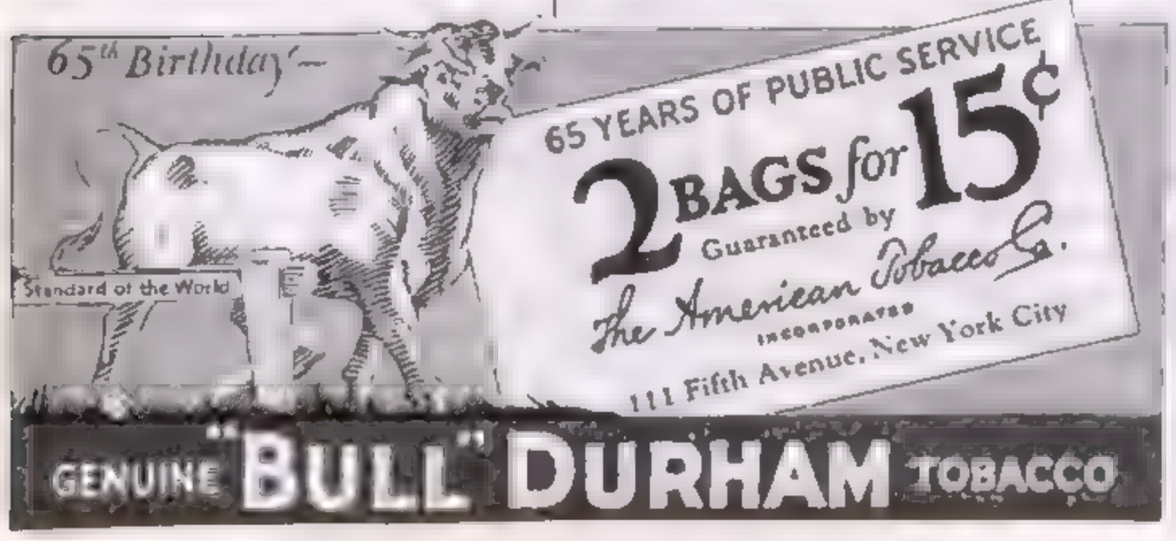
A lot of our big writers are paid so much a word for their writings. Now when you are paid so much a word you have to make one idea cover a terrible lot of words. Now just suppose that I was one of the big Authors and was paid by the word. I would dig me up a lot of adjectives and everything I would describe I would go way around. I wouldn't tell you what it was right off the reel. I would describe the weather and the sunset, and the crackling, roaring, blazing, brilliant fire, as all of them sit around. Some of them sit around in different places; some of them sit around in the same place; some of them even go so far as to stand. Yet they are all enjoying the pleasure, the delight, the fragrance, the complete satisfaction, the unalloyed happiness, the restfulness that only can come when you are smoking "BULL" DURHAM.

Will Rogers

P. S. Now you see that is what you call writing by the word. I haven't said a thing but that "Bull" Durham is the world's best tobacco, all of which I could have said in seven words, if I had not been getting paid by the word.

P. P. S. There will be another piece here two weeks from now. Look for it.

In 1860 a blend of tobacco was born—"Bull" Durham. On quality alone it has won recognition wherever tobacco is known. It still offers the public this—more flavor, more enjoyment and a lot more money left at the end of a week's smoking.



SHORT TURNS AND ENCORES

(Continued from Page 34)

JUDGE: Certainly you can skid on balloons, Mr. District Attorney. Why, I remember once, in the Berkshires it was, I was coming down a long hill ——

COUNSEL FOR THE DEFENSE: I object. Balloon tires with four-wheel brakes ——

JUROR No. 5: You guys make me sick. All you got to remember about balloons ——

COUNSEL FOR THE DEFENSE: I object. Four-wheel brakes ——

COURT STENOGRAPHER: If you inflate properly ——

JURY: Balloon tires ——

SPECTATORS: Balloon tires ——

[JUDGE *pounds with his gavel till order is restored.*

JUDGE: Order, order! Who is on trial here, the prisoner or balloon tires? Let the trial continue. But just by the way, since the subject of balloons has been brought up, I remember coming down a long hill in the Berkshires —— —*Morris Bishop.*

To a Lucy Stoner

STAY by yourself and be my love!
We will not ape the turtle dove,

And live within one tiny cot,
As is the common married lot.

Such humdrum ways we view amiss.
We seek a freer sort of bliss;

You keep your flat and I'll keep mine,
Save that together we will dine,

Say, once a week. But otherwise
Our quondam freedom we will prize.

Upon your time I'll make no claim.
You'll keep your job, your maiden name,

And folks who come around to call
Will never know we're wed at all.

Stay by yourself and be my bride,
And our expenses we'll divide,

Retaining all our love's resplendence
By Economic Independence!

And should a baby come to us
(It has been known to happen thus)

We'll shake the dice or match to see
Whether it's named for you or me.

If with this plan you coincide,
Stay by yourself and be my bride!
—*Berton Braley.*

The Latest Fall Style

1. On a Stroll, Did You Ever Observe That
2. Your Hat Did Not Conform to "THE LATEST" and
3. Having Changed, Continue With an Easier Mind
4. and Discover Another of "THE LATEST," and
5. Change Again, Proceeding More Confidently.
6. Then be Startled by "THE LATEST," Again Different, and
7. Change, Rather Out of Patience, and
8. Sighting a Haberdashery, Approach Cautiously,
9. Lose Your Control on Seeing a Fourth "LATEST"
10. and Discover Later That the Store Owner Had
11. Changed His Window Display to Conform to
12. Your Crumpled Hat?

Yes! YOU DO NEED THESE CAPS on *every* tire valve

The little Schrader Valve Cap is one of the parts essential to car operation. It keeps dust and dirt from damaging the valve inside and forms an absolutely airtight secondary seal.

Air cannot leak through the tire valve if a Schrader Valve Cap is screwed down tightly by hand on each tire valve. Because it is a separate unit to be attached by hand, you can always see that it is on tight.

Schrader Valve Caps cost only 30c for a box of five. More than 100,000 dealers throughout the world sell them.

A. SCHRADER'S SON, Inc., BROOKLYN, Chicago, Toronto, London

Schrader

Makers of Pneumatic Valves Since 1844

TIRE VALVES — TIRE GAUGES

THE NEW IMMIGRATION

(Continued from Page 48)

be so much of a shock as to cause entire nations to lose their faith in other carefully nurtured beliefs, such as the belief that people can't get drunk on beer or that farmers deserve more sympathy than doctors, manufacturers or engineers.

The records of the Commissioner General of Immigration apparently fail to include the many European idealists who are rushing, and attempting to rush, to America in ever-increasing numbers for the purpose of exciting American sympathy—which in some quarters is as easily excited as a ruby-throated humming bird—in behalf of those eminent Europeans who have been edged out of good jobs and want them back again, or who have acquired good jobs and are afraid of losing them.

If a more or less eminent European is able to procure the assistance of socially prominent America, he can dispense with the lecture platform, spread his message abroad in the land and still go home with a pleasantly bulging wad pinned to his undergarments. This is due to the fact that any American who is surrounded by the romantic aura of a European celebrity or semicelebrity considers it his sacred duty to provide him with an audience and to pass him on to a socially prominent brother or sister in an adjacent city who will suffer from the same pangs of hospitality conscience.

Thus America is spotted with Europeans who are working industriously to further the sale of a European hair remover, to get support for an independent state somewhere in Central Europe, to prove that Admiral Horthy is a bum, to get backing for an imitation-ruby mine in Bessarabia, to prove that Admiral Horthy is a human angel, to get the ban partially lifted on Italian immigrants, to demonstrate that the Labor Ministry in France will result in putting up the price of hair nets, to procure a loan for a Bavarian sausage factory, to raise money to supply Polish workmen with tobacco containing no shredded automobile tires, to prove that America will disintegrate within fifty years if the immigration law is not amended so that it won't apply to Greece, Poland, Czecho-Slovakia and Armenia, and so on and so forth.

The manager of one of the several excellent lecture bureaus in New York stated that, in addition to the large number of European lecturers that he sends out on tour, applications from would-be lecturers, inflamed by the reports of the large monetary killings made in America by their uncommercial compatriots, pour in to him from Europe at the rate of two a day.

Eager Message Bearers

Most of these eager applicants write from their romantic and uncommercial Old World surroundings that their attention has been called to the fact that Professor Kniff or Doctor Billig or the Honorable A. S. Himmelfarb draws down the sum of $250 a night in America for a lecture on the Family Life of the Ectoplasm from the Cradle to the Grave, or the Economic Importance of the Pig Bristle in the Quarternary Ice Age; that Professor Kniff or the Honorable A. S. Himmelfarb is a complete and overwhelming nonentity in his home country; and that if they can only be given a chance to expound their own heaven-sent theories, beliefs and discoveries to the people of America, they will make Messrs. Kniff, Billig and Himmelfarb look like the European equivalent of thirty cents.

Many of them explain that though they speak a little English, an interpreter might be needed in order to get the inner nuances of their thoughts to the audiences; but that the audiences will gladly put up with the use of an interpreter because of the excessive importance of their messages. Some of them even go so far as to offer to take a few English lessons in order that their messages may be inserted directly into the heads of their American audiences; but the majority of the message bearers are most seriously concerned with getting as much as possible for the smallest outlay of time and energy.

Since it is a common belief in Europe that Americans are primarily money chasers, with a peculiar passion for looking at and listening to Europeans, there also exists among an unpleasantly large proportion of European lecturers the belief that Americans will be content to hear a lecture which consists of reciting the alphabet backward for an hour or so, or of something equally stimulating. One celebrated European demanded and received a very stiff price for a series of lectures, and then delivered the lectures to his American audiences in a foreign language. Needless to say, his hearers got about as much out of his remarks as they would from hearing an Eskimo deliver a lecture in his native tongue on Seven Ways to Prepare Seal Blubber.

The Legion of Lecturers

Another case that still causes lecture managers to breathe heavily was that of the European who demanded—and received—a $25,000 guaranty for an American lecture tour of eight weeks' duration. In return she refused to guarantee anything, stating that if she were so inclined she would deliver her lectures sitting down.

During the past two years there has been a heavy falling off in the number of European authors who wish to separate the American public from as many of its well chased dollars as possible by the lecture-platform method, largely due to the persistent warnings issued to foreign authors by the always welcome conscientious British author-lecturers like Ian Hay, who rudely tells a certain type of authors not to come over to America and make asses of themselves, as some of them have been guilty of doing in recent years.

These warnings have been heeded, and the strictly up-to-the-minute foreign author ignores the lecture managers and makes hasty trips to America to establish more intimate relations with publishers and moving-picture producers, and to persuade these gentlemen to attach their signatures to contracts at increased rates.

The decrease in the numbers of author-lecturers, however, is offset by the increase in the number of college-professor lecturers.

Although they come from the University of Dorpat, the Odessa Aeronautical Institute, Horsey Rise Training College, Dewsbury Technical School, the Dutch Conservatory of Tonal Art, Ekaterinoslav University, Vladivostok Engineering School, the Volkschochschule of Leipsic, the University of Brno, and hundreds of other colleges, technical schools, high schools and grammar schools located around and between the institutions named; and although they lecture to eager Americans on nearly every subject under the sun, from Stellar Morphology to the Psychology of the Potato Beetle, there is only one professor-lecturer accepted for every hundred that apply—and, of course, it goes without saying that the keen anxiety on the part of all these European educational giants to ascend the American lecture platform is due entirely to the intense aversion to all forms of materialism, commercialism and money chasing that characterizes all residents of their native lands.

Of the many foreign invaders who have learned that American society circles are the surest supports of European idealists who need a sizable wad of American money in order to build a new wing and an up-to-date kitchen sink on the romantic old European homestead, the artists have most thoroughly mastered the noble art of capitalizing hand kissing and the soft-nosed or dumdum compliment that spreads all over everything when it strikes.

It might be casually remarked that foreign literary and musical circles have recently developed the bad habit of referring to themselves as artists. As soon as a sincere young playwright has got a play in such shape that it can be read to his literary friends, he refers to himself as an artist.

Likewise the lady poet who wears loose green dresses and a colored sweatband around her hair, runs away with the husbands of commercially minded persons and writes poetry that can easily be understood after she has explained it, invariably classifies herself as an artist, never as a poet.

The singer who can accurately hit the high note in every Italian opera three times out of five will never admit to being a singer; he is an artist.

"We artists," say these persons in a superior manner, when speaking of their soul agonies to crass outsiders—"we artists must have our breakfast in bed and cannot be hampered by the ordinary confining usages of society."

What they mean is that they have sensitive souls that revolt at inartistic sights, sounds and smells not originated by themselves, and that they want to be able to have anything they want without having their feelings lacerated by a nasty insensitive person who wants them to pay for it.

What they have succeeded in doing is to get everybody all mixed up.

One knows when he meets an artist nowadays, because the artist usually blows about being an artist once every fifteen minutes, like a Yellowstone Park geyser; but what one cannot tell is whether the artist is a free-verse artist or a chorus-girl artist or a short-story artist or a tenor artist or a soprano artist or a landscape artist.

It is like meeting an admiral in Washington and not knowing whether he is a land admiral or a medical admiral or a financial admiral or an air admiral or an engineering admiral or a sea admiral. For the purposes of this narrative, no writers of free verse or singers of Senegambian spirituels or other nonworkers in colors or oils will be admitted to artistic standing: and all mention of artists will refer exclusively to persons who transfer paint to a canvas with their fingers, a brush or a knife in order to depict persons or landscapes, or compositions supposed to represent persons or landscapes.

Mostly Second-Raters

There is no way of discovering how many European artists are engaged in wrenching a comfortable living from commercial and inartistic America at the present time. The figures of the Commissioner General of Immigration fail to reveal the true state of affairs, because many European artists who have come to America in the past ten years to pry as much currency as possible out of the country have found the prying so delightfully easy and so soothing to their artistic temperaments that they have carelessly neglected to return to their native lands, where the prying requires infinite pains and exertion.

Neither do the figures of the Commissioner General of Immigration reveal the sad fact that even the very best of the foreign artists who are pouring over to America in such large numbers are often second-raters whose work is greatly inferior to the work of the best American artists, but whose romantic aura is so dazzling to American eyes that they procure commissions at fabulous figures to paint American sitters who cannot be bothered with more skillful, but less romantic American artists who live in Chicago or Minneapolis or Brooklyn, are known to eat baked beans on Saturday nights and are not so good at hand kissing.

There are plenty of first-raters in Europe—Orpen, Bourdelle, Furain, Derain, Picasso, Maillot—but these and men like them do not often come to America to paint, for the excellent reason that they have all the work that they can do at home, and are highly paid.

One of the primary essentials for a European artist who wishes to make a handsome clean-up in America something that will permit him to go back to the Riviera and spend the rest of his life letting his beard grow, eating little raw fish and walking around in his stocking feet—is social recognition and a press agent.

The price of a proper press-agenting for a newly arrived foreign artist runs between $1200 and $2000, including the writing of a catalogue of the artist's paintings. If the artist is sufficiently fortunate to have made the acquaintance of a romantically inclined member of one of New York's fifty-seven prominent social circles, the press agent sees that the member stages a select dinner for her romantic friend and due notice is taken of the fact by the New York papers.

Deluged With Dinners

If the artist gets off to a flat-footed start, so to speak, and has no prominent New York friends eagerly waiting to have their hands kissed, a press agent can arrange matters so that a socially prominent lady takes an interest in him and invites him to dinner. Such things are very easy to arrange in New York because of the double lure of getting first whack at a romantic European and seeing one's name in the paper. There is still so much interest in the latter sport among certain types of prominent New Yorkers that some of them would almost be willing to take a ten-day jail sentence if they could receive favorable mention in the public prints by so doing. The only thing that prevents them is the fact that a ten-day jail sentence would probably be accompanied by unfavorable mention.

Once a European artist has attended a select New York dinner and secured mention in the society columns, he must be stupider than a giant anteater if he isn't immediately deluged by dinner invitations from other wealthy persons who are seeking social advancement, publicity, or both. He must also be a painfully slow worker, if at each dinner of this sort he is unable to shake a wicked European tongue in the direction of a susceptible and wealthy lady or a millionaire patron of the arts with such deadly effect that he would have to prod them with a salad fork to prevent them from forcing a commission on him.

"Apparently," said one of the best-known American artists, "the romantic atmosphere that surrounds a European artist is apt to numb the judgment and business sense of American picture buyers. They are determined to buy only the work of foreign artists, and particularly of those living artists whose work is sufficiently popular to receive columns of newspaper publicity, or dead artists like Rembrandt or Velasquez or Titian, whose work has been hall-marked with universal approval.

"If the wealthy men of bygone ages had played the same system that the wealthy American plays in his art purchases, the celebrated artists of the past would have starved to death.

"The wealthy Dutchmen bought the work of living Dutch painters; the Italians bought the work of Italian painters; the Spaniards bought the work of Spanish painters. Burgomaster Six, of Amsterdam, employed Rembrandt to paint the portraits of himself and his family; and now next to nothing is known about him except that he is the man that Rembrandt painted—a fact that will cause his name to live forever. Philip IV, of Spain, lives in the

(Continued on Page 78)

CHRYSLER FOUR

Performance and Beauty That Appeal to Those Who Know

The nation-wide popularity of this new quality Four is due to the enthusiasm of men and women who say they have never seen its equal for comfort, beauty, ease of handling and performance.

Everywhere its continuous and dependable power, its effortless, flashing pick-up, its economy and durability are a marvel even to those who have driven cars of much higher price than this splendid Chrysler.

These characteristics, so uniquely Chrysler, are the result of the application for the first time of the proved scientific engineering of its famous companion car, the Chrysler Six, to four-cylinder practice. Linked to this is a degree of manufacturing skill and accuracy found only in Chrysler products.

Women who like fine things are captivated by the Chrysler Four beauty of line and coloring, by its restful riding and handling—the result of Chrysler-designed spring suspension and pivotal steering, together with balloon tires.

They appreciate in particular the greater safety of Chrysler hydraulic four-wheel brakes, furnished on this new Four at slight extra cost for the first time on any car of like price.

They enjoy its freedom from throb and rumble in the closed models. Sense of vibration is wiped out by specially-designed insulation of the motor from the frame.

Modish Fisher Bodies, planned and built for utmost comfort and roominess, are further cause for Chrysler's wide-spread popularity with men as well as with women—a popularity for which even a Chrysler production of 800 cars a day has proved inadequate.

Test these distinctive Chrysler Four advantages yourself. Your nearest dealer will welcome the opportunity of a demonstration.

CHRYSLER SALES CORPORATION, DETROIT, MICHIGAN
CHRYSLER CORPORATION OF CANADA, LIMITED, WINDSOR, ONT.

CHRYSLER FOUR

The Touring Car	$ 895
The Club Coupe	995
The Coach	1045
The Sedan	1095

Hydraulic four-wheel brakes at slight extra cost.

CHRYSLER SIX

The Phaeton	$1395
The Coach	1445
The Roadster	1625
The Sedan	1695
The Royal Coupe	1795
The Brougham	1865
The Imperial	1995
The Crown-Imperial	2095

All prices f. o. b. Detroit, subject to current Federal excise tax.

Bodies by Fisher on all Chrysler enclosed models. All models equipped with full balloon tires.

There are Chrysler dealers and superior Chrysler service everywhere. All dealers are in position to extend the convenience of time-payments. Ask about Chrysler's attractive plan.

All Chrysler models are protected against theft by the Fedco patented car numbering system, exclusive with Chrysler, which cannot be counterfeited and cannot be altered or removed without conclusive evidence of tampering.

It Takes the Special Brighton Elastic to Produce Absolute Comfort

GARTER comfort depends upon the elastic—and Brighton elastic is built primarily for comfort. Only thin strands of long-stretch rubber are used and the rubber is specially cured to give wonderful ease to the elastic.

Woven into Brighton Wide-Webs, Brighton elastic produces a garter with practically no tension—a garter that can be worn loosely yet "stays put" on the legs. There can be no binding, no checking of circulation.

Moreover, each strand of rubber is wrapped with soft yarn to guard against the deadening effects of perspiration and thereby insure double wear. Do not confuse Brighton Wide-Webs with wide garters made of heavy flat rubber. Genuine Pioneer-Brighton Wide-Webs are made only from Brighton Comfort Elastic and come packed only in the famous orange and blue box. Insist on them at the men's wear counter.

PIONEER SUSPENDER COMPANY
Philadelphia, Pa.

For 48 Years Manufacturers of
Pioneer Suspenders Pioneer Belts
Pioneer-BRIGHTON Garters

PIONEER Brighton WIDE-WEB GARTER

(Continued from Page 75)

world's memory because Velasquez painted him.

"But many American millionaires and captains of industry will not study art—which as an investment is infinitely more profitable than stocks, bonds, mortgages or real estate—and learn the difference between good and bad. They won't even take the combined advice of artists as to what constitutes good art, and they continue to buy mediocre or bad paintings by foreign artists in preference to good paintings by American artists."

Not all wealthy Americans fall for the advertising schemes of the clever foreigners. Occasionally a foreign artist, at the instigation and with the assistance of his press agent, will secretly paint the portrait of a distinguished American for nothing, in order to get his name and picture in the papers as the painter of General Blank or Senator Dumm, and thus inflame other Americans with the desire to be painted by the painter of Senator Dumm or General Blank.

Sometimes the artist will paint portraits of several extremely prominent people—from photographs—and display them to good advantage in his studio. Those who visit him, knowing nothing about painting, feel certain that he must be good if he has painted the Duke and Duchess of Halmar and Secretary Gizzard and John Plunk; so they join the happy throng and are fortunate if they are still in possession of all their gold bridge work and inlays when the genial foreigner has finished with them.

A rich Westerner came to New York recently and decided to have his face preserved for posterity. He asked an art dealer what painter he should get, instead of taking the consensus of opinion of several established artists; and the dealer, being in somewhat the same position as a grocer who has been requested to recommend a brand of prunes, sent the Westerner to a foreign artist, from each of whose sales he drew a fat commission.

A Pessimistic Russian

In the foreigner's studio the Westerner found several portraits of prominent Americans ready to be shipped. Each portrait leaned against its packing case, and on each case was the name and address—Gov. Liddlefuss G. Lupin, State House, Massaforma; Mrs. D. Burney Rouss, Newport, Rhode Island; the Hon. the Sec. of Commissions, Washington, D. C.; and so on and so forth. It looked to the Westerner as though he had struck the right place.

He therefore opened negotiations with the foreigner, but didn't complete them at the first interview. Two weeks later he came back for a second interview, and the portraits still stood beside their packing cases, unsent.

"Bum business," thought the Westerner, and he walked out and telegraphed Gov. Liddlefuss G. Lupin to find out when his portrait had been painted. Governor Lupin replied that it hadn't been painted at all; so the Westerner broke off negotiations and went out looking for another foreign artist who would be more deft and circumspect in his methods. He unquestionably had no trouble in finding him.

A New York artist who was born in Russia, but who is eager to sever all relationships with his native land, complained bitterly of the tremendous numbers of Russian artists who are coming to America.

"They have no use for anything in America except the money of Americans," said he, "and they are quite contemptuous of those whose money they accept and all others besides. Some of their contempt is due to the fact that the Americans will pay so much money for poor paintings. It makes me quite furious for all of them to tell Americans to their faces how great and good and noble and kind and generous they are, and then go away and laugh over American gullibility. Russian artists, newly arrived in this country, come to me each month and say, 'Quick, you must introduce me to some rich Americans who will buy my paintings.' Sometimes I think that in another year or two there will be no Russian artists left anywhere in the world except in America, for all of them in every distant corner of the world have heard that Americans will buy any sort of painting, whether it is good or not. I am quite sick about it, for some day there will be anger at all artists, both good and bad, because of it, and there will be no pictures sold at all."

It is probable that this particular Russian was unduly pessimistic.

Preying on the Weak-Minded

Probably the hoarsest and most derisive laughter that ever offended human ear is emitted by American concert managers when somebody attempts to tell them that Americans are more commercial than Europeans. American singers and pianists and violinists trust to the concert manager to make out a contract that will give a square deal to all persons concerned, they say; whereas the foreign singer usually haggles over his contract for days, worries each clause in it until it is as limp as a rag, and insists on being protected by as many stipulations as there are in the Versailles Treaty.

But one and all of the thousands of musicians who desert the romantic population of Europe each year, with the possible exception of the most successful and highly paid singers and conductors and violinists and pianists, regard the open-handed hospitality of America as an evidence of dangerous weak-mindedness.

Most of these thousands make from five to fifty times as much money as they could make in Europe; but few of them are grateful for their good fortune. They accept money from their hosts, and then circulate tales of their crudities and follies behind their backs.

Rumors of such matters are rapidly disseminated in Europe, and the year 1926 is expected to find more European musicians penetrating to the nooks and corners of barbarous America than ever before.

A Jungle on Malampaya Sound, Palawan Island, P. I.

NASH

Leads the World in Motor Car Value

$2190
f. o. b. factory

The 4-Door Coupé—a Quality Car Unequaled in Its Field

A single look at this new Advanced Six model ends all argument. That's just how evident its finer quality is—and its smarter style, too.

The way it's winning buyers everywhere furnishes the final proof.

Examine the finish. Satiny smooth and deeply lustrous—positive evidence of better and more careful craftsmanship.

Check off the equipment. See how much more complete and how much more select are Nash appointments and fittings.

Take the genuine mohair upholstery for one example. It's the finest the world knows. *Looks* better. *Wears* longer. And is far superior to the material others ordinarily use.

Note closely the quality of the silver-finished hardware, deftly executed in exquisite Colonial pattern.

There's a heater, too. Then, for men, there's a handsome silver smoking set, and for the ladies a richly attractive silver vanity case.

On top of all these things you get, *at no extra cost*, 4-wheel brakes of exclusive Nash design, full balloon tires, and five disc wheels.

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Your Teeth—the daily measure of your Beauty and Health

Beautiful teeth are so important to your appearance

Pebeco restores the natural protective action of your mouth glands

Teeth that attract—anyone can have them with Pebeco

TODAY

you can insure their safety and loveliness by restoring the action of your salivary glands

TODAY you can be happy about your teeth—certain of their attractiveness—sure of their safety.

The best dental authorities now know how to cleanse and protect your teeth by nature's own method.

Your own salivary glands *should* give your teeth full protection. But modern foods do not give these glands the amount of exercise they need. Their alkaline flow, today, is not sufficient to counteract the acids that are constantly forming in your mouth from food.

Unprotected, your teeth decay. The effects of your brushing are over in a few minutes. The only way to prevent decay is to restore the normal full action of your salivary glands.

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Pebeco is a safe, neutral salivary stimulant. Its effect is accomplished by gently promoting the flow of your natural, alkaline saliva.

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Send me free your new large size sample tube of Pebeco

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Getting On in the World

Are You a "Progressive Employe"?

A MAN who finds jobs and positions for thousands of men, and who knows the trend of employment in all fields as few others know it, recently remarked to me:

"An intensive building up of both shop and office forces is the characteristic thing today. Look into this and you will find decidedly interesting developments." This shrewd observation has been more than justified.

The lengths to which industry is going in its efforts to improve the quality of its management and supervision are illustrated by the promotional plan now being followed by one of the largest manufacturing corporations in America—a plan sufficiently radical to startle many other large employers and provoke much critical comment. But, as the company which is using it declares that it is bringing unexpectedly good results, certainly it is entitled to serious consideration.

Some time ago the superintendents of the plants of this corporation—more than twenty of them—received official instructions to do a very careful job of spotting good promotional timber. The order was to report in detail upon every man regarded as qualified by education, training, practical experience, natural ability and character ultimately to fill the post of superintendent or a higher position. Only one limitation was imposed:

"Ordinarily, the reports should cover the younger group of employes to an approximate age limit of forty years, but exceptions are to be made where circumstances warrant."

These men are technically known as progressive employes. Every plant superintendent is instructed that no employe on this list is to be permitted to leave the company without being sent to the central administration offices for a talk with the chief. In other words, any man who is good enough to be placed on this progressive employes' list is liable to receive an attractive offer from the outside. If this happens he of course informs his immediate superior and the information is passed on up to the plant superintendent, who instructs the man to see the big chief.

If this man stands high in the preferred list, he is altogether likely to be told that he has been marked for preferment if he will stay with the Company. But suppose his outside offer is altogether too tempting to be pushed aside by a promise of future promotion? In that event he will probably be told substantially this:

"Very well; we will meet this outside offer from a special fund which has been set aside for that particular purpose. Your development demands that you continue where you are for the time being. Better sit tight and say nothing. Your advancement will be easier for yourself and for us if you keep this arrangement confidential."

The first dragnet put out for progressive employes brought in about one hundred and seventy-five entries—reduced to seventy-five by the process of elimination. Those who failed to make the grade were counted out on the score of lacking necessary practical experience in too many essential processes of manufacturing which they would be obliged, as plant superintendents, to supervise. Those candidates short on experience in only two or three essential processes were not eliminated, because their deficiency could be overcome by transfer to the departments where these operations would be encountered.

It is not to be inferred that the men who have achieved a place on the progressive employes' list are going to be jumped into high executive positions in a hasty or wholesale way. Far from it! Most of them are unaware that they have attracted high official attention and are wondering why they have been transferred from one unfamiliar department to another. They must make every rung of the ladder in an orderly ascent!

"Lately," declares the manufacturing chief of this big corporation, "I had the pleasure of telling a certain foreman that in about eight months he would, in all probability, find himself down on the payroll as a plant superintendent. As a result, that man is right up on his toes every minute setting his house in order, and perfecting a line of succession in the executive and supervisory positions below the one which he now holds which will give strength to his administration when he comes into it. This plan is working out in a soundly constructive way."

There are few other large manufacturing corporations which are not working out intensive promotional plans to the same end. Industry has acquired a determination to secure more intelligent management and supervision all along the line. This is good news for the go-getters. Another proof that opportunity is using searchlights to spot men for its higher places.

FORREST CRISSEY.

Money in Hellbenders

THERE are apparently more ways of earning money than are covered by correspondence schools. For instance, no one has yet told how you can give your wife an extra fifty dollars at the end of the week by digging up angleworms and catching hellbenders. But it's done to the tune of a college education and a thousand grand in the savings bank. That is, it is done by a young man in Meadville, Pennsylvania, who became interested in angleworms because he was majoring in biology. The humble *lumbricus terrestris*, useful for fishing bait and the early bird and the backyard Rhode Island Red, is used by colleges for the purpose of teaching some fundamental facts of biology. With the ground in some places full of them there has always been a dearth of supply. So the young man discovered, and so he took to gathering them.

The smaller earthworms are listed at forty cents a dozen. These go to the students for dissection in the study of comparative anatomy. The larger sizes bring even more, but they are hard to find, for they must be perfect and one hundred per cent normal. To pull them out of the ground and break their delicate intestinal tract makes them worthless for scientific purposes.

He does his collecting by night with a flashlight, and he has to do it himself because his standing offer of two dollars an hour doesn't seem to attract. Most applicants squirm more than the worms do at pulling the slippery fellows from their hiding places. If the rain does not bring worms from the ground in collectible shape, he coaxes them with the aid of a solution that he has compounded. Having sprinkled the ground with it, he waits for his crop to appear.

The preservation of this crop for the trade caused him difficulty until he had made a solution that assures their perfect delivery to educational institutions throughout the United States.

But earthworms are not all. There were the hellbenders—a small alligator that is found only in the tributaries of the Ohio River. They are amphibian and sometimes a foot and a half long. This crop is secured by wading in the streams and is sold for seven and a half dollars a dozen. In order to save the unpleasant work of hunting them the young man expects to propagate them in a pool of his own.

There you are—a demand—a young fellow willing to take a chance—ability—money in the bank. All the qualities of the true American.

UTHAI VINCENT WILCOX.

The NEW MARMON

now becomes an even Greater Automobile because of these IMPORTANT NEW DEVELOPMENTS

THE CAR *which we believe to be the most roadworthy, the easiest handling, the safest and the most dependable in all the world is now endowed with new super-performance and super-efficiency qualities which establish a new high-water mark in motor car engineering.*

In improving the performance of this majestic and luxurious automobile, Marmon engineers have at the same time found ways to lengthen its life and eliminate waste in its operation.

Conspicuous among these new developments is the Self-Lubricator. Simply by pushing a conveniently located pedal, every bearing point which requires frequent lubrication is oiled instantly and adequately. It adds to the life of the car—to the joy of motoring; it saves time, annoyance and money.

The Three-Way Oil Purifier—The *old way* to keep engine oil pure was to change it frequently. The *new way* is the *Three-Way Oil Purifier* (exclusively Marmon). *All* forms of extraneous matter, both solid and liquid, are automatically removed from the oil. Furthermore, all vapors distilled out of the oil are returned to the combustion chamber. There is not an iota of waste. It does away with annoying routine. It saves repair bills and adds to the life of the car. It is simple and foolproof. You can get it only in a Marmon.

The New Combustion System combining Double-Fire Ignition with the efficient New Marmon gas intake system in the proved Marmon valve-in-head engine gives the Greater New Marmon a new and amazing magna-power quality which is evident the first half-mile you drive the car. It is evident in smoothness of power flow, in acceleration and the quiet mastery of every difficult task.

These important new developments have been added at no increase in the price of the car.

Line of four luxurious, roomy and richly appointed Standard Closed Cars at exactly open car prices. Also Standard Seven-Passenger Sedan, only $75 more than the open car and a comprehensive selection of De Luxe Models permitting intimate expression of personal tastes

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"It's a Great Automobile"

$7 $8.50 $10 are the leading prices

A style peach
with a pear-shaped heel

ANY Walk-Over shoe will look at you with a style-smile as pretty as a peach. Take style for granted in Walk-Overs. That leaves your mind free to look for something more—that you get only in Walk-Overs. It is the *pear-shaped heel*.

That is a trick of shoe-shaping that makes shoes fit like a silk stocking. Walk-Overs cling with snug and easy comfort at heel and ankle, with foot comfort as free and untrammeled as a flapper's knees.

Slip your valuable feet into a pair of Walk-Overs. Discover that arbitrary size isn't all there is to shoe fit. A Walk-Over shoe is built to fit just one type of foot—your own.

When you step into it, feel that surging sense of comfort. Stride down the street with an easy, breezy gait that makes you feel that you are the man who discovered walking.

Walk in Walk-Overs, and you walk in style—with the personal, comfortable fit that has made Walk-Overs the largest selling trade-marked style shoes in the world.

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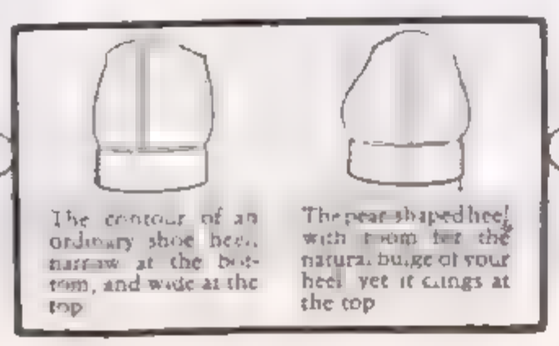
Walk-Over
SHOES *for Men and Women*


The contour of an ordinary shoe heel, narrow at the bottom, and wide at the top
The pear-shaped heel with room for the natural bulge of your heel yet it clings at the top

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ONCE A CLOWN, ALWAYS A CLOWN

(Continued from Page 21)

Although I love these operas best and made my entry onto the singing stage when they were in their first furore, I never heard nor sang in a Gilbert and Sullivan production until 1911, nearly thirty years later. I had been playing almost continuously for those three decades. Actors frequently are accused of having little or no interest in any play with which they have not been identified. The true explanation often lies in the fact that the actor has almost no opportunity of seeing other plays.

The Shuberts had revived The Mikado in 1910 with such success that they were about to try Pinafore for a short summer run when I returned to New York from a 25,000-mile tour in The Matinée Idol. They offered me the rôle of Dick Deadeye, but I was worn out and looking forward to a summer's rest. The salary offered and the promise that the run would be for four weeks only, led me to accept. Instead Pinafore ran most of the summer and all of the next season. Deadeye is the least interesting to play of all the Gilbert and Sullivan comedy rôles, but since then I have sung in all their operas save three, The Gondoliers, Princess Ida and The Grand Duke.

Gilbert and Sullivan Successes

Gilbert and Sullivan are immortal because each was a genius with an infinite appreciation of the other. W. S. Gilbert was the greatest comic poet of the language. Arthur Sullivan was an accomplished composer in any company—in his particular field, without compare—and together they rose to heights that neither could have attained singly. Here is the perfect union of sense and sound. Sullivan's music matches wit for wit, whimsey for whimsey and gibe for gibe with Gilbert's book and lyrics. Not a note but what is in harmony with the spirit of the words, not a lyric or a note but what tells the story. There is no padding, no stuffing, no irrelevancies.

Much of Gilbert's swordplay was directed at follies of the day and institutions peculiarly British. The lapse of time and the subtlety of his shafts have removed the sting and left some of his most famous lyrics merely delightful nonsense to the bulk of present-day audiences. Such auditors hearing a Gilbert and Sullivan opera for the first time, too, will recognize endless catch phrases and popular allusions, the original source of which they have not suspected—such as the Lord Chancellor's "Said I to Myself, Said I" song in Iolanthe. The man who grumbled that Shakspere's plays were nothing but a lot of quotations might have brought a similar charge against The Mikado, Pinafore and others.

There are not so many laughs in the best of plays that the cast is apt to overlook them in rehearsal, yet we continually find new ones in Gilbert. I discovered one only last season in Pinafore that I had wasted for many seasons. So is it a rare sight to see a performer laughing to himself over his own lines. Gilbert has done that to all of us.

I should have liked to know W. S. Gilbert, but I should not have cared to know him too well perhaps. All of his wit is not to be found in the operas. His friends, his neighbors and actors were victims of some of his sharpest shafts. There is the story of the rehearsal of Pinafore at which he directed Rutland Barrington, who played the captain, to sit pensively upon the skylight of the good ship. The actor sat down and the skylight collapsed beneath him.

"Pensively, Rutland, pensively—not expensively," the author chided.

It was Gilbert who when asked by Lady Tree how he had liked Sir Herbert Beerbohm Tree's first venture in Hamlet, replied, "It was funny without being vulgar, I thought." But my favorite Gilbertian anecdote is that of his rejoinder to the baronet, a partner in a house famous throughout the empire for its relishes, pickles, jams, jellies and preserves, who was a neighbor of Gilbert's in the country. The baronet had grown very touchy about the source of his wealth and his title, and was rather a hoity-toity neighbor.

Gilbert's dogs killed a pheasant or two on his acres and the latter wrote a curt note of protest to the author. Gilbert wrote back politely:

"*Dear Sir Alfred:* I am extremely sorry about the loss of your pheasants, and I am taking steps to prevent my dogs from trespassing on your preserves in the future.

"Sincerely,

"W. S. GILBERT.

"P. S. You will pardon my use of the word 'preserves,' won't you?"

Someone once challenged Gilbert to make up a verse offhand riming the words "Timbuctoo" and "cassowary." He studied for a moment and recited:

"If I were a cassowary in Timbuctoo,
I'd eat a missionary and his hymn book too."

In my second season with McCaull, I sang in Clover. Charles W. Dungan, a second barytone of note, was under contract with McCaull at no small salary. McCaull had no spot where he could use Dungan that summer and suggested that the actor take a vacation. Dungan, it developed, was not in a vacation mood, and McCaull was confronted with the necessity of paying him for a summer of leisure. Rather than do that, the colonel did what many another manager has been known to do—he cast the actor in an insignificant rôle in Clover in the hope that Dungan would refuse the part as beneath his dignity and his reputation.

Dungan was such a conscientious actor that I never have been able to decide whether he accepted the part out of a sense of obligation or whether he sensed McCaull's strategy and was determined to confound it, but take it he did. He appeared in one act only and had exactly one line:

"My Lord, the King is dead!"

yet he made up for it as carefully as if he were playing Hamlet.

A Solo That Saved the Day

The rest of us got a good deal of malicious sport out of the situation and made it as difficult for Dungan as possible. We tried every trick known to actors in an effort to break him up in the delivery of his one line. I used to tap my wooden shoes on the stage at his entrance in imitation of a galloping horse. But when he did trip at last the catastrophe was purely accidental.

The moral of Clover was the vanity of undue ambition. The hero leaving home on a quixotic quest wins at length a victory at a heroic cost. That victory is made futile by the unexpected death of the king. At Dungan's entrance with the grievous tidings, the entire company would fall to their knees, the quartet at the front of the stage, and sing a very lovely prayer, closing the act. The solo parts were sung by Eugene Oudin, who played the hero.

At Wallack's Theater one summer evening toward the close of the run, Dungan tripped on the scabbard of his sword as he entered and fell flat center stage with the words, "My Lord ——"

I never have known another such utter collapse to overtake a company. We had heckled him for weeks to no result, and now, when we had given up, he had fallen over his own sword. With one exception none of us, principals or chorus, could utter a note. Marion Manola, the prima donna,

(Continued on Page 84)

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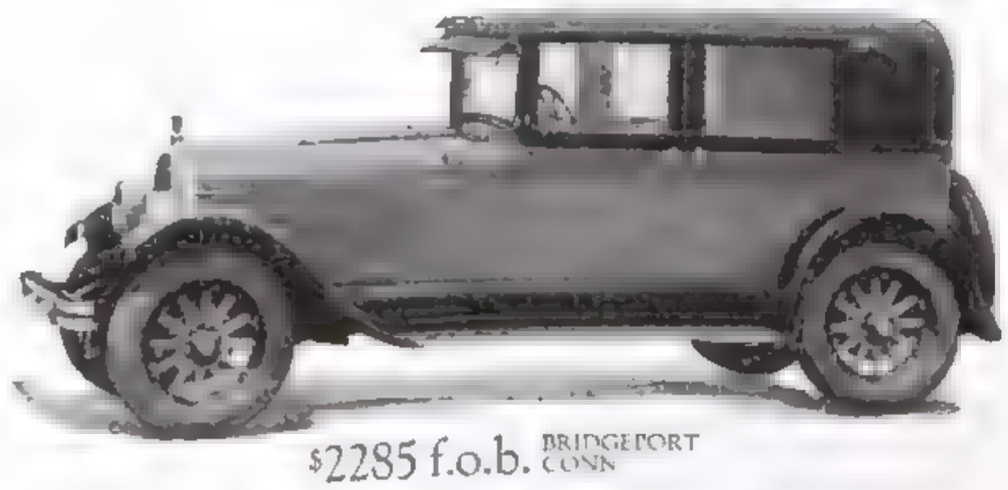

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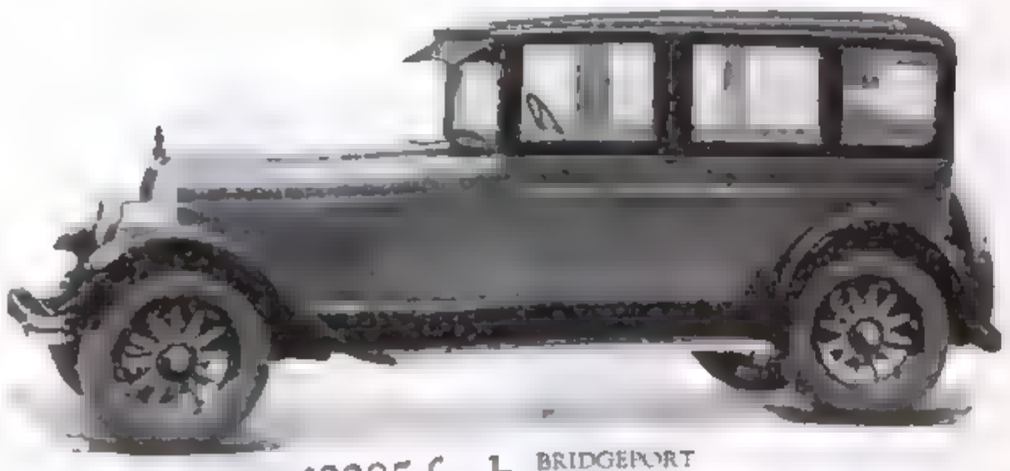

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Coupe, November production, $2265 f.o.b. BRIDGEPORT CONN.

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Popular Demand has been hammering away for years for a smaller and lighter model—and when, a few months ago, the Junior Eight was announced, every one expected a sensation. The public was ready to accept the Junior Locomobile as the natural *leader in the field* of medium priced cars.

But no one expected any car—not even a product of Locomobile—to so completely shatter all former standards. *But this new Locomobile product did it!*

And it is continuing to do it every day. From all over the country, wherever the Junior Eight has been seen and demonstrated, come reports of an enthusiastic acceptance never before shown to any car, *not even when automobiles were novelties.*

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And the Engineers—nothing short of genius could produce such a motor. 8-cylinders-in-line, with *perfect* distribution, combine to make *one of the most powerful and economical motors ever built.*

Nineteen miles to the gallon of gas—2 to 60 miles per hour in a few seconds! Is it any wonder that critics and owners proclaim it *the outstanding achievement of the decade?*

Words cannot properly describe the Junior Eight—a ride *will* convince. Ask the dealer nearest you to show you, by road performance, the car that exceeds all claims.

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This Winter . . . .

Wear WARM, LIGHT Underwear!

Duofold—different from all other underwear—offers you two-fold, *doubly enjoyable* comfort.

The comfort of *warmth* during winter's cold.

The comfort of *light weight* in winter underwear.

This apparent contradiction is accomplished in Duofold because its fabric is in two *thin*, separate layers, with air space between. Like the storm window, Duofold keeps warmth *in* and cold *out* more effectively than a single layer fabric thicker than both of Duofold's thin layers combined.

In addition, Duofold's two-layer construction provides better protection to your health.

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Duofold

Health Underwear for Men, Women, Children and Infants

Continued from Page 82

became so hysterical that she fainted. The orchestra was silent; the conductor, Adolph Nowak, had laid down his baton and buried his head on the stand. All by himself Oudin lifted his voice and sang that prayer unaided. He sang not only his solo part but the concerted bits as well, and he never sang better or with more feeling in his life. The audience, convulsed by Dungan's mishap at first, was listening breathlessly to Oudin before he finished. When the curtain dropped, the rest of us rolled on the stage helpless in our mirth.

Oudin and I shared a dressing room. He had married Louise Parker, a prima donna, the previous year and they had a three months' old child whom they adored madly.

"How in the name of heaven did you do it?" I asked him when we were in the dressing room and I was able to speak again.

"I did it," he explained without a smile, "by picturing Louise and me in the first carriage following a white-plumed hearse carrying little Louise to her grave."

The child's death was purely suppositious. She was perfectly well then and she is living in England today.

When I first joined McCaull I noticed a painting of a magnificent horse on his office wall and commented upon it. The colonel was much affected. The horse was a stallion, a noble animal of Kentucky breeding and much endeared to him. In a bad season he had been forced to sell him in order that he might pay the chorus salaries, and he lost all trace of the animal.

Some three years later Morris, McCaull's negro body servant, now servant to Francis Wilson, burst into the office of the Broad Street Theater, Philadelphia, with the news that he had found the stallion.

The colonel jumped into a runabout pulled by two fine bays which were hitched in front of the theater, and asked me to go along. Morris sat on the floor of the rig, his feet hanging out, and we drove out North Broad Street to a German grocery. McCaull described the horse to the grocer, who admitted that the animal was in his stables.

"But he is mad, mad," the grocer protested. "A wicked brute. He nearly murdered my boy and me. For days now no one goes near him. It makes no matter if he was your horse, if you go near him he would kill you."

A Pioneer Among Comedies

McCaull stepped to a side door of the grocery and called once. The stallion thrust his head out of the stable door and whinnied excitedly. His former owner walked to the stable door unhesitatingly and the horse laid his head on the colonel's shoulder and whimpered. If a horse can sob that horse did. McCaull led him away and two weeks later, curried and clipped, his coat shining, his head high and his tail a plume, that stallion proudly stepped through Fairmount Park, McCaull and I riding behind him. When we were well into the park the colonel tossed the reins onto the animal's back and drove him the rest of the way by the sound of his voice and the gentlest touch of a whip.

I left McCaull in 1890 to star for the first time in Castles in the Air by Gus Kerker, who later wrote The Belle of New York, a pioneer among musical comedies. Locke and Davis, who were managing the enterprise, also owned the Emma Juch Grand Opera Company, and although we played to good business, all our profits went to keeping the Juch company going. Lacking a reserve fund, one losing week in Cincinnati broke our company. Della Fox, then an unknown from St. Louis, was soubrette in the troupe. I saw an opportunity to take over the company for one dollar and assumption of the liabilities, and told the members of the company that if they would refuse to open in Chicago until they were paid for the Cincinnati engagement I would manage. This was largely bravado on my part. I lacked the money to get the company to Chicago, neither did I know where I could get it with any certainty. Della Fox overheard a whispered conversation between B. D. Stevens, my personal manager, and me. That evening I found a note in my box at the hotel. It contained $800, her savings of the season, and a note that read:

"Please accept this and don't make a fuss about it."

The Sixty-Two-Year-Old Flapper

We did accept it, the only occasion on which I ever borrowed money from a woman, and signed a receipt for it. The receipt came back torn in fragments and with a note that said:

"Friends do not do business on this basis."

We returned the $800 to her in Chicago and finished out the season with a profit.

The next season Miss Fox was my leading woman in Wang, the first great success of either of us. Wang, which was rather burletta than light opera, was a great entertainment of its kind. I played it two seasons, should have played it four, revived it three times in later years, and it has been played repeatedly by others. J. Cheever Goodwin and Woolson Morse wrote the piece. With characteristic irresponsibility, Goodwin sold all his interest for fifty dollars a week, and made only a bare living from it. Had he possessed a rudder, Goodwin might have become the American Gilbert. Gilbert himself never excelled Goodwin's The Man With an Elephant on His Hands song in Wang, but lacking that rudder Goodwin is forgotten.

Panjandrum, purposely so named to force the public to accustom itself to asking for seats for Hopper rather than seats for the play, followed Wang, and when Della Fox graduated to stardom in 1896, Edna Wallace became my leading woman in El Capitan by John Philip Sousa and Charles Klein, and later my wife, the same lady who now is playing vaudeville very successfully billed as The Sixty-Two-Year-Old Flapper. I saw her in Philadelphia when we both chanced to be playing that city last summer and she looked as young and charming as the night we opened in El Capitan at the Tremont Theater, Boston, May 13, 1896.

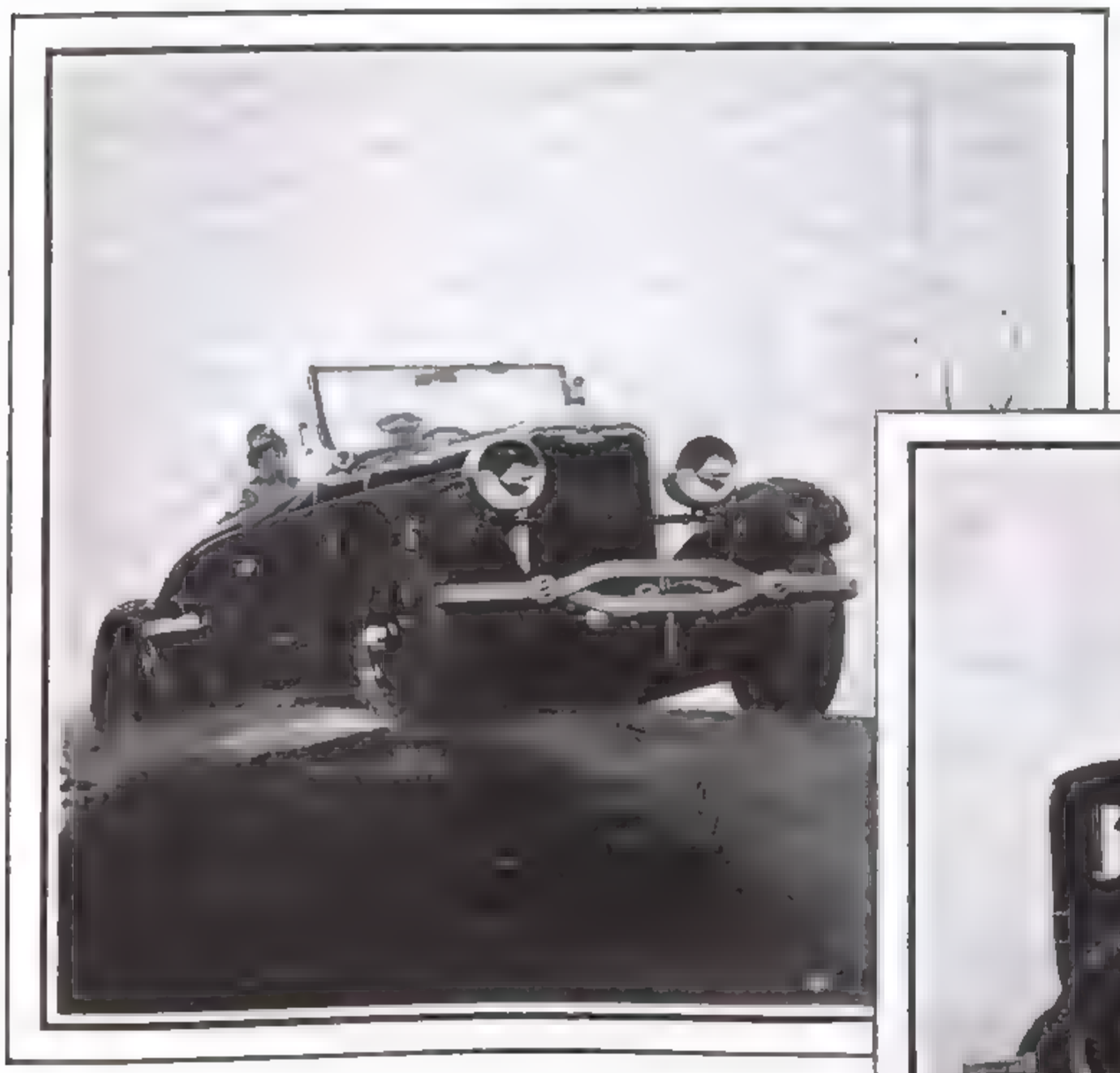
Both authors had protested against such an ominous opening date, and each declined to come near the theater when after much argument we overruled their objections. But they were both of them in the house the second night, when the opera's success was assured. It ran for two seasons.

I did not, it will be noted, share their distrust of the thirteenth, specifically May thirteenth.

It had been an earlier May thirteenth when I first recited Casey at the Bat.

Nevada Falls, Yosemite Valley, California

Editor's Note—This is the second of several articles by Mr Hopper and Mr Stout. The third will appear in an early number.



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IS CREDIT TOO CHEAP?

(Continued from Page 33)

that each year should be bigger than the preceding. The first months of the present year showed a falling off; some of his salesmen came back from their trips and excused their small accomplishments by saying they believed competing firms were offering more liberal credit terms. In a panic lest his record should be impaired, the president sent his salesmen out on their late spring trips with instructions to get business at any cost.

"We are not going to let any competitor beat us in credit terms or anything else," he said. "Tell your customers to buy big bills and not to worry over the terms. We'll take care of them all right!"

Many of the customers had accepted this liberal proposal and naturally when things did not turn out quite so thrivingly as expected they looked to the wholesaler to help carry the burden. Hence the president went on his way to the bank that hot August morning to negotiate a loan.

Is credit, as the president said, too cheap? Is business so competitive that uneconomic terms are generally offered? What constitutes safe and sane credit accommodation?

It is comparatively recently that credit giving has been raised to anything like the status of a science. The professional credit manager dates back hardly more than thirty years among commercial houses. In the old days, when commercial enterprises were smaller, the owner of a wholesale or manufacturing business was usually his own credit dispenser, and credit was often based on personality rather than strict economic rules. The owner was the friend and confidant of his retailer-customers and personally entertained them when they made their semiyearly trips to market. What the retailer bought one trip he paid for the next trip. If things had been slack in his home community he paid what he could, explained the situation to his friend the wholesaler, and the balance was strung along until the next season.

Troublesome Slogans

In time, as business came to be done in larger volume, the owner of the wholesale house found it necessary to delegate portions of his work. The professions of sales manager, merchandise manager, advertising manager came into being. But ordinarily, even after the business was departmentized in other respects, the owner himself decided which customers should have credit and which should not. Only when the business had grown to such proportions that the owner could merely exercise general supervision did the credit-manager profession come into being. Today there are something like thirty thousand salaried men employed by wholesale and manufacturing firms who devote their whole time to credit work.

There is still in the minds of many business men a hazy idea of what constitutes good or poor credit. The tradition still persists that credit is a matter of personal like or dislike. Every once in a while some phrase gets into print that contains just enough truth to appeal to popular fancy but that works considerable havoc in business circles. A familiar example is that well-known slogan, "The customer is always right," which has added to the burdens of thousands of retail shopkeepers. Another, currently attributed to a great financier of a couple decades ago, is this: "Personal honesty is the basis of all credit!"

How much this pronouncement has complicated the work of earnest-minded credit executives can only be appreciated by those in the profession. It is true that honesty is the basis of credit, but honesty is an attribute possessed by the great majority of people. The most honest man in the world, if he does not also possess good business judgment, may easily get into a position where he cannot pay his bills.

"The hardest thing I have to do," the credit manager of a big Midwestern wholesale grocery house told me recently, "is to turn down some nice, well-meaning person who comes in here and wants to open an account but whom, after investigating his qualifications, I feel I must refuse. Often as not I am thinking of his own good as well as ours; but in such cases there is almost always the lingering belief that I thought him personally unreliable."

In the wholesale grocery line particularly, the granting of credit is a delicate matter on account of the number of inexperienced people constantly getting into the retail grocery business. To operate a grocery store requires more skill than almost any other retail line. The profits are small. Much of the stock is perishable and must be sold quickly to avoid loss. Yet year after year retired farmers, salaried men, mechanics invest their savings in grocery stocks and become merchants.

Refusing a Cash Account

There are a number of reasons for this tendency. The original investment is comparatively small. Everyone knows something about groceries, so there is not the mystery about it such as might deter one from going into other lines. In almost every grocery shop one sees a constant stream of customers, and the cash register rings frequently; from this the outsider is liable to get the idea that the proprietor must be making money, when he may be ringing up only sales on which there is less than a living profit. Strangely, the inexperienced person desirous of becoming a grocer usually prefers to buy an established business even though an unsuccessful one; the fact that the previous owner may have failed in the location seems to make little impression.

My friend, the credit manager for the big wholesale grocery, told me of one of the many cases where he turned down cash business because he believed the conditions were unsound. One day a man and wife came into his office and announced they were about to buy a bankrupt grocery shop in the town. The man was a mechanic in a local automobile plant and had saved $1200. The grocery shop could be bought for $800, which left $400 for replenishing the somewhat run-down stock. He was to continue with his job in the factory while his wife would run the store with what assistance he could give before and after hours and Saturday afternoons. They did not ask the credit manager for any accommodation, but proposed to pay over their $400 cash capital for what they needed. The credit manager asked them if they had already closed the deal for the store. They had not, but expected to do so that afternoon.

"As I understand it," the credit manager said, "you people have had no experience in the grocery business. The man who failed in that location was an experienced grocer. What makes you think you can succeed when he couldn't?"

Their answer was a little hazy, but the general idea seemed to be that the former owner had not worked hard enough; storekeepers were used to living softer lives than mechanics.

"Perhaps there is something the matter with the location itself," persisted the credit manager. "If I remember correctly, the store is on the south side of the railroad tracks, while most of your possible customers live on the north side. The grocery business, you see, is different from many other lines. People often send their children to grocery stores for little purchases. Don't you think they might hesitate to send them across the railroad tracks, especially when there are other grocers not much farther away on their own side of the railroad?"

The man and wife had not thought of that, but they did not believe it would be a serious drawback, especially as they intended to keep a more up-to-date place than their competitors. They had even picked out a name that would draw trade, The So Different Grocery. Anyhow, they could not go bankrupt because they would have all their stock paid for, and the husband could help out with his wages if business happened to be slack for a while.

"When a store loses money," the credit manager told them, "it generally takes more than day wages to plug up the holes. Do you know how much business you will have to do in order to make a go of your store?"

That was one thing they had figured out. If they sold $200 a week at regular profits they would make at least $35, which would be a good living. But there was no reason why they should not sell even $300 a week after they got going well.

"On a stock of that size," the credit manager told them, "you will lose money if you don't sell $600 every week. There are grocers in this town who do $1000 a week with no larger stock, and they are not getting rich. Unless you turn over your whole stock on an average of every two weeks a lot of your stuff deteriorates. You may run your place ever so economically, but that deterioration would get you in the end."

The man, a little nettled at the credit manager's pessimistic viewpoint, stated he and his wife had come to offer $400 cash in exchange for an assortment of groceries and not to hear a lecture on storekeeping. Did the wholesale firm want this business or not?

"We want all the business we can get," the credit manager answered, "but we do not want your $400. Both for your sakes and our own. I'm going to be frank with you. I don't think you can succeed. After a while, when your stock would begin to run down through depreciation you would need some new goods to fill in, and you wouldn't have the money to pay for it. If I should take your cash now I would seem pretty hard-hearted to refuse you credit then, wouldn't I? Maybe, because I knew you were trying so hard to get along, I would strain a point and let you have some stuff on credit. Then maybe you would fail. You wouldn't be any better off, and we would lose the profit on what we had sold you for cash. We'd better not start."

One wishes it might be said the mechanic and his wife abandoned the idea of becoming merchants, but such was not the case. Another less farseeing credit man took on the account and eventually lost money for his firm when the grocery store by the railroad tracks again went bankrupt.

Success and Shoe Strings

A credit manager for a New York house catering to general merchandise stores advanced an original and convincing theory on the subject of commercial success or failure.

"Have you ever stopped to think," he demanded, "why nearly all the successful men you know or read about started on a shoe string—on a capital of $100 or $300 or $500? Was it because in the beginning they were wiser, or worked harder, or sat up nights to read inspirational books, or that competition was not so keen in the good old days when they got their start? Not a bit of it!

"Every day in my work as a credit man I can see what is going on. The fellow who starts up with a few hundred dollars has no credit rating and so he is pretty well left alone by the salesmen. He isn't tempted to overbuy. Because he has so little capital he is extra careful of what he has. If he sells ten dollars' worth today, he buys ten dollars' worth more. He might want to buy twenty dollars' worth, but he can't, because no one will trust him for it.

"The result is this: By the time he has accumulated enough to be a desirable credit risk he has acquired the habit of caution and learned the value of ready money. When the salesmen begin to swarm in on him with attractive offers of credit he takes his pencil in hand and figures how much cheaper he might buy the same stuff by paying cash. Also, having gone along so far without owing money, he is afraid of debts. In other words, before being subjected to much temptation he has had time to learn the fundamentals of business.

"In comparison with this fellow I have described, consider the young man who starts in business fully financed, let us say through inherited money, and opens up in imposing style. This last one may be just as earnest and hard working as his poorer contemporary, but consider how much greater his temptations are to go wrong. Because his credit rating is so good everyone wants to do business with him. He is subjected every day to temptation; all sorts of propositions are put up to him. Inexperienced, he cannot know which are desirable and which not. If he guesses right 51 per cent of the time he can succeed; but when one considers that the most seasoned business men rarely have a higher average than that, it is easy to see how plenty of money at the outset of a business career can be a menace rather than an advantage."

A Sound-Looking Project

Recently the credit manager of a prominent New York firm said to me:

"All my investigations have just one end in view, which is this: Is the retailer going to make money from the goods we sell him? If he does not do precisely that, we have no right to do business with him at all."

This credit manager told of an incident reflecting the attitude of his firm toward such matters. A year or so ago a young man came to New York with the intention of placing orders for a large quantity of goods on which the firm specializes. He had for some time been rather successfully in business in a Southern mining town and had a project for extending his business that appeared to him vastly promising. Within a radius of a hundred miles of his home town there are numbers of mining camps, each with its own company store, and the young merchant's project was as follows: He had made tentative arrangements with one of the big mining companies to install departments in twenty-five of its stores for the sale of certain articles that the stores did not regularly carry. Each of these departments he was to stock with $2000 worth of merchandise. The mining company was to charge him a certain sum as rent, and receive also a commission on all goods sold. The clerks employed by the company were to sell the goods, so the young man would himself have no pay roll other than one man to go around to check up what was sold and place orders for filling in the gaps.

The young merchant was tremendously sanguine over his prospects as he discussed them with the credit manager of the New York manufacturing firm. In view of a $50,000 purchase of merchandise he had brought with him a statement of his financial affairs. Executed in faultless shape, this showed that he carried in his home-town establishment a stock of $20,000, practically all paid for. He had $15,000 in cash, the result of a recently received legacy, which he proposed to pay down on his $50,000 purchase, and to give a series of notes for the balance. His father-in-law, a man of some means, would indorse the notes.

Truly, this appeared a clean-cut proposition from the standpoint of the New York firm, yet the credit manager asked for time to consider it. The account would doubtless be paid, but there was doubt in his

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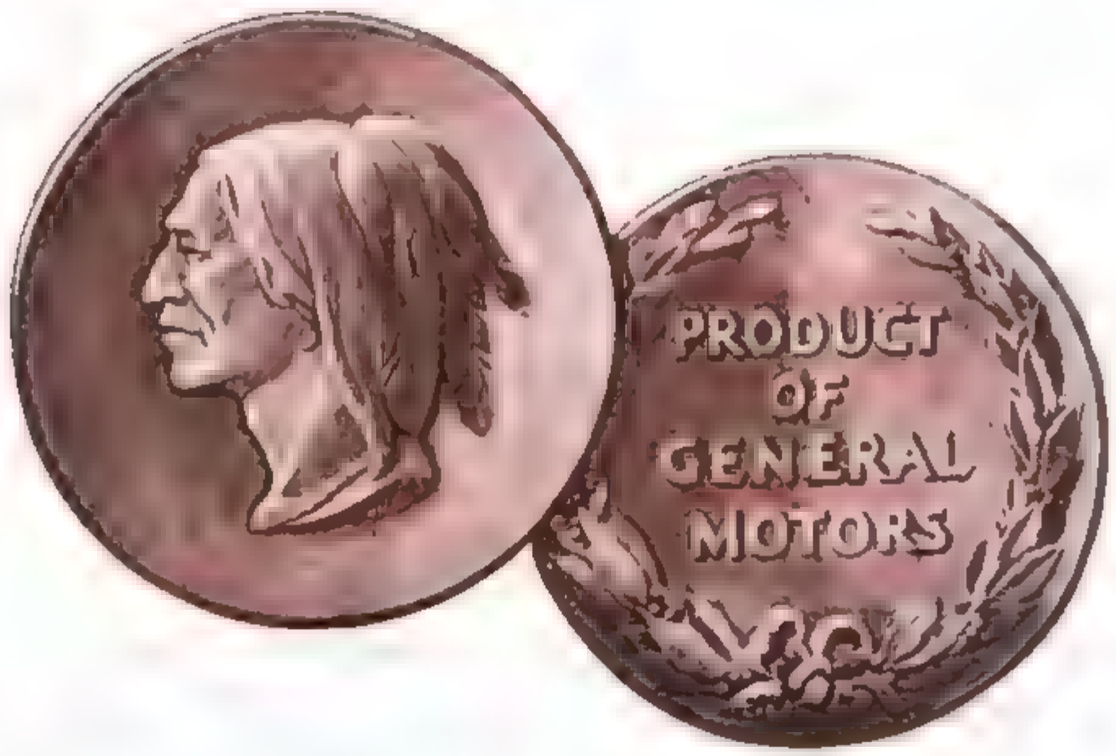

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mind whether the young merchant's operations would prove so profitable as he anticipated. He talked it over with the president of the firm, a man who himself had had retail experience; and the next day the president, the credit manager and the young merchant went into executive session. The president acted as spokesman for the firm.

"We have come to the conclusion," he told the young merchant, "that we ought not to extend you the line of credit you ask. We don't believe you are going to make any money."

A little taken aback, the young merchant explained that he could not help making a great deal of money. He had it all figured out. He would be practically under no expense in his departments because the mining company clerks would sell the goods for him on commission. Every time a sale was made he would come in for a profit. And with twenty-five places all earning profits——

"But just to have things lying around in a lot of different places," the president interrupted him, "doesn't mean much of anything. Things have got to be pushed: and the mining company clerks aren't going to break their necks pushing your goods when they already have their hands full with their regular work. You say you aren't going to be under much of any expense. Well, suppose the bulk of your stuff lies around the better part of a year without selling, and you decide to discontinue your branches, how much do you think it would be worth? Probably fifty cents on the dollar. You'd lose about $25,000 in one lump!"

"It won't work out that way," the merchant countered, "but even if it should, your firm wouldn't lose anything. I guess I've shown you where I'll be able to pay for what I buy."

"We are quite satisfied that we would get our money," the president answered, "but we aren't satisfied as to where we would get it from. We have enough pride in this business to believe it should stand on its own bottom. Your father-in-law would be on your notes; and if you made a fizzle he would have to pay a good proportion of them. He is, we understand, in the dairy business. Well, we aren't satisfied to have our goods paid for by the dairy industry."

Eventually the young merchant was persuaded it would be the part of wisdom to try out his plan gradually rather than go in all at once. He opened a couple of mining camp departments with results as the president had predicted. But the losses were small enough to be paid out of his own pocket and not hung on his father-in-law's dairy business.

Thirty Cents on the Dollar

We read and hear a great deal nowadays about the American standard of living; intelligent credit methods bear directly on the maintenance or decline of our present living standard. Every time a producer of merchandise extends credit to a merchant and is later obliged to collect his bill through the bankruptcy courts, the producer stands a loss. Also the public in general stands a loss that must sooner or later be reflected in its lessened ability to buy.

For purposes of this article I have asked executives in a dozen different lines this question:

"Suppose a merchant fails and his place of business is closed up by the sheriff. Suppose there was in the place at the time the door was locked a stock worth $10,000. The debts against the stock amounted to the same amount, $10,000. About what percentage would the creditors get?"

Theoretically, of course, the creditors would get 100 cents on the dollar for their claims, less a small percentage to cover expense of administering the business. To an outsider it would seem the creditors ought to get at least seventy-five cents on the dollar. But of all the executives with whom I talked—men who had been through the mill—none would estimate higher than thirty cents on the dollar for the creditors in such a case. Some of them estimated as low as ten cents on the dollar.

The moment a business house closes its doors a tremendous slump takes place in the value of its assets. The merchandise deteriorates, becomes damaged, goes out of style. Court costs and other expenses run up, items that must be paid before the creditors get anything. As long as the place is closed up the merchandise is worth nothing to anybody, and just so much capital is tied up that might have been employed productively. It is no wonder, then, that the credit manager will go to great lengths to keep a debtor out of bankruptcy.

One would naturally think that there would be a minimum of risk in selling on credit to municipalities, but even there the old adage holds good that "A sale is not a sale until the money is in the cash drawer." A few years ago an ambitious Southwestern community, recently incorporated, decided to build a waterworks system, and in order to be thoroughly up-to-date resolved that meters should be installed to keep tab on users of water. An Eastern manufacturing firm secured the contract to install the meters, agreeing to wait one year for its money.

Getting the Meters Back

The year rolled around and payment was not made. Several months of correspondence followed and as the money seemed as far off as ever the credit man of the firm made a trip to investigate. The situation as he found it was discouraging. The town had not grown as much as the boosters had counted on when building their waterworks. A hot political battle had been fought, resulting in the elimination of all officials who had been in office when the water meters were contracted for. On top of this a former city official had seen fit to take a trip to unknown parts carrying with him what loose cash had been lying about. More than that, he had made a bonfire of records, among which was the contract with the Eastern meter manufacturer.

Decidedly, there was not much for the credit manager to work on. The new city officials were polite and quite willing to meet him on terms of social equality in the matter of entertainment at the hotel, but when it came to arranging for payment for water meters they professed themselves powerless. In the first place there was no money in the city treasury to pay with; and in the second place there was no contract because the ex-official had burned it up. Of course the credit manager had an itemized bill, but how could he prove the bill was correct? Certainly a new crop of city officials could not be expected to shoulder offhand the burdens of their predecessors whom they had beaten in fair political battle. The Eastern firm could bring suit in the courts and probably get judgment; but taxes were not coming in very fast and it might be a good while before there would be any money available. Two or three years perhaps.

The credit manager then did something that perhaps was as unconventional a transaction as was ever negotiated between a great manufacturing firm and an incorporated municipality. Inviting the officials to the hotel one night for social entertainment, he suggested in a friendly way that the best manner of adjusting the situation would be for him to gather up the water meters and ship them back to the factory. There was a short conference and then the spokesman for the city government said:

"Sure, that's fine, go ahead. Only don't make any more fuss about it than you have to!"

The next day the credit manager put on a pair of overalls, hired half a dozen workmen and proceeded quietly to extract a hundred meters from residences and offices throughout the town. The factory got back its merchandise, worth perhaps one-third of its value. The citizens of the town went on a flat rate for their water supply.

The primary function of a credit executive is to prevent his firm from accumulating bad accounts. Sometimes it is just as important that he hold his firm down to the number of accounts it can handle without too much strain on its own resources. It was during the hectic period just after the war when optimism was unconfined that a great manufacturing organization held its annual conference to decide on future policy. This company was one of half a dozen that practically controlled the industry in which it was engaged, and its scouts had come to the conference with authentic information that its competitors were about to embark on campaigns of extra intensive selling and more liberal credit terms to make the selling go easier.

The question, then, resolved itself into this: Should the corporation proceed as before, being reasonably stiff in its credits and keep its business down to normal, or should it cut loose its big artillery and set the same pace as its competitors?

Naturally those in the sales department were for the latter plan. More sales would mean greater profits and added commissions. Business had been prospering throughout the country for five years; bankruptcies had been few and the corporation could afford to take a few extra credit chances. Suppose a few dealers did hit the ceiling; the losses would not be a drop in the bucket compared with the profits from the increased business. What the corporation could not afford was to let its competitors get the jump on it. This was the general viewpoint of the meeting when the credit manager, who happened also to be treasurer of the corporation, announced his opinion.

"If our competitors want to try to grab everything in sight," he said, "that is their privilege. But as for ourselves, I think we had better stick to the strait and narrow path."

This was a deplorably unenterprising viewpoint for the optimistic ones who saw easy wealth just around the corner. Could not the credit manager see that expansion was necessary if the corporation was to hold its position in the industry? Could the corporation afford to pass up business that was just waiting to be picked, when all that had to be done was to hammer a little harder on sales and be a little more liberal with credits?

A Useful Wet Blanket

"I think," announced the credit manager impassively, "that we are doing pretty well as it is. We've paid reasonable dividends this year. If we make an increase of ten per cent in sales next year everyone ought to be satisfied. Ten per cent will be a healthy increase."

In the feverish atmosphere of the period just after the war, when business men throughout the world thought in large figures, the idea of a mere ten per cent increase in sales seemed a pitiful ambition. The optimists hurled figures at the credit manager designed to prove that success lay in expansion, in liberality. Over the top with a cheer, as one enthusiast expressed it. The credit manager remained strangely uninspired.

"We are financed," he said, "to handle a certain amount of business. If we go beyond that we're taking a risk. Big as we are, there is a limit to our resources. Perhaps you don't realize that there is a stretch of at least six months from the time we buy our raw materials until we can count on getting in any money from the sales of our finished product. A sale, you know, isn't a sale until the money is in the cash drawer!"

The optimistic response to this viewpoint was, naturally, that the corporation's own credit was good and in case of temporary shortage the banks would carry it along.

"Maybe so," the credit manager countered, "but the way to keep your credit good is to use it sparingly. Six months is a long time and we may need our bank credit for other things than go-getting operations. For instance, some of our dealers may need help and we want to be in position to do it, which we couldn't do if all our own capital and credit were stretched to the limit."

The credit manager finally had his own way, considerably to the disgust of the optimistic party in the corporation. It was only a little later that the well-remembered slump took place and what the credit manager had hinted at actually happened. Those competitors who had embarked on careers of tremendous expansion found themselves loaded up with raw materials bought at boom prices and in many cases obligated by long-term contracts to take more materials at the same figures. Having stretched their credit with their banks they were in no position to carry their own dealers. When accounts fell due they were obliged to force collection at any cost. Some of the dealers failed; others who weathered the slump had no good will toward firms that had pressed them for money in a stormy time.

To Whom Credit is Due

It is said the corporation whose credit manager forced his views on his associates was the only important concern in that particular trade which did not suffer serious loss during the postwar slump. To be sure, it paid no dividends for a year; but neither did it have to go through an expensive reorganization and refinancing as was the case with a number of its competitors. During the period of stress it was able when necessary to assist its dealers by renewing their notes or by extending the time on open accounts. It acquired the reputation of being a safe creditor; and dealers who had been pinched by other manufacturers came unsolicited into its fold. At the beginning of 1920 the corporation stood not higher than fourth in its line. A year and a half later it had attained, and up to the present time has held, undisputed first place.

Credit is granted on vastly more economic lines than in the days when it was a social matter between the head of the wholesale firm and his retailer-customer; but with a record of twenty thousand failures last year there is manifestly room for improvement. Credit is still too cheap. Whenever business tightens up there are inevitably those who, like the wholesale executive described at the beginning of this article, try to force goods on their trade by overliberal terms. At a convention of manufacturers held only a few weeks ago one of the delegates seriously made the suggestion that firms belonging to the association should abolish their credit departments entirely and sell their products to all applicants, no questions asked. He even had it figured out to his own satisfaction that the trade would vastly profit by such terms.

"It costs us a lot of money to maintain credit departments," he said, "that produce absolutely nothing. Not only does the credit man produce nothing, but he takes the spirit out of the salesmen. There is only so much money in the country and our industry is one out of hundreds that are after it. If we go on a wide open basis we'll get the jump on the other fellows!"

Then, in the excitement of the moment he let the cat out of the bag.

"Of course we would lose some money on bad accounts, but what would that amount to in view of the bigger business we would get? We wouldn't have to shoulder the losses ourselves anyhow. A ten per cent increase in price would cover us all right. We can easily put that much onto the dealer and the dealer can pass it on to the public!"

His proposal was not accepted.

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HIGH FINANCE

(Continued from Page 9)

Adam's conversation been in each case that the gentleman to whom he talked came to regard the conversation as confidential, by no means to be imparted even to his wife, and certainly to no member of that august body which governed Westminster in its financial, its political and its social life.

Adam was on his way to the office of the Westminster Observer when he came face to face with Damaris Ware close by the door of the bank. She was a downright young woman, very much given to having her way, and unused to seeing the younger people of the village fail to accommodate themselves to her plans. Consequently she had given some petulant thought to Adam Kidder, though the petulance was overshadowed by a feeling that there was something she had missed, something she did not understand about the young man; and she did not like that. Her own head was clear, her brain was extraordinarily acute and it was irritating to her to be baffled as Adam unquestionably baffled her. What did he mean, anyhow? What was back of his manner?

She wanted to know, and therefore she stopped him.

"Don't you think you were a little rude to me the other day?" she asked, with that manner which young ladies know well how to assume when they wish to put embarrassed young gentlemen in the wrong. But Adam was not an embarrassed young gentleman.

"How?" he asked.

"Why, I asked you to do something and you refused."

"Is that being rude?"

"It seemed so to me."

He shook his head.

"Don't believe it did," he said placidly. "Don't believe it seemed that way at all."

"Why—why, of all things!" she exclaimed, now at a distinct disadvantage. Here was a new species of young man, one she never had encountered. "What do you mean?" she gasped.

He made no answer whatever and the silence became awkward—for her. She had to speak.

"You refused to be my guest—and that was rude."

"Said I would sometime, didn't I?"

"You said," she accused, "that you didn't want to know me."

"Yet," he added.

"Adam Kidder, what are you talking about? What do you mean? You don't want to know me yet! Well, when do you want to know me? I—I never heard of such a thing!"

"Maybe," said Adam, "I'll want to know you in about a week—about the day of the election."

"And maybe then I won't want you to know me."

"I guess you will," said Adam, still placidly and not at all bumptiously. He only stated his belief.

"Why?"

"Curiosity," said Adam.

She shifted her attack, or possibly she veered to give herself time to muster her forces. "What's that book?" she asked.

"Norton on Bills and Notes."

"A law book! Where are you taking it?"

"Fishing," he said.

She regarded him a moment, while behind her lovely eyes her keen brain clicked.

"That," she said, "is what you do out in a rowboat—where folks can't see what you're up to. Studying law!"

"Just some law," said Adam.

"But you can't be admitted to the bar without studying all the law."

"Don't want to be admitted to the bar."

"Well, I never! And what do you want to do?"

His eyes twinkled.

"Get this advertisement to Orion Raddle before his paper goes to press." She flushed. "You are rude. I—I never was spoken to so before."

"Maybe you never asked a leading question before," he said. "I'm not rude—just careful. Folks have to be careful."

She stamped her foot.

"Go give your old advertisement to the paper and—and never speak to me again."

"Didn't speak to you this time—you spoke to me."

Her eyes shot sparks.

"Adam Kidder," she said, "you're up to something, and I'm going to find out what it is."

"Shouldn't be surprised if you did—sooner or later."

She turned at that and flung away, not at all the dignified young lady, but very much the petulant little girl. Adam did not smile, but looked rather grave.

He still wore an expression of gravity as he entered the office of the Westminster Observer. Orion was reading the handbill of a vendue of livestock and farm implements to be held the following week.

"Orion," said Adam, "can folks put advertisements in your paper without your knowing who put them in?"

"Don't seem as though," said Orion.

"Um—if one came to you in an envelope with money to pay for it, would you put it in—if there was no name?"

"If 'twan't illegal or libelous."

"All right then. Here's one in an envelope and no name to it. You don't know who it came from. I guess you'll forget about my bringing it in."

"Try to," said Orion. He accepted the envelope and read its contents. "H'm—'Wanted; competent registered drug clerk and sody fountain attendant. Apply Box 27. Westminster.' What you runnin' errands for Pliny Butterfield for, and what's all the secret about?"

"Orion," said Adam confidentially, "if you don't know, you can't tell anybody who asks."

Adam stood upon the sidewalk before the printing office, scrutinizing the face of the building in which it was located. It was a two-story wooden affair, broad and weather-beaten and divided into two parts, of which the paper occupied the smaller. The westerly side, together with the upper floors, had been untenanted for years—since the other merchants of the village had combined to purchase the stock of Old Man Wagner at his death and so eliminate him from competition. Today of competition there was practically none. Drugs and hardware belonged to Pliny Butterfield; groceries and dry goods and wall paper and farm implements to the Streeter twins; men and boys' clothing and haberdashery was the province of John Crafts, deceased, while meats were sold at your door from the meat cart of Cash Churchill. . . . The building was owned by Orion Raddle's father, and it was by reason of nonpayment of rent that Orion's paper continued its existence.

Adam called upon Mr. Raddle.

"Mr. Raddle," he commenced, "want to rent what part of your store building Orion don't use?"

"To who?" asked Mr. Raddle.

"To me."

"What fur?"

"Maybe for a millinery shop. Haven't made up my mind yet."

"Calc'latin' to marry some milliner?"

"I might," said Adam.

"Couldn't do better, seems as though. Her to trim up hats while you run the shop. I'll rent her."

"Year's lease, with privilege of renewal."

"Sat'sfact'ry," said Mr. Raddle, and started out immediately after Adam's departure to spread the news, which within the hour had penetrated to every kitchen in Westminster, even to and through Eli Ware's kitchen to the parlor and to Damaris. Adam Kidder was going to marry a milliner, name and location unknown, and the new couple would open a milliner shop in town! Then, thought Damaris, why law books? Also, why would Adam arrive at a willingness to become more intimately acquainted with her next week? She reviewed their conversations and decided there was nothing in them to indicate approaching marriage, and much, between the lines, which contradicted millinery. In short, she arrived at a firm conclusion that Adam Kidder was up to something.

At supper that night she broached the subject to her father.

"What kind of a caper is Adam Kidder cutting?" she asked.

"Caper's the word fur it, the young loafer! Hain't never worked and now he's got a fool woman to work fur him, seems as though. Goin' to marry and be kept by a millinery shop."

"Are you sure?"

"Hired a store, didn't he? Told Raddle he was goin' to marry."

"You can't say what he told Mr. Raddle. Maybe Mr. Raddle just told himself. Adam Kidder isn't much on telling his business. Now my guess is that Adam is going neither to marry nor trim hats."

"Then what is he figgerin' on?"

"I wish I knew," she said, and there was sincerity in her voice.

Queerly enough, she did not want to know merely out of curiosity, but from another motive which might or might not have astonished Adam. She wanted to discover what he was about, to demonstrate to him that she was as sharp as he. He chose to make a secret of matters she would delight to penetrate, for about the same reason that moves young women to swim the English Channel—to show they can do it.

A clew, which she considered to the detriment of her sleep, was placed in her hands that evening by Lawyer Kittridge. That middle-aged gentleman called upon her father, but before Eli arrived in the parlor, Damaris had time to ask, "Are you helping Adam Kidder study law?"

"Adam Kidder study law! Never heard of it. Why? Is he?"

"Not law exactly. Some law was what he said."

"Um—some law, eh? Now I call to mind he asked me something about law one day a spell back—quite a spell back."

"What was it?"

"He stopped me kind of casual ——"

"That's how he would stop you," said Damaris with a nod.

"—— and he says, 'A man in any business is better off if he knows the law about it.' I said a man was. Then he says, 'What law should a dry-goods man study?' Why, I told him, Contracts and Sales mostly. He thought a spell. 'And a man that was making a business of banking?' I told him such a man should study Bills and Notes, corporations, some real estate, the banking laws of the state, and read a good textbook on banks and banking."

"And then?"

"'Any special books?' he asked, and I gave him the names."

"Was one of them Norton on Bills and Notes?"

"As it happens, that was one," said Lawyer Kittridge, but further inquiries were prevented by the appearance of Eli Ware.

Damaris went to her room and sat on the edge of her bed. Banking! That was a far cry from millinery. Could it be that Adam was planning to open a bank? But she giggled at the thought. It required money to open a bank, and everybody in Westminster knew exactly how much money Adam had inherited. . . . But he was studying banking, and unquestionably he had rented a store. . . . Also he had said he might desire to know her better the day after bank election! Somewhere an Ethiopian lurked in the woodpile.

"Father," she asked next morning, "is there any talk of hiring Adam Kidder to work in the bank?"

Eli snorted, "No, and the' hain't no likelihood of it so long 's I'm alive, the young spriggins!"

"Oh, don't you like Adam?"

Eli snorted.

Next morning the town awoke to a sensation. The greater part of the front of the building Adam had rented was covered by a sign in red-and-black paint—a sign which Adam, being handy with the brush, had spent the greater part of the night in lettering on cloth purchased for the purpose. It proclaimed that within thirty days there would be opened within, a complete up-to-date big city department store carrying all branches of merchandise at greatly reduced prices. Cut-rate drugs were mentioned, hardware, stoves, dry goods, groceries, men's furnishings, paints and varnishes—in short, everything. . . . And Adam became invisible.

Within the hour a meeting of merchants took place in the back room of Pliny Butterfield's store. It was an apprehensive meeting and rancor was not absent, for these were men who could not regard with equanimity any attack upon their pocketbooks.

"Did ye see that there sign?" demanded Pliny. "Cut-rate drugs! Cut rate! Huh! Where'll I be, I'd like to know? Have to meet prices, won't I? Hain't never had to meet cut-rate prices in the city, 'cause folks can't shop that fur off. Mean a loss of hundreds of dollars a year."

"He hain't got money enough to swing it," said Floyd Streeter.

"I tell ye," his brother Lloyd said in his squeaky voice, "that he's got somebody a-backin' him, that's what he's got. Bet he hain't nothin' but local manager fur some chain-store comp'ny."

This thought was appalling. A chain store! The bugaboo of every country merchant!

"The young wuthless!" snarled Pliny.

"Callin' names hain't goin' to hinder him none," said Floyd.

"What will hinder him?"

"Nothin', as fur as I kin see. We got to take our medicine."

"Anybody seen him?"

"He hain't been around town today."

"Somebody go out," said Pliny, "and see if he kin be found, and fetch him here."

"What fur?"

"See if he kin be made to listen to reason."

Cash Churchill, butcher, who was not greatly concerned, cleared his leathery throat and twiddled his prehensile upper lip so that his mustache went round and round like some mechanical toy.

"Better leave him be," he said.

"Why?"

"Make him come to you fellers. If ye go to him, he'll see he's got ye up a tree."

"He won't see nothin'. Hain't never amounted to much, has he? Kind of a loafer, hain't he? Guess the' hain't no danger in sendin' for him."

"Go 's fur as you like," said Cash. "'Tain't no cider squeezed out of my Adam's apple. But if you git your fingers blistered, don't come cryin' to me. And I hain't so sure about him bein' a loafer, neither. Nobody's fool—Adam."

"He hain't and never was and never will be wuth the powder to blow him to tunket," said Pliny.

"It's your crib," said Cash; "go on and count your hand."

Presently the emissary returned with no joyous face.

"Found him over to his store. Says he's busy. Says he hain't got nothin' to talk over with nobody."

"But suthin's got to be done," said Pliny.

"Then," said Cash, "I move we app'int you a committee of one to do it."

While this conference was in progress, Adam Kidder was occupied with the cleaning of his new premises. This was no mean

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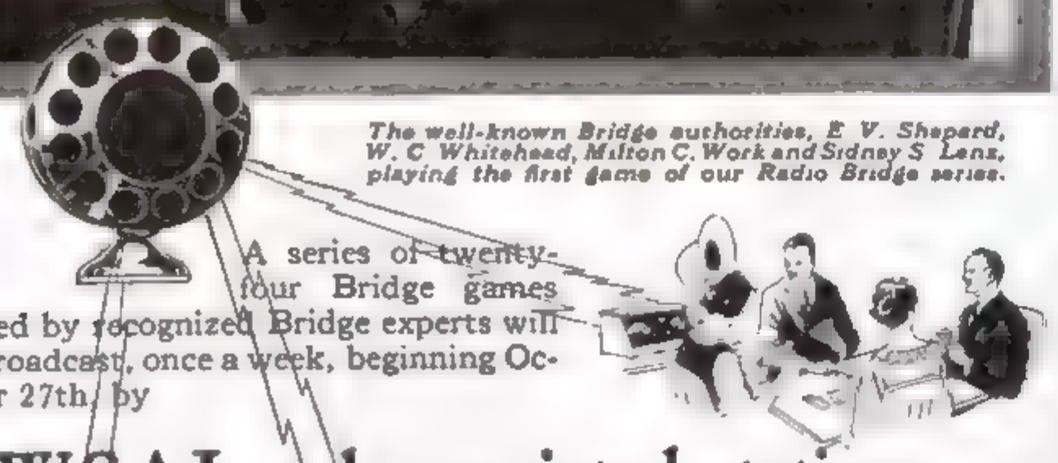

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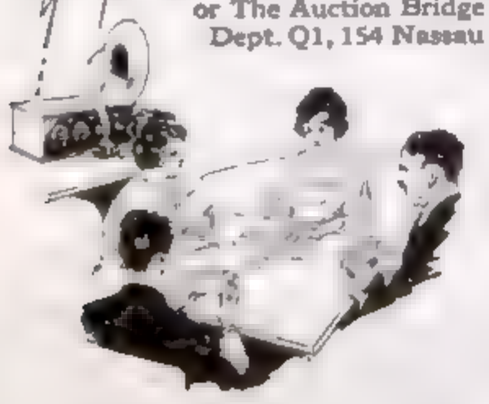

BICYCLE PLAYING CARDS

CONGRESS PLAYING CARDS

task, for the store had been given over to spiders and to dust for half a dozen years; but baskets of wet sawdust and a diligent broom were working their miracle. Now and again Adam was compelled to come up for air, at which times he appeared on the piazza of the store with smudge on his nose and cobwebs on his raiment. At such an instant Damaris Ware tripped daintily down the sidewalk, a marked contrast in her white, modish dress—made by her own hands, for it was no part of Eli Ware's economy to allow his daughter to shop in the city.

She wrinkled her pert nose and laughed in Adam's face; Adam retained his poise even in these circumstances, where he did not show to advantage.

"You look," said Damaris, "as if you'd been sleeping in an old barn."

Now this was a step toward familiarity, but she failed to recognize it as such. One may tease one's friends and equals, but one may not step off one's social plane to banter.

"It'll come off," said Adam imperturbably.

"You think," she said, "that you're very smart and contriving."

"Never bragged about it, did I? Ever hear me mention it?"

She read his sign aloud and made a little grimace.

"You've left something out, haven't you?"

"Didn't calculate to mention everything."

"You were careful not to mention one thing. You've offered bargains in everything but—banking." She watched his face at this thrust, but it remained passive under its dust smudges. "So you see," she said, "you're not so cunning, for I saw right off what you were up to."

"Saw it right off, did you?"

"I saw you were studying up about banking."

"Interested in banking, Damaris?"

"Not specially."

"Interested in me?" She flushed.

"No, but you irritated me, thinking you were so clever."

"What do you think?"

"I think you're foolish. You're just going to make enemies. Whatever made you think you could contrive to get yourself elected to the bank board?"

There, it was out! Adam merely spread the smudge on his nose so it blotted out part of his cheek and nodded his head.

"Always figured you were smart," he said. "Guess I was right."

"So that is what you're trying to do?"

"Didn't admit it, did I? Got any objection to my being a bank director?"

"None in the world, but lots of other folks will have. My father will object like sixty."

"Don't know it, does he?"

"Of course not. Nobody knows it but myself."

"Calculate to tell him?"

"He'd just laugh at me," said Damaris, and that was true. Eli Ware would deride the thought that Adam Kidder dared even speculate upon the possibility of joining the august body which ruled the bank. Adam scratched his head.

"See you the day of election—maybe. Have something to say to you—maybe."

"You're not so silly as to think you can be elected!"

"Depends, Damaris."

"Depends on what?"

"On whether things come out full as well as I calculate."

With that he turned to enter his store and to take up again the task of making it ready for business.

Hardly had Damaris disappeared around the corner when Pliny Butterfield stamped into the store. Adam went on with his sweeping. Pliny cleared his throat.

"Young man," he said, "I want to talk to you."

"Go right ahead, Pliny," said Adam. "I can listen and sweep all at once."

"Who's backin' you in this?"

"Haven't mentioned any backers, have I?"

"You hain't got no right startin' up a store like this here, disruptin' everybody's business in town."

"No law against it. Anybody can start a store."

"The merchants of this town won't tolerate it."

"Seems like they'd have to."

Pliny moved awkwardly, shuffling his feet and scowling.

"It might be wuth suthin to us to have ye give it up."

"How much?"

"Hain't authorized to state no figgers yit."

"Take ten thousand—cash," said Adam. "Least I'll consider. . . . Um—got anything to offer besides cash?"

"Eh?"

"Calculate to be at the bank election, Pliny?"

"What's that got to do with it?"

"Maybe nothing," said Adam. "Calculate to be there?"

"Ye know well I'll be there."

"Going to elect a new member of the board. That's the business of the meeting."

"What's it to you?"

"Who you figuring for the place, Pliny?"

"Two-three different folks."

"Um—better center on one. . . . Cut-rate drugs will kind of eat into your profits, won't they, Pliny? Maybe I wouldn't have to stock drugs in my new store—maybe." Pliny was clearly puzzled, but Adam continued: "This new man you're going to elect to the board—will he be put on the finance committee?"

"Not likely."

"Come to think of it, I calculate I'll have to carry drugs after all. . . . Um—Pliny, you could nominate the new man for it, couldn't you?"

"Wouldn't be likely to. What you drivin' at?"

"Got brains, haven't you—some?"

"Eli Ware ——"

"Fifteen directors all told, aren't there? Eli's just one."

"How's it int'rest you—the new man bein' nominated fer the finance committee?"

"Maybe it doesn't. But if he was to get nominated—and elected—seems as though maybe running a general department store would be enough for me, without any drugs and hardware."

"Any new man that's elected a director?"

"Whatever man gets it, Pliny."

"Eli Ware'll ——"

"Eli own you, body and britches?"

"Don't nobody own me."

"I'll let you know about drugs the day after election," said Adam. "Busy now. . . . Soda fountain'll go just there." He pointed with his broom.

Pliny stood very still and grim for a moment, then he twisted his thin, high-bridged nose and opened and shut his mouth three times as if he intended to speak but thought better of it, but finally took his departure in silence to report to his colleagues.

"Couldn't do nuthin' with him," he said, but did not enter the discussion which followed. He seemed distrait. Cash Churchill grinned at his friend's evident discomfiture.

"Mebby Floyd and Lloyd 'ud have better luck," he suggested.

"Can't do no more'n try," said the Streeter twins.

They tried, but strangely enough, they, too, reported lack of progress. And there matters stood over the Sabbath and to the day of the election. Adam's preparations went forward in his store without pause or abating; at least three of the village's merchants walked about smileless and apprehensive, pausing at the most unseasonable moments to waggle their heads and to mutter under their breath. . . . Then, early on the morning of the day, bearded directors, some with trousers tucked into boots and some with boots hidden beneath distended trousers, commenced to drive into

(Continued on Page 98

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(Continued from Page 96)

town and to congregate on the porch of the hotel. There was little talk. Commonly, such a gathering would have buzzed with discussion, but this one was strangely reticent about advancing the names of candidates.

But Eli Ware knew who the candidate was; he knew who would be elected, and he had selected the member of the board who was to be promoted to the lofty ranks of the finance committee. Eli was to occupy the chair, but he had deputed Pazzy Cromer to make the nomination.

It might have been noticed that Damaris Ware chose to stroll about the village streets in the neighborhood of the hotel that day. No other villager was so acutely interested in hearing the returns as she. Of course, Adam Kidder never could have himself elected; it was an absurdity, but—she did not know even if she wanted him elected; indeed, if anyone had been able to ask her the question, she would have replied that she was eager to see Adam get his come-uppance. . . . As for Adam, he swept busily in his store.

The meeting was called in the dining room, Eli Ware in the chair, frowning and portentous. Thirteen directors sat before him, well-nigh hidden amid a luxuriance of whiskers, and the greater part of them seemed to find a fascination in the toes of their boots. None of them cared to meet Eli's eye.

The meeting was called to order, and after a few words in eulogy of the departed John Crafts, Eli settled back in his chair.

"Gentlemen of the board of directors," he said, "you know full 'a well as I do what we come here to do. Our duty's to elect a member of this here board to fill the place left when John Crafts died. Nominations is in order."

His eye fell mandatorially upon Pazzy Cromer, who cleared his throat and nominated Haines Parker.

"H'm—any other nominations? If the's no other nominations, the nominatin's closed."

But here occurred the unprecedented, the unexpected. Luther Bream struggled to his feet and spoke in a gruff voice, not unweighted with apprehension.

"I nominate Adam Kidder."

"You what?" It was not a roar of rage, but an exclamation of amazement. "You nominate who?"

"Adam Kidder."

"What Adam Kidder?"

"Hain't but one I ever heard tell of."

Eli's eye swept the assembly challengingly.

"Any second to this here nomination?" he asked with a sneer in his voice.

"Me," said Peter Cummings. "I second." Eli glared.

"What's the meanin' of this nonsense?" he demanded. "This hain't no place for jokin'. Hain't fetched a jug of cider along, have ye?"

"Move the nominations is closed," said Cash Churchill, and his saturnine face wore a grin of pure malice. He had not the least idea what was forward, but his idea was that it would be upsetting to power and to dignity. Therefore he was for it.

"H'm!" Eli Ware scowled upon the men who hitherto had given before the urge of his will. "Them in favor of Haines Parker will stand to the left. Them in favor of this here ridic'lous nomination of Luther Bream's will stand to the right."

Pazzy Cromer alone stepped to the left. Twelve other directors straggled to the right-hand side of the room—and Eli Ware's face was a sight to see. For a moment he found no words; indeed, he never found words adequate to the expression of his feelings.

But presently he roared, he berated, he threatened. He demanded a reconsideration, but was defeated; and finally, bewildered, not comprehending what insurrection had brought about this unspeakable thing, he was compelled to announce the election of Adam Kidder to the vacant chair of old John Crafts.

"Now," he said, his voice trembling with rage, "we got to elect a member of the finance committee. I calc'late somebody's goin' to nominate young spriggins fer that." His voice was elaborately sarcastic, but his face purpled, became apoplectic, when Pliny Butterfield actually shoved himself erect and offered Adam's name. Lloyd Streeter was the seconder. No other name was placed in nomination!

When it was over, Eli Ware sprang from his seat, looked neither to right nor left, but stamped from the room.

Damaris saw him go and felt a little twinge of apprehension. Why was he going? Why did he not remain to the dinner of the directors? She walked closer to the hotel.

Presently Luther Bream emerged and walked to Adam's store; a lapse of moments and he reappeared with Adam by his side and advanced toward Damaris and the hotel. She nodded.

"Good morning, Mr. Bream," she said. "Election over?"

"Over," said Luther, "and then some. Er—Adam here was elected almost unanimous to be a director, and that hain't all. No, sir. They wan't satisfied 'thout electin' him to the finance committee too."

For once Damaris was left speechless. She felt strangely empty, vaguely frightened, and she could not bring her eyes to meet Adam's. He had done it! He had achieved the impossible, and she admitted him to be a personage, a man to reckon with. Any young man who could scheme himself into the finance committee was one to handle with thick mittens.

"Didn't hear you congratulate me any," said Adam.

"I—I congratulate you, of course."

"Much obliged."

"Your pa wan't pleased," said Luther.

"You go ahead, Luther. I'll catch you in a minute," said Adam; and then, when Bream was out of earshot—"Told you I'd see you today—maybe."

"I—I remember."

"I'm not going to run a store. Decided not to. No. Bought out Ora Kittridge's father's fire and life insurance business. Figure I can make something out of it. Going to have my office yonder."

"I—I'm glad to hear it."

"Yes. Going to fix up the upstairs for a tenement too. Calculate it wasn't just fit for a member of the finance committee to live like I been living. . . . Um—those city friends of yours still coming?"

"Yes."

"Going fishing like you said?"

"Yes."

There fell a silence. Adam waited. Damaris flushed and bit her lip, determined she would not surrender even in this small thing to the will of the young man who waited so phlegmatically. But the silence was unendurable.

"I—can't you arrange to come out to the lake with us?"

"Be glad to," said Adam. "Um—I figure I'm ready to be acquainted with you now."

"Anybody would think I'd been begging you," she said mutinously.

"No such idea. I wasn't ready before. I am ready now. No harm in that." He regarded her with covert admiration and then offered her the highest compliment it was possible for him to formulate. "Damaris," he said, "you're smarter'n a steel trap."

"That," she said, "isn't much of a compliment. I can tell you there are lots of things a girl would rather hear."

"Calculate to know that too. But I'm not ready to say them yet." Then he lapsed for a moment into colloquialism. "But dog-gone it, I kin say 'em, and I kin mean 'em!"

Damaris flushed and then felt a sudden chilliness. She caught her breath, lifted her eyes quickly, only to drop them again. When she looked up once more it was to see Adam's back, and at a distance. He was walking rapidly toward the hotel and his new honors.

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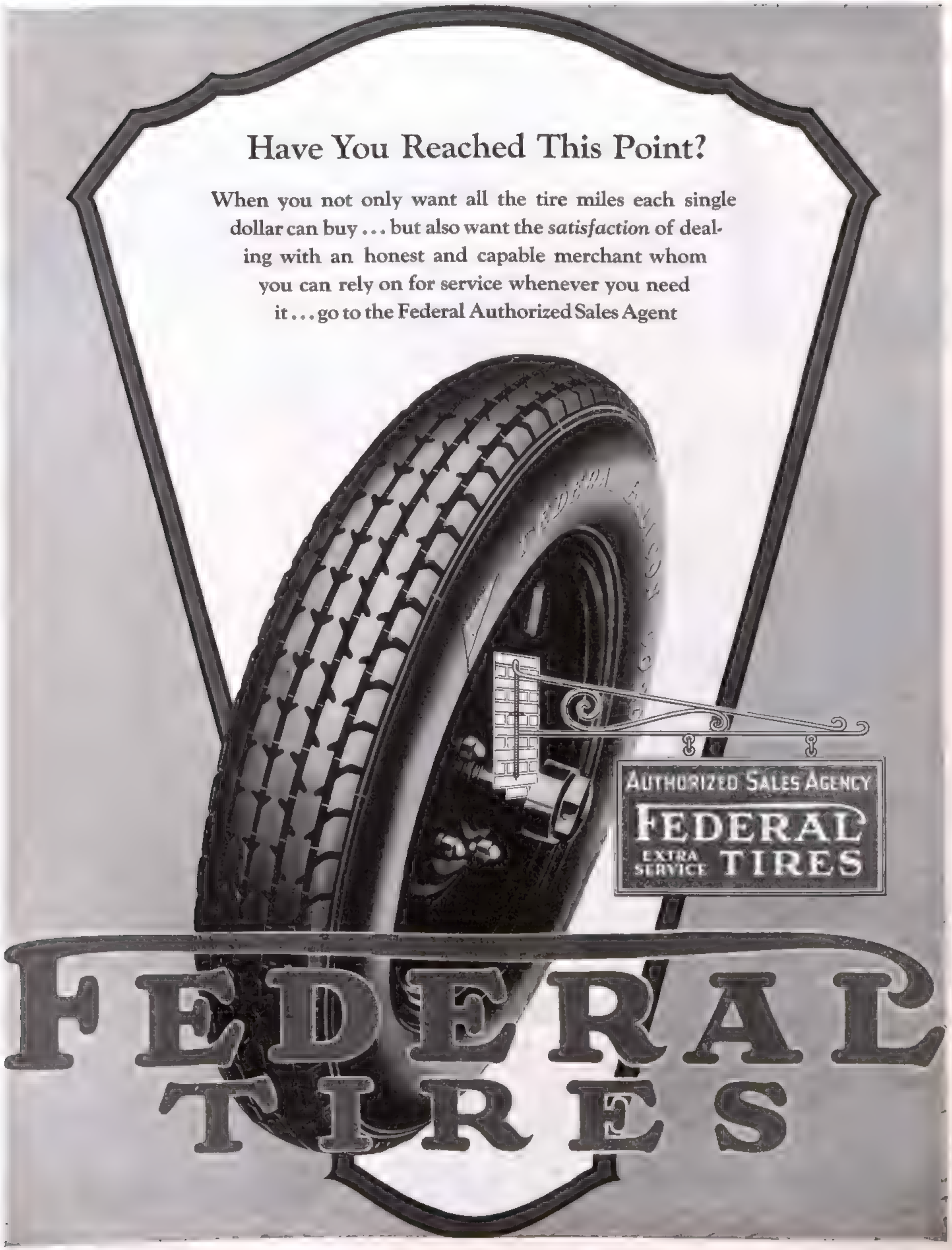

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MINISTERING ANGEL

Continued from Page 18

such generous measure that even if she failed in a minute detail, his voice was never lifted against her in criticism or complaint.

So Dora popped out of the big armchair as Arthur dropped into it, and their happiness was the envy of all beholders.

And then one day, after four years of perfect accord, a distant cousin of Dora's came from the United States of America and stayed with the Hansons. Her name was Mary Louise Saint and she was very nice and good to look at. This was her first visit to the United Kingdom, and it was natural that she should desire with celerity to form views upon the natives and crystallize in convenient form a composite man and a composite woman such as should fairly represent all Englishmen and English women.

Susceptible as are all travelers to first impressions, she fixed upon her host and hostess to supply the required elements. Being an earnest student of human nature, she did not readily commit herself to an opinion, but remained quiet and attentive throughout the service of the first dinner in the Hansons' house before running upstairs to make notes. It was a most illuminating experience, even more illuminating than those pithy little articles of Rebecca West's.

To begin with, the room was very cold on all sides save one. Cousin Dora and her husband clung to their table knives, never once laying them diagonally across the rims of their plates, and attacking their victuals politely with a fork. The talking was done by Arthur, who regarded talk as his monopoly. He imparted much that was severely dull about a place called the Oval and another place called Lords, where, as the season advanced, he hoped to spend much of his leisure.

Mary Louise Saint, who hoped that Lords had something to do with the aristocracy, was disappointed to learn that it was only a cricket ground.

Arthur Hanson went on and on and stood himself a thoroughly enjoyable conversation. Cousin Dora never said a word. She used her pretty mouth as a depository for food. Every now and then she smiled at her husband encouragingly.

When the nuts and wine were put upon the table, Arthur addressed Dora for the first time. He said "Cigarettes, dear," and he gave her the key of a cigar cabinet.

In amazement, Mary Louise Saint watched her hostess depart upon this menial errand as if she might have been a slave.

When Dora returned Arthur said, "Give your cousin a little chartreuse, darling. Bottle's in that sideboard, and, while you're up, that box of matches."

Mary Louise Saint watched these instructions faithfully, observed even unto the striking of a match for Arthur's cigar. But Arthur was not quite ready for his cigar, so Dora stood by with another match until he was ready.

And Arthur never apologized, said thank you or even nodded. The tyrant was oblivious of his tyranny.

Mary Louise Saint, accustomed to the slavish attention American husbands devote to the comfort of their wives, sat back in her chair and felt dizzy.

The pageant was too monstrous to be believed. If such conditions of slavery still existed, for what had the Battle of Gettysburg been fought and won? Was Arthur mad to behave so? Was he lacking in all sense of a husband's duty? Her cousin too—where was her pride to allow herself to be thus abased? Mary Louise Saint admired strength in men and weakness in women, because by establishing feminine weakness, masculine strength may be turned to profitable account. But weakness that served strength as opposed to the weakness that is served by strength was something that baffled her comprehension.

Arthur Hanson ordered, Dora Hanson smiled and did, and to the outward eye they were a happy pair. But what dark tragedy lurked behind that smiling service? What breaking of the spirit—what inexorable autocracy had made it possible?

Or was the answer—England?

If so, the Turk hadn't much on the Britisher, Mary Louise Saint would tell the world in no uncertain voice. Already her fingers itched to grasp the pen. She would head her article A Nation Exposed. But there was in Mary Louise a great fairness of disposition that would not allow her to condemn without certitude. She would give these people every chance to exalt or to hang themselves—every chance, and after that no quarter—not a speck.

She said in her lovely lilting voice, "I can't get used to your room-fire heating. I'd be glad of my wrap, if it isn't a bother."

And Arthur Hanson said, "I think I saw it over a chair back in the drawing-room, darling; and you might see if the evening papers have come."

After that Mary Louise Saint was free to act. But she did not act rashly or in haste. She wrote a great deal and tore it up; for, although her observations on paper were clinching to the argument, they failed somehow to convey the fact that the atmosphere in which this oppression flourished was a serene and happy atmosphere. She was far too honest a chronicler to present horrible examples when the examples themselves refused to look horrid. What she had seen provided all the proper elements for a rebellion; but, alas, there were no rebels. Obviously the lives of Arthur and Dora were all wrong, but nothing altered the fact that they appeared to be enjoying them. Her position, therefore, was delicate, and became increasingly so with the discovery that Arthur, with all his faults, was really a very decent and good fellow. She felt it would be a traitorous action to expose a man who was doing all that in his power lay to make her sojourn in England agreeable. Her analyses, therefore, found their way to the waste-paper basket, and very bravely she determined that there was nothing to do but have it out in words.

Opportunity arising a few weeks later, when Dora was out of the way, Mary Louise braced her shoulders and launched the attack.

Mary Louise said, "Cousin Dora has the sweetest disposition of any woman I have ever met."

"She has the sweetest disposition in the world," said Arthur correctively.

The reply was somewhat stultifying, but Mary Louise did not lack for courage.

"And you," she said, "are a very gentle and kind man."

Arthur said, "What? Glad you think so. Hadn't struck me I was anything in particular."

"Very kind, but very, very selfish," she went on.

Arthur's eyebrows sailed upward.

"Am I?" he asked. "Am I? P'raps I am, but in what way?"

"In the way you bully your very lovely wife."

Arthur flushed.

"But you're joking. Bully Dora? I'd die for her."

"Maybe you would," said Mary Louise, "but dying is a small and short affair compared with living. And most certainly you don't live for her. Oh, man, the way you make that gentle creature wait on you hand and foot is just criminal!"

Arthur gave signs of genuine distress.

"This is a very serious indictment," he said, "and I'm sure you wouldn't make it without reason, but do be a bit more explicit."

"Cousin Arthur, I can be explicit in six words. Who sits in the best chair? Who sets at the jobs and does all the talking? Who invents the errands and who runs them? You're a cultured man and a fine chap, but if you acted in America as you act over here, I'm going to tell you you'd spend your married life single."

Arthur Hanson rubbed his chin nervously.

"This is awful," he said. "I hardly know how to answer. Do you really think I treat Dora badly?"

"There are some things one doesn't need to think about—one knows."

He was silent a longish while.

"You know, Mary, it isn't very often one hears the truth about oneself as frankly expressed as this, and it's a bit startling. I'm terribly distressed that I've given that impression. You see, we two are so happy—our marriage has been such a complete success—that I suppose we haven't given much thought to the whys and the wherefores. I admit freely that I haven't bothered to examine my own contribution. Dora liked doing things and I let her. I took it for granted I was all right. But it seems I'm not all right. If what you say is true, I must be behaving like a pretty average swine."

"Not that, and I never suggested it," she interposed; "but I think it is that you English husbands don't ponder a great lot."

"We don't," he confessed. "We don't, but there's not the slightest reason why we shouldn't. Look here," he went on. "I'm immensely obliged to you for what you've said. If through any carelessness of mine our marriage came to grief, I'd—well, I'd never forgive myself. I'm one of those lucky men, Mary, who own a treasure, and if I fail to look after it, there's nothing bad enough that I wouldn't richly deserve."

"Now let me say," said Mary Louise Saint, "that I consider the manner you've taken this impertinent intrusion of mine into your private affairs marks you as a gallant and chivalrous gentleman and makes me feel like two cents."

"Oh, rubbish," said Arthur. "You're a brick, a darling, and there's no other word."

Next day when Arthur came from the City he brought with him a posy and said, "No, no, you sit there," when Dora sprang up to vacate his favorite chair. And during dessert he went and fetched his own cigars, and himself poured out the liqueur, and twice ran upstairs on little errands, once to fetch a handkerchief for himself and once for Dora's vanity bag. And when dinner was over he again insisted she should have the chair, and he urged her to tell them how and where she had spent the day; and he put on the gramophone records and changed the needles; and asked if they would like to go and dance anywhere; and noticed that Dora was looking "a little tired, dear," and hoped she hadn't been "overdoing it," and thought perhaps she had better "go to bed early" and have her "breakfast on a tray"; and suggested an increase in their domestic staff so as to give her an opportunity "to take things a bit easier all round."

He behaved, in short, as he had never behaved before, and revealed such a remarkable gift for thoughtfulness that poor Dora, who was unused to the embarrassment of being considered and consulted, went to bed in a whirl of bewilderment and agitated misunderstanding. Never, never in the whole course of her life had she spent such an aimless and terrifying evening. Needlework had been wrested from her hands, she had been denied the performance of her awful occasions. Over her body spread an imaginary sense of bruises caused by Arthur's repeated action in pushing her back into a chair from which she ardently desired to escape. Her legs were stiff from repose and disuse, and her larynx ached from the unaccustomed exercise of making conversation. He had cruelly prevented her from mixing his whisky and soda, thus proving that he liked it better when he mixed it himself. He had told her

(Continued on Page 102)

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(Continued from Page 100)

not to bother to order his tobacco on the morrow, as that was something to which he could conveniently attend on his way to the office. And finally he had kissed her and gone to sleep as though there was nothing on his mind and he had not been guilty of selfish and abominable conduct.

Unfamiliar with the habit of thought, Dora lay tossing and wakeful for long and miserable hours, striving without success to solve the riddle of this unaccountable change in his attitude. By refusing her service in the presence of a guest he had insulted her openly and struck a blow at the foundations of her existence. And why had he done it? Why? Was it not apparent to the most casual observer that what she did for him was done one hundred per cent better than he could hope to do it for himself? Of course it was, for she had devoted her whole life to studying the needs of others. Unselfishness and attentiveness are not qualities to be acquired in a day. They call for delicate and patient cultivation.

The world is composed of plants and gardeners, each having appointed duties and stations. A nice muddle there would be if the plants got hold of the water cans and fancied themselves gardeners.

As well might she attack the mysteries of Arthur's City business as he presume to administer his own welfare. There was something behind it all—a hideous purpose. For a reason unknown, he wished to put a slight upon her and prove that he could get along very well on his own. Came then a wave of acute self-pity such as she had never known before. Dora wept for the ministrations she had not been allowed to perform and the words of praise she had not been allowed to earn. She wept for the right to serve, and since anger usually precedes or follows tears, her weeping shook itself dry before a hot and wrathful fire of indignation. She saw Arthur in a new and sinister form. No longer an adoring and adorable husband, but a plain, selfish man who cunningly contrived to rob her of her birthright. Yes, there he was—selfish to the core, a man who wouldn't let himself be looked after.

Of course, Dora's reasoning was muddled and turgid; but that was natural, since you cannot expect great clarity of thought from the possessor of an inferiority complex. Dora Hanson had developed her inferiority complex very handsomely and it had been stamped upon.

She fell asleep at last from sheer exhaustion and woke with the hopeful belief that she had been visited by an evil dream. Her first conscious impression swiftly dissipated that illusion.

Arthur Hanson was sitting on the end of the bed sewing a button onto his trousers. He was using a yard and a half of thread and a needle as thick as a skewer. The eye of the needle was so wide that it would not penetrate the holes in the button without vigorous aid from a pair of pliers. The thread had snarled about halfway down, thus providing fresh cause for obstruction. On the reverse side of the trousers Arthur had woven a kind of fishing net composed of a great variety of loops and tangles. The expression upon his face was one of patient determination. Observing that she was awake, he projected at her a smile that must have been the envy of angels.

"Hullo, darling. You've had a good sleep."

Dora sat up sharply.

"What are you doing there?" she demanded. "You never told me a button was loose."

"Why should I bother you, dear? I can fix it all right."

"You can't," said Dora. "Give it to me."

Arthur drove the needle this way and that through the fabric, broke the thread and stood up

"There you are. It's done. Stop in bed, sweetheart, and I will pop downstairs and get you some breakfast."

There was a convulsion of bedclothes and Dora was facing him.

"I dare you to do it—dare you!" she cried. "I suppose you think because I said nothing last night that I didn't notice."

"Notice what?" he replied with conscious innocence.

"You know very well what, so don't pretend. But if you think I'm going to be treated like an invalid or a lunatic, you're wrong."

Arthur was at sea.

"Isn't this rather foolish?" he queried. "Surely I've a right to look after you and see that you don't fag yourself doing things for me that I ought to be doing for myself."

Dora dug her bare toes savagely into the thick pile of the carpet.

"You haven't a right," she wailed. "You haven't a right. You're trying to steal my job and break my heart."

"But, Dora, dear, it's so infernally selfish ——"

"Yes, it is—that's what it is ——"

"—— of me," he went on. "I realize how for years I've traded on your good nature, and isn't it natural I should want to make some return?"

"You say that," came the answer, "knowing it isn't natural and isn't true. You aren't pleased with me any longer and this is your cowardly way of showing it."

"Dora, that's grossly unfair. I may have taken things for granted in the past, but that's all over now and there's going to be a new order between us. I'm going to make up to you for all you've done to me."

"So you mean to go on with it—mean to go on keeping me down?"

"Certainly not. I mean to give up keeping you down. I mean you to occupy the position you should occupy."

"But I do."

"No, darling, you don't," he replied in a voice smooth and smug with conscious rectitude.

Dora looked at him, and never before had she looked at Arthur with such unloving eyes.

"I see," she said; "but you forget I may have something to say about that. Perhaps you think I'm a kind of doll that you can do what you like with. Try, and you'll find your mistake. I'm twenty-eight, Arthur, and I have made up my mind what I expect from life—what is my due. And I'm not going to have it altered to please anyone. Do you imagine that I'm anything less than I set out to be? I've made myself on the lines that suit me best and I shall stick to them. You have your own way of finding happiness and it isn't mine. Mine is providing you with the happiness you're looking for, not watching you get it for yourself."

"But that's an impossible argument," said he.

"I don't care if it is," she went on. "I have a right to be considered and I will be considered, and nothing you can say or do shall prevent it."

Arthur was bewildered and a little angry. He felt with justice that he had made a good start and would do still better as time advanced. He was not at all eager to have his efforts thus rudely sponged from the slate, especially as, on retiring for the night, he had captured an encouraging nod from Mary Louise Saint.

"I think," he said with a touch of dignity, "it is hardly fair for all the unselfishness to be on one side."

"Or all the selfishness."

"But how can it be selfish to wish to serve others?" he countered wildly.

Then it was that Dora made a most illuminating remark.

"Of course it's selfish. Selfishness is only doing what one wants to do. You want to be idle and comfortable and looked after, and I want to look after you and make you comfortable and let you be idle. No one but an idiot expects that everybody wants the same thing. If you tried to make me live the life I've made for you, I'd die of boredom."

And seizing his trousers she snipped off with a great pair of scissors the button he had sewed.

Dora was late for breakfast that morning, and Arthur Hanson attacked it in company with Mary Louise Saint. His mood was silent and thoughtful and he showed no disposition to talk.

Said Mary Louise Saint, "Your actions last night were very uplifting."

Said he, "Well, they nearly succeeded in lifting off the roof, you know."

"To make an entrance for the angels?"

"Perhaps," he replied.

"One angel is enough for any man," said Mary Louise, "and you've got yours, my friend, in Dora."

"Have I?" he said. "I wonder. I'm not at all sure that she isn't a very human being like the rest of us."

"A very unselfish human being, Cousin Arthur."

"The truth of that," said he, "depends upon the correct definition of the word 'unselfish.'"

"There can be only one, surely."

"On the contrary, there are several—several."

"Then hers is of the highest order."

"Of the most personal order," he corrected; "and because of that, the most enduring."

Dora came into the room as Arthur rose from the table.

"It's so warm today," he said, "I shan't need a coat. So don't bother to see me out. By the way, you won't forget my tobacco, will you?"

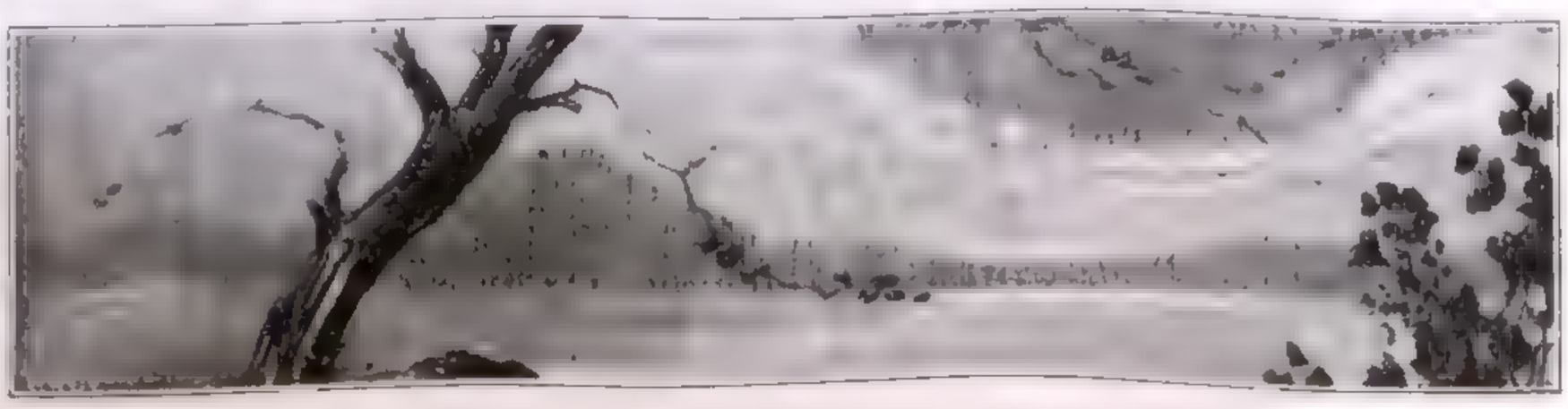
Mary Louise Saint winced, started and checked herself on the verge of a protest, as before her eyes was enacted a strange and bewildering scene. Dora Hanson moved towards Arthur with hands extended to coil about his neck. Her eyes were filmy with tears of unalloyed happiness.

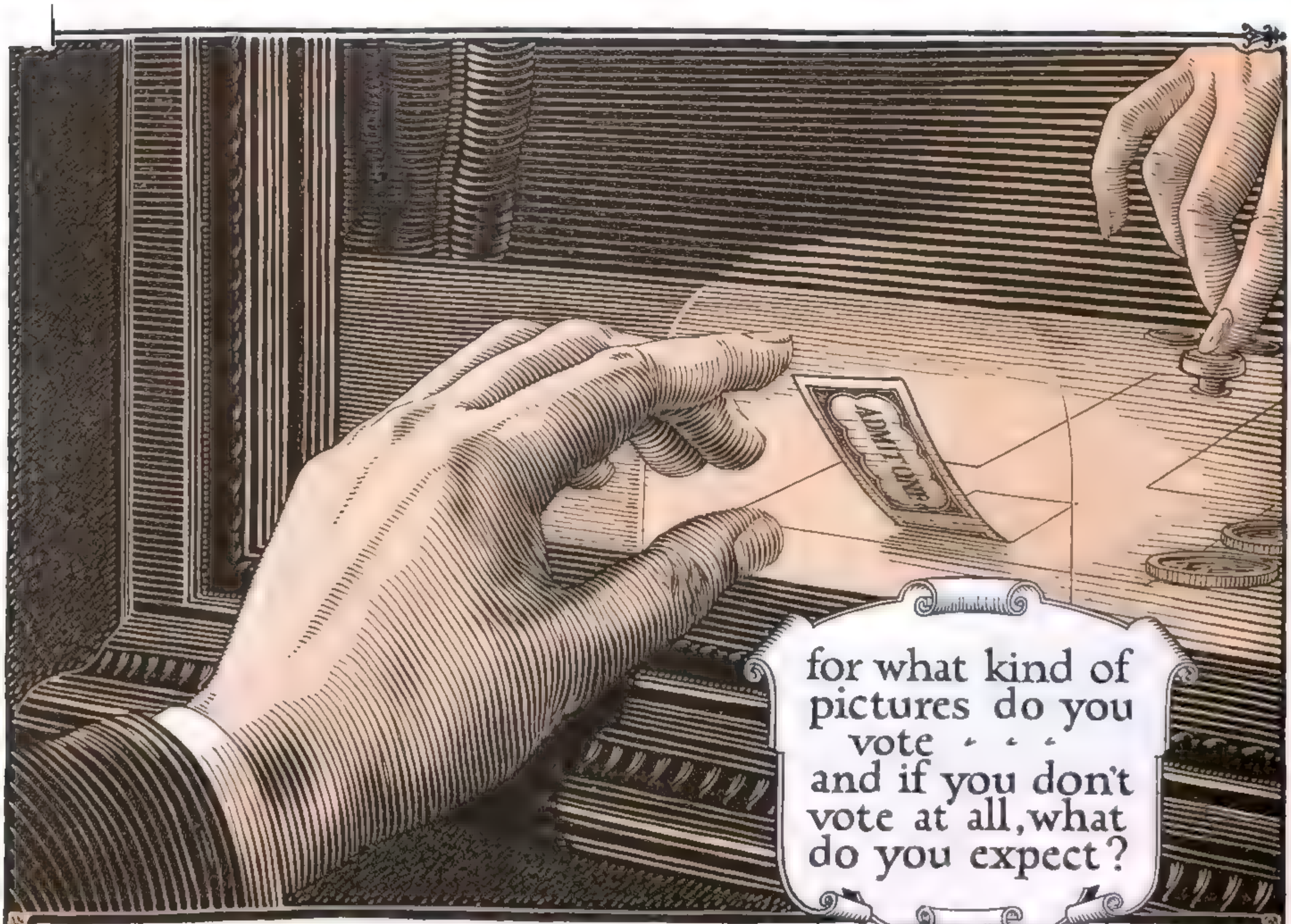
"Dearest, dearest Arthur," she said, and kissed him and clung to him.

And he whispered, "Darling," with lips that caressed her ear.

"Well!" said Mary Louise Saint.

And that is as far as it goes or as far as anything goes that describes a circle—like the world—or like a snake eating its own tail or like a story that comes back to its beginning in search of its end. For you will not have forgotten that during the reign of Edwardus VII Dei Gra: Britt: Omn: and all the rest of it ——





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THE FRESH EGG

(Continued from Page 19)

skin. He was tired of the hard-boiled lady-wrestler type of girl tennis player he repeatedly met in following the summer tournaments. He was even tireder of the fragile, feminine, fox-trotting girl who wanted him to teach her tennis, which meant spending a bored hour knocking soft balls to her—balls at which she took as many as three awkward swipes, but never hit unless by mistake. Agnes managed to combine boyish activity with feminine grace and get the rewards of both. She got everything she wanted. Something ought to be done about it.

Her black hair was cut almost as short as a boy's, and it was always tousled; only instead of looking careless, it looked charming. She had a voice pitched a full octave lower than most girls' voices, but it didn't sound hoarse or heavy. On the contrary, it was peculiarly agreeable. She was tanned by playing tennis in the sun to a café-au-lait brown that would have made most girls look coarse, but that only emphasized the blueness of her eyes and the blackness of her lashes. She spoke so slowly that people ought to have been unwilling to wait for her to finish a sentence. But people weren't impatient of her. Her drawl gave everything she said a faint flavor of humor so that you listened for her last word and often laughed over a remark that would not have sounded funny in anybody else's mouth.

Dick hated her because she was so happy. Why shouldn't she be happy? She played beautiful tennis. Her backhand had the smooth, easy perfection that comes of natural grace and the willingness to learn. She never got mad in a match; at least, she never got mad enough to forget everything she knew about the game. She knew how to wait for her openings. What was more, she did wait for them. She had the makings of a champion. She was certain to be well up in the first ranking ten women players this year.

"Well," Dick said belligerently, "what do you want now?"

"You shouldn't have done it," she said in her quiet drawl.

"I shouldn't have done what?"

"You shouldn't have got mad."

"Is that so?" said Dick bitterly.

"Yes," she said, and her tone was friendly. "If you had only kept your head!"

"That's all you know about it," Dick said.

"Don't tell me you've got an alibi!"

"No," Dick said with dignity.

Agnes shook her head slowly.

"I was so sorry I could have cried," she said.

"Was that why you grinned?"

She grinned now exactly as she had grinned at him from the stand when Hukada was beating him that afternoon.

"Oh ——" she began, but before she could continue the sentence the band inside struck up another fox trot.

"Come on, Dick," she said, "let's dance and forget about it."

"I don't want to dance. I don't like to dance. I don't intend to dance."

Her answer was to slip down from the veranda railing and put her hand on his shoulder.

"Don't take it so hard, Dick," she urged. "You'll beat him next time."

Dick shrugged his shoulders violently, as if the touch of her hand was insufferable.

"I'd like to know how," he said.

"Why, Dick!" she cried. "You know he isn't in your class. You're too fast for him—much too fast."

"I certainly put the ball out of court faster than he could put it in," Dick said grimly.

Agnes turned a porch chair around and sat down beside him.

"But if you had waited for your openings and mixed your shots and kept the ball bounding high —— Why did you keep on giving him just what he wanted?"

"Because I was a fool," Dick said.

"Because you got mad," Agnes reminded him.

"Well, I always will get mad."

"But you know just how to play him. And if you go in to string him along and mix him up, instead of swatting everything like a crazy man, you'll have it all your own way. You won't be mad."

"Yes, I will," Dick said stubbornly. "I can't stand seeing that loop drive of his. It makes me mad just to see it."

"You just like to be mad, don't you?" she asked in gentle mockery.

"Like to get mad?"

"Yes," she said in her maddening drawl, each word separate and distinct, "so you can feel sorry for yourself."

Dick looked at her. He would have liked to slap her. He would have liked to wring her neck.

"I never feel sorry for myself," he said, with an attempt at that calm, level tone you strive for when you know you aren't going to be believed.

"Yes, you do," she said. "You were sitting out here when I came along and going over and over that match you threw away this afternoon and feeling sorrier and sorrier for yourself."

Dick turned and glared at her. The light in the corner of the veranda was dim enough so that he could not glare as effectively as he would have liked, but he glared.

"Did anybody ever tell you that you were a fresh egg?" he asked in his coldest voice. "As a tennis player, there may be women who can beat you. But as a fresh egg, you're a champion—an international champion—an old master. Of course I'm sorry I lost that match. But you're the only person in this clubhouse fresh enough to come around and rub it in."

"I'm sorry, Dick," she said tenderly, and yet with a hint of laughter in her speech. "I don't mean to be fresh. I s'pose I just am. But that isn't the way it seems to me. The way it seems to me is that I like you awfully and I can't bear to see you get sore-headed and throw a match away."

"You grinned. You thought it was funny. You can't tell me you didn't think it was funny."

"Of course I thought it was funny too," she drawled.

"I thought so!" he said.

"Don't you think it was funny, Dick?"

"No!" he roared. "And what's more, I don't think it's funny for you to come around here and razz me about it either."

"I was razzing you," she admitted. "But I wasn't razzing you to be funny."

"What were you doing it for—practice?"

"No," she said gravely, "I was doing it with malice aforethought. I was hoping if I razzed you a little about being beaten, maybe you'd up and do something about it. Maybe next time you were drawn against Hukada you'd string him along and mix the pace and keep the ball low, instead of giving him just what he likes and getting mad at yourself for doing it."

"There isn't going to be any next time," he said sharply. "I'm quitting tennis for good. I'll never play in another tournament. I'm through." He paused to let that sink in. "Besides," he added irrelevantly, "those things you're talking about weren't the real trouble. You think you know tennis. Well, you don't. If you did you'd see that I didn't lose because I got mad. I lost because ——" He paused to be the more crushing.

"—— because," she interrupted, refusing to be crushed, "you didn't have any backhand."

Dick looked at her—just looked at her. She had said exactly what he had intended to say. For the moment he could not think of words with which to confute her.

"But you could," she went on in her imperturbable drawl—"you could work up a backhand in three weeks if you really wanted to."

Dick had a peculiarly insulting way of saying "Ha-ha." He used it now. "Ha-ha!" he said.

"But you could," she repeated.

"Haven't I been playing tennis for the last ten or eleven years? Haven't I fussed with my backhand every season? Haven't I tried to work up a backhand?"

"Not in the right way."

"Ha-ha!"

"There's nothing the matter with your backhand except ——"

"—— except that it's a poke," he interrupted—"a weak little poke."

"Except your footwork."

"It isn't my footwork—it's a cramped swing."

"If you'd just let me show you the trick about it ——"

"I won't let you show me anything. I don't want to be shown anything. I want to be let alone."

Agnes looked at him and shook her head slowly.

"I know it," she said in a sad little voice.

"Well, if you know it, why don't you act on it? Why don't you let me alone? Why do you come breezing in when I'm sitting here all by myself and didn't ask you? What are you trying to do—see how much trouble you can make? Why don't you beat it?"

"I'm going in a minute," she said. "Do you mind if I just sit here and think quietly?"

"The more quiet thinking you do the better I'll like you."

"Of course," she said, "that's what I really want—for you to like me better." Dick wasn't sure whether she was speaking the simple truth or kidding him. He was inclined to think she was doing both. "It comes," she drawled after a moment, "of being a girl."

"What comes of being a girl?"

"When a man likes a girl," she explained, "everything is so simple. He can say it. He can show it. A girl can't—not and get away with it."

"A girl can get away with anything a man can nowadays—and all her own stuff besides."

"No," Agnes said, "it isn't true. I can't do the things girls used to do. If you are as rude as you know how to be—and that's pretty rude—I can't burst into tears. It isn't done any more. I have to take it."

Dick reflected uncomfortably that he had been rude. He had been driven to it, of course. But he didn't like the idea that he was rude. He wondered how to phrase an apology. He was only half aware that the band inside was playing again—playing something with a longer, easier rhythm.

"Why, that's a waltz!" Agnes said, and jumped up. "I love to waltz, Dick."

Dick got up. If he had been rude, he would have to dance with her.

"I haven't waltzed for years," he protested.

"But you're going to waltz with me, aren't you?" She put her hand on his arm. "Out here on the veranda?"

Dick put his arm around her and swung off, not too certain of the step.

She began after a moment to hum the tune under her breath, emphasizing the time and forcing him with a slight pressure to follow it.

"I told you I wasn't good at this," Dick said, and stopped. "I've forgotten the way it goes."

"But it's so easy—look." She counted, "One, two, three; one, two, three," as she did the step backward and forward for him to see. "Now," she said, and slipped into his arms again. "One, two, three; one, two, three—you see, you do remember it."

"I'm still thinking about my feet."

"But you mustn't think about your feet—you must think about the music."

"The music isn't so good."

She looked up at him and smiled engagingly.

"Then," she said, in her slow, delicious drawl, "think about me!"

He laughed for the first time since Hukada had beaten him. He did think about her. He couldn't help thinking about her. She was very light in his arms and she had a special sweetness of her own. If only she didn't always get her own way!

The crowd in the clubhouse applauded the waltz and the band obligingly played it again. Dick had recovered his memory of the step. She was so easy to dance with. He began to enjoy dancing with her. When the music stopped she slipped out of his arms.

"Look, Dick!" she said, and whistling the waltz, she went through the motion of making a backhand stroke in tennis to the beat of one, two, three. She did it over and over again, crossing over with the right foot, turning her body halfway around and swinging her arm back on the long beat, bringing her arm and her weight forward on the second beat, and following through on the third beat. It was peculiarly smooth and easy and graceful as she did it. She had it just right. He knew how well the ball would go if you hit it like that.

"Try it, Dick," she cried, and began to count: "One, two, three; one, two, three."

He tried it twice, imitating her as precisely as he could, and was astonished at what he discovered. It was incredible that he hadn't known it.

"Good Lord!" he said. "I've been hitting my backhand off the wrong foot—I've always put my left foot ahead."

"Of course you have! That's what I wanted to tell you. And oh, Dick, can't you see if you'd spend an hour a day practicing the right way, your backhand would be good? If you get your body sidewise, and take room to swing back, and ease your weight to your right foot as you hit, it's just as easy to control as a forehand shot. If you get the footwork right, it will be just as sure. And you can—you could get it in three or four weeks."

Dick felt his anger returning. The idea that he had been hitting his backhand off the wrong foot, like any dub, all these years was hard enough to take. But that she should be so right about it was too much. He saw now how she had managed him to make him see for himself what was wrong with his backhand, when he was too mad to let her tell him. He hated being managed. He hated being led around for his own good, like a child.

"I won't do it!" he said furiously. "I told you I was through with tennis and I am. Good night." He was driven by a childish impulse to turn his head as he walked off. "Besides," he added, "you're a fresh egg."

He was conscious that she was staring after him as he went. At least he imagined she was. He knew exactly how mean a return he was making for her interest and her help. He knew he was acting like a spoiled and sulky child. But he could not stop. He knew he oughtn't to be mad, but he was mad.

III

DICK awoke late the next morning and rang for breakfast. The Deep Harbor Club was famous for its breakfasts and he felt like indulging himself to a breakfast in bed before he packed up his rackets and left tennis flat. It was a sad thought—that. He enlarged to himself on the sadness of it while he ate red raspberries and cream, muffins and jam, bacon and eggs. He enlarged on it while he drank a second enormous cup of coffee and finished up the jam and lit a cigarette. He enlarged on it farther when he got out of bed and began to pack his rackets. There were eight rackets and each of them had seen service in a match that summer. To the casual eye, they were exactly alike—the same make, the same shape, the same gut, the same handle, with a spiral of surgeon's tape

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If you were driving an engine on one of these two right-hand tracks and your signals stood at three different angles, you wouldn't know whether to stop, back up or go ahead.

Would you know if your eyes signalled "stop"?

HOW much more an engineer knows about his locomotive than you know about your eyes! His years of studious training and experience qualify him to drive it fast, but always safely. He understands every signal—semaphore, flag, torpedo or lantern.

But *you* and *your* eyes! What do you really *know* about them? Do you know how hard you're driving them? In your efforts to see well with them, do you know that you may be endangering your health?

And do you understand the signals they send you? Would you recognize any signal whatever of "danger ahead"—except an ache or a tired feeling in the eyes themselves?

Headaches, brain fag, depression, nervousness, indigestion—probably you have never thought of these as signals from your eyes. You are not trained to recognize their meaning any more than you are able to read the signals which mean so much to the engineer. Your eyes may be signalling you now without your knowing it.

Only an eyesight specialist can read the danger signals from your eyes. He can diagnose defects in eyes and in eyesight long before you are aware of eyestrain. Do the only thing you can do in justice to your eyes and your eyesight—have your eyes examined.

* * *

Write us today for an interesting and valuable new booklet, "A New Age of Vision."

Have your eyes examined!

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for Better Eyesight

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Baby's Milk keeps safely

Think of Baby!!!

THE certified milk you select so carefully for that precious little one of *yours*—are you prepared to *insure* its wholesome, pure quality *after* it reaches your home?

If you have electric service in your home, it is easy to *make certain* that baby's milk is always fresh and sweet—free from deadly bacteria and unwholesome impurities.

For, *real* refrigeration is now available in every electrically wired home—refrigeration that maintains true preserving temperatures—so low that decomposition and bacterial development are *prevented*—not merely *retarded*, as in old-fashioned ice-boxes.

You simply attach the plug on SERVEL to one of your electric light sockets and

Baby is Safe!!!

* * * *

And *you* and all who dine in *your* home are safe—safe from the myriad dangers and illnesses resulting from the use of food *not* preserved "*the electrical way*"—by SERVEL.

For SERVEL does not merely *cool* your refrigerator. SERVEL *removes heat by force*—that tireless, persistent, never-failing force—*electricity*.

SERVEL *Superiorities*

1. A refrigerant of highest efficiency, safe, non-noxious and non-corrosive, which will neither damage nor deteriorate the compressor valves or other mechanism even if combined with moisture.

2. Cylinder sleeves case hardened and ground, built to function perfectly for a lifetime.

3. An automatic, positive pressure-control device of rugged construction—eliminating the necessity of a thermostat and wiring to or within the refrigerating chambers. This device assures any predetermined temperature desired without variation or attention.

4. Alcohol sealed in cooling tank—eliminating possibility of corrosion or other objectionable features of brine solutions.

5. Air-cooled radiator making unnecessary expensive and awkward plumbing.

6. Self-contained units may be moved from one room to another or from house to house, as easily as a phonograph or piano.

7. So constructed that all parts of refrigerating unit are easily accessible.

* * *

SERVEL—The Crowning Achievement In Electrical Refrigeration.

in Servel

Read these FACTS!!!

WHEN the American Association of Medical Milk Commissioners met in Chicago, their entire milk supply was kept in perfect condition in a SERVEL. At the close of the convention they stated that "eight hundred doctors and their friends were served with between fifteen and twenty cases of milk each day. The doors of the refrigerator were opened continuously, yet SERVEL constantly maintained the most desired temperature for our certified milk. We believe this is a most severe test and have no hesitation in recommending SERVEL as an ideal refrigerator." That is praise indeed, coming as it does from the highest authorities on milk protection.

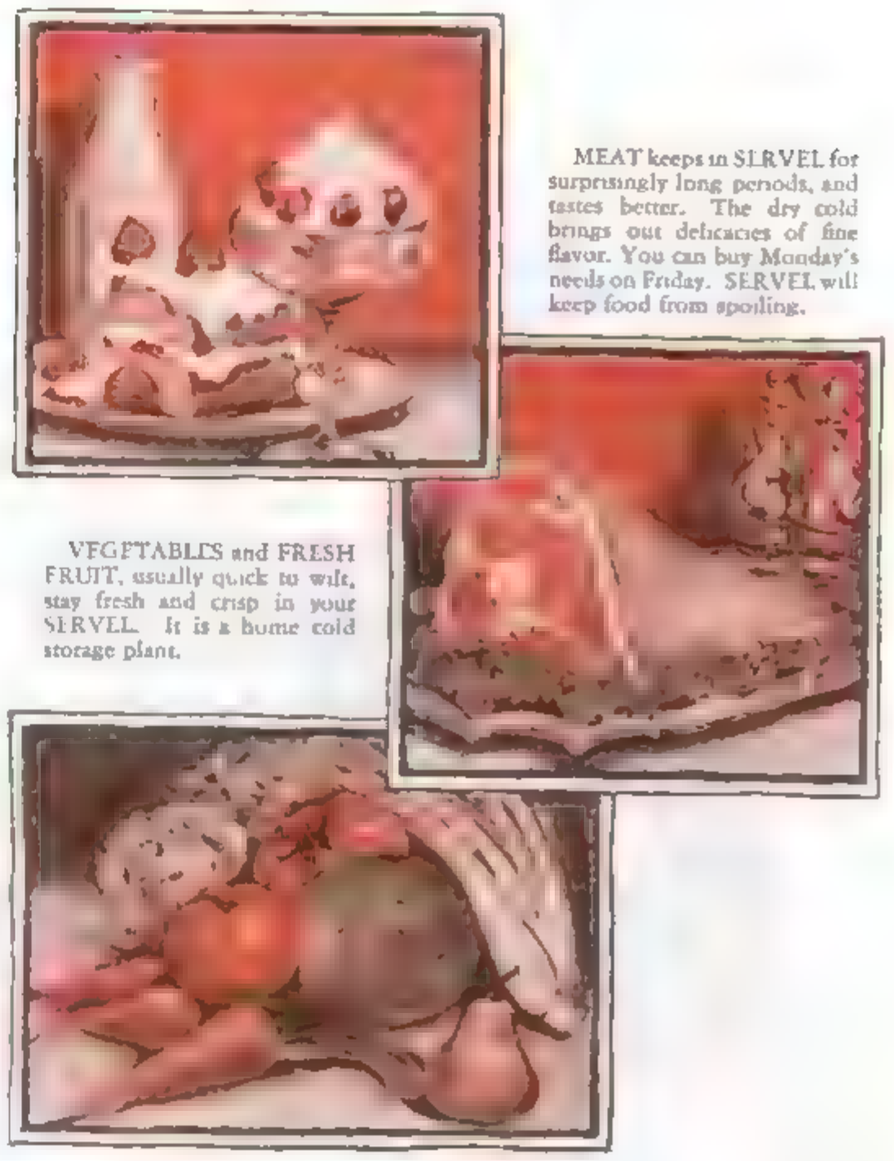
A doctor in North Adams, Mass., who has a SERVEL in his home, writes: ". . . then I determined to find out how long the milk would keep sweet in my SERVEL. One bottle remained in the refrigerator two weeks, and I opened it expecting to find sour milk. To my surprise I found it as palatable as new milk. It was sweet enough to feed to my baby. I went no further! Any refrigerator that will keep milk sweet for two weeks goes beyond my expectations!"

What SERVEL *Will Mean to You!*

1. Genuine Refrigeration—Maintaining without variation predetermined temperatures, so low that the development of bacteria and resulting decay are *prevented*—not merely *retarded* somewhat—as with the ordinary ice "cooled" refrigerator.
2. Dry Cold—so necessary to the proper preservation of foodstuffs, because SERVEL removes moisture from the air instead of increasing the humidity as does melting ice.
3. All perishable food is kept perfectly fresh and does not deteriorate, thus effecting great economy.
4. All foods retain their flavor without deterioration.
5. Odors or objectionable flavors are not transmitted from one food to another, due to the dry atmosphere maintained within the *electrically chilled* refrigerator.
6. Vegetables are kept fresh and crisp, retaining their flavor for days.
7. Fresh milk will keep sweet for periods as long as two weeks.
8. Meats retain their flavor and do not become tainted.
9. Ice cubes are manufactured automatically from *water of your own selection*
10. Eliminates the necessity of emptying drain pans or cleaning out the accumulation resulting from melting ice
11. Eliminates food spoilage by maintaining a *constant*, preserving temperature
12. The economy thus effected more than justifies the investment in SERVEL.
13. Assures independence of the ice-man—irregular ice deliveries—the necessity of remaining at home to receive him.
14. Makes it possible to leave food in the refrigerator while away on holiday trips because there is no ice to melt away—electricity maintaining the same unvarying temperature and dry, crisp atmosphere day and night—summer and winter—without attention from anyone.
15. The refrigerator may be located in or immediately adjacent to the kitchen—accessible and convenient at all times.
16. Costs less than ice. Only when your ice bill is registered on that accurate automatic accounting device—the electric meter—will you know positively that you are paying for just the refrigeration you actually have secured.

SERVEL
ICE BY WIRE

FROZEN DESSERTS are [illegible] little trouble when you have a SERVEL. The freezing compartment freezes them right in the serving dish. No packing in salt and ice.



MEAT keeps in SERVEL for surprisingly long periods, and tastes better. The dry cold brings out delicacies of fine flavor. You can buy Monday's needs on Friday. SERVEL will keep food from spoiling.

VEGETABLES and FRESH FRUIT, usually quick to wilt, stay fresh and crisp in your SERVEL. It is a home cold storage plant.

What Does SERVEL *Cost?*

Really, *nothing at all*, because the electricity is cheaper than ice in most places, and this, combined with the saving resulting from the elimination of food spoilage, will, as a rule, equal the monthly instalment necessary to equip your home with SERVEL.

For you can buy SERVEL for a very few dollars down payment and a very few dollars each month.

Ask the SERVEL *dealer in your city*

THE SERVEL CORPORATION
17 East 42nd Street, New York

Please send me a SERVEL catalog. SEP 10-0620-2

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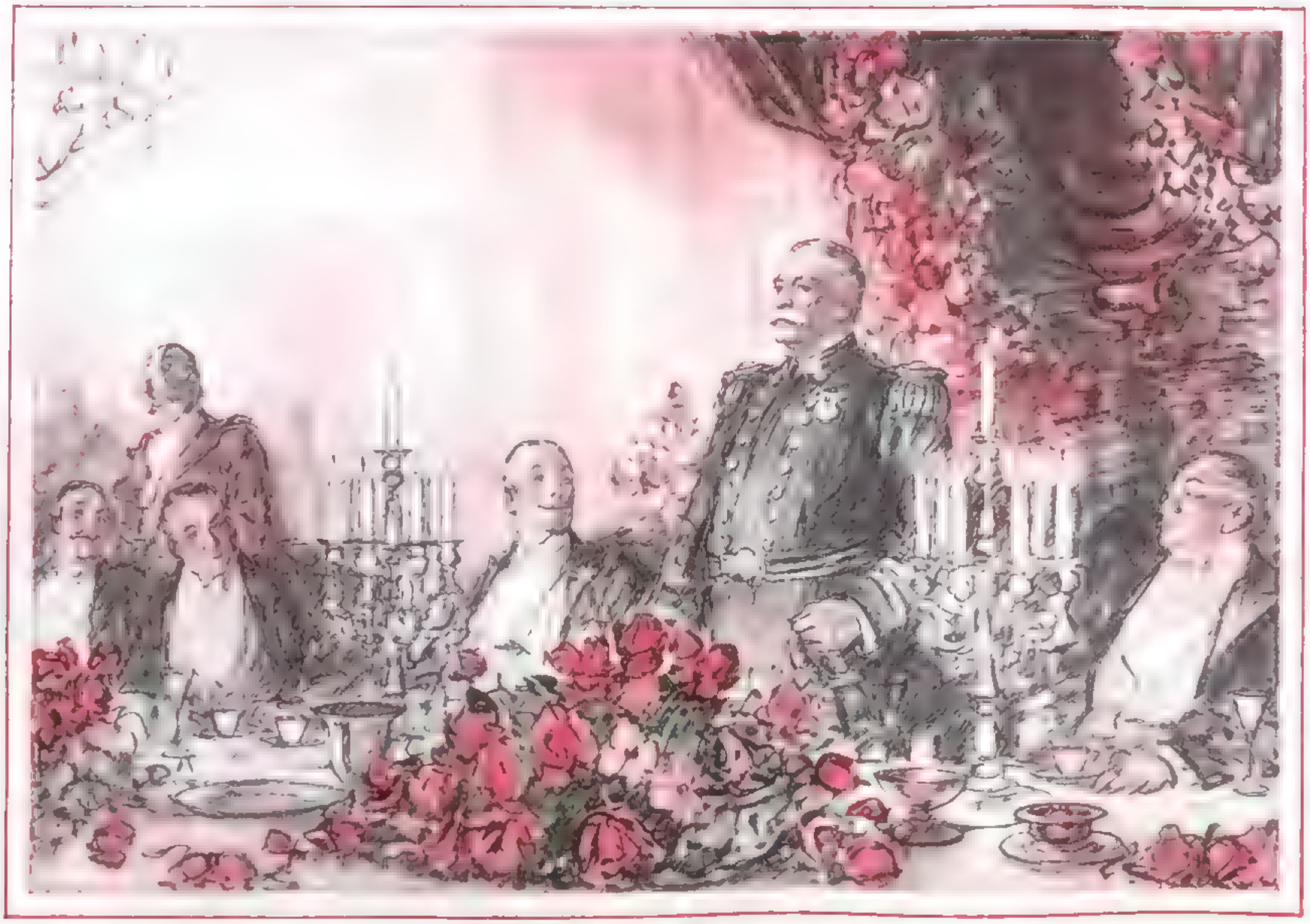

Over his coffee Admiral Dewey rose to speak

No other banquet at the old Maxwell House ever quite equaled that given for the hero of Manila Bay nearly thirty years ago.

In this historic hotel, the South could most fittingly do honor to Admiral Dewey at the close of the Spanish-American War. Here since the days of the Civil War, the notable guests of the South had been received and entertained. Here the balls and dinners were given that brought together the most distinguished men and women of old Dixie.

Throughout this "land of good living", the Maxwell House in Nashville had long been celebrated for its delicious food—and above all for its coffee.

It was this special blend of fine coffees, wonderfully rich and mellow, that was served to the great Admiral on that memorable evening before he rose to speak.

And it was this coffee that the patrons of the Maxwell House praised so highly and remembered long afterward in their homes.

Those who once tasted it could never forget its full-flavored, alluring goodness.

Its fame spread to all parts of the country

As the years passed, Southern families in many cities took steps to have Maxwell House Coffee supplied to them. Gradually in the North and West also, the women who best understand fine flavor have heard of this blend and have secured it for their own tables.

And the same firm of coffee merchants who perfected it years ago in Nashville, still supervise the blending and roasting of it today.

The same coffee that first won fame in the South years ago is now on sale at all better grocery stores. It is the largest selling high grade coffee in the United States.

When you pour your first cup, when the rare fragrance of this coffee first reaches you, you will understand why it delighted the guests of the old Maxwell House. Don't wait longer to give your family its rich flavor and aroma. Serve it for breakfast tomorrow. Ask your grocer today for one of the blue tins of Maxwell House Coffee.

CHEEK-NEAL COFFEE COMPANY

Nashville Houston Jacksonville Richmond
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Also Maxwell House Tea

MAXWELL HOUSE COFFEE

"Good to the last drop"

TODAY—*America's largest selling high grade coffee*

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wound around it where the hand came. But to Dick each was a little different from the others, each had memories. He sat down on the bed to renew the tape on the handle of a favorite one, and as he fitted the sticky strip he whistled softly the waltz he had danced to the night before, he whistled the excessive sadness of All Alone.

The telephone at the head of the bed interrupted him.

"It's me," said Agnes Wilkie.

Dick felt himself stiffen, as if something in him demanded that he be angry when he didn't really want to be angry at all.

"Well?" he said.

"I need somebody to knock balls to me. I'm playing Mrs. Beam this afternoon and my volley has gone to pot."

"I'll be down in five minutes," Dick answered, and was surprised at his own cordiality.

It didn't take him five minutes to slip into his tennis things and run downstairs. She was waiting for him with an armful of rackets and a box of balls.

"What do you want?" he asked, as they walked out on a court. "Chops or drives?"

"Both," she said. "But let's drive a little first till I get my eye on the ball."

He sent her long, easy, flat drives. It was a pleasure to watch her take them. She hadn't much speed. But she was so steady and so easy. Her backhand was beautiful and carried the unexpected pace after its bounce of a ball with the body weight behind the stroke. He got to studying her backhand. He couldn't believe that she actually gave it as much time on a course, as full and unhurried a swing, as she had given it in pantomime on the club veranda. But counting "One, two, three" under his breath, he assured himself that she did. He tried a few of them himself, just to see if he could do it and found it hard not to hurry or press.

"Now," she said, coming in to the net, "give me something to volley."

He knocked a dozen balls to her in rapid succession and found her volleying decidedly unsteady.

"Do you see what's the matter?" she asked.

He knocked a dozen more balls without answering.

"Something's all wrong," she said, as she hit the last one into the net.

Dick walked up to the net.

"Give me a few," he said, "and I'll show you."

She knocked balls to him and he snapped them down, first to the right and then to the left.

"You've been stroking them," he explained, as he hit. "You've got to make them crisp, snappy, short. It's a quick punch that does it, with just enough slice to hold the ball in court. Come on and try it."

She imitated him obediently.

"That's better," he said after a few trials. "But you need an hour of it to get the habit back."

"I'd love an hour if you'd give it to me."

"Of course I will," he said, and went on knocking balls.

He enjoyed teaching her. She was such a good pupil, so willing and so amenable. She seemed like a different girl.

"I wish I had your volley," she said, when the hour was over.

"I wish I had your backhand," he said impulsively.

He waited for her to remind him of what he had said the night before, but she did not. She led the way to the practice wall.

"Hit a couple," she said, "and take twice as much time as you usually do."

He drove a ball against the wall so it would come back on his backhand, and as it came he turned more fully to the left than usual, putting his right foot ahead of his left, swung far back, and drove.

"Give it even more time than that," she said, and began to whistle a bar from All Alone—one, two, three; one, two, three.

He sent backhand drives against the wall for half an hour, trying earnestly to give each stroke the full three counts, instead of snapping at it as he always had.

"It's time for lunch," he said at last, a bit pleased with himself.

"Of course," she said, "if you'd do an hour of that every day, and then when you are playing make yourself take time for the footwork and the full swing ——"

"Maybe I will," he said sheepishly.

He waited for her to ask if that meant he was reconsidering his decision to quit tennis for good. He knew she must infer that. He thought it was rather nice of her to make no comment.

He thought it still nicer of her to express no surprise when he met her the next week at the opening of the Brightwaters tournament. Instead, she asked him to help her with her volley. He enjoyed that so much that he got the orchestra at the club dance in the evening to play All Alone so they could waltz.

And the next morning she drove to his backhand for an hour, whistling the time as she hit.

In ten days he had definitely changed over to the habit of hitting his backhand off the right foot. After two weeks he used the new backhand stroke in practice sets and got a control he had never approached before. In the press of a match he still went back to his old habit of hitting too quickly and putting the ball into the net or over the base line. But the one two, three was always in his mind. He caught himself whistling All Alone a dozen times a day. He had fallen in love with the waltz rhythm.

IV

HE HAD a month of the new practice before, in the semifinals at the Somerset Cricket Club, he met Hukada again. He had a moment's interchange with Agnes before he went on the court.

"Well," he said, "what do you think?"

"I think if you play him the way you did at Deep Harbor he'll beat you in straight sets."

"But if I just forget that I'm playing a tennis match and imagine that I'm waltzing with you ——"

"If you imagine you're waltzing with me," she drawled, "you'll be shocked at how easy he is to beat."

Dick went out to warm up with Hukada before beginning the match. The man's drive made him tired. It was so badly done—a loop drive more like the old Lawford stroke than anything else ever seen on a tennis court before, and it came over so steadily. It wasn't fast, but it had a mean hop on it from excessive top spin.

He couldn't help feeling the same exasperation with that drive that he had felt at Deep Harbor. He hated these earnest, careful players who always got the ball back as only a hard-hitting tennis player can hate them. They didn't give you enough speed to hit. It was slow work beating them and no credit to you when you did. What would Agnes say if he slammed away and won? What could she say if he blew Hukada off the court as he had intended to blow him off the court at Deep Harbor?

He was still thinking how pleasant it would be to turn her dope upside down when Hukada served his first ball in the match. It was the same weakly hit, high-bounding American twist Hukada always used, only this first one came to Dick's forehand. Dick slammed it down the side line as hard as he could hit. The ball went like a bullet to Hukada's backhand corner. It struck while the little man was still a yard away. He missed it. The gallery applauded.

"That for pat ball," Dick said to himself, and took his place for the next service. The ball broke on his backhand. Again Dick slammed it, forgetting the one, two, three he had been learning, forgetting the full back swing. The ball hit the top band of the net with a sharp slap. Again Hukada served to Dick's backhand; again Dick slammed away; again he hit the top band. Hukada took the first game, and the second, and the third.

Dick stood on his base line to serve. The score was 3-0. Unless he pulled up, Hukada would run out the set, and he couldn't afford to let Hukada have a single set this time. He must beat him thoroughly if he wanted that place in the first ranking ten.

Dick served a hard slice. Hukada looped it to Dick's backhand. Dick ran easily toward it and as he ran he heard from the stand a whistled bar of All Alone—one, two, three; one, two, three. Automatically he fell into the well remembered rhythm of it; automatically he turned his body sidewise to the net, took a long step to the left with his right foot, swung far back and hit with a full follow through. The ball went low and true to Hukada's backhand corner. Hukada put it back to Dick's backhand. Again Dick heard that bar from All Alone—one, two, three; one, two, three. Again he fell into the rhythm of it. The ball went low and true to Hukada's forehand corner. The short-legged little man in spectacles raced across his base line, reached the ball with a final stab. Dick killed it at the net.

When Dick stood poised to serve again he had himself in hand. He would chase that little man back and forth across his base line until he got tired; he would drive low, easy—one, two, three—backhand shots first to one corner and then to the other until the little man foozled. And he did. Humming to himself the air of All Alone, he ran out the set, ran out the match, beat Hukada, 6-3, 6-1, 6-1.

It wasn't until after the match was over and he had had a shower and dressed that he began to get mad. What a fool he was! How people would laugh if they knew he had been about to throw the match away, just as he had thrown the previous one away, when a girl in the stand had whistled to him! She had whistled and he had danced, exactly as she had taught him to dance. He might as well be a monkey on a stick, pulled with a string.

He wanted never to see her again. He wanted to hunt her up and tell her that he was through being led around by the nose. So he went to dinner by himself and thought bitter thoughts.

He wandered over, after dinner, to the veranda of the Somerset Club. The band was already playing fox trots. Dick hunted out a dark corner and smoked one cigarette after another and wished Agnes would come along so he could tell her what he thought of her. She thought everything had come out as she had planned it. She thought she had been particularly clever. She thought he would like her for it. Well, he would let her know.

He went over and over what he would say to her, making it stronger, for an hour before she appeared. She came out of the door that led to the dance floor and found him there in the corner and perched herself on the veranda rail, just as she had that evening at Deep Harbor. Only now he hated her much more than he had then.

"Well," he said belligerently, "what do you want now?"

"You shouldn't do it," she said in her quiet drawl.

"I shouldn't do what?"

"You shouldn't hate me."

"I don't hate you," he roared.

"Yes, you do," she said. "You were sitting out here when I came along and going over and over the way I lured you into doing your backhand shots to waltz time; and the way this afternoon, when you were throwing away one game after another, I whistled to you to make you remember. And you did remember and began to run Hukada ragged and you won. And so you're mad at me for managing you. It makes you feel like a little boy again and you hate me for being a mother to you. And on top of it all, you think I've been pursuing you—trying to make you fall for me."

"I don't think anything of the sort," Dick said hotly.

"Then," she said, in her quiet drawl, every word separate and distinct, "you're a fool. What do you suppose I took all that trouble for if it wasn't that I liked you awfully and wanted you to like me? Of course I was pursuing you—as hard as I knew how. But you needn't worry any more, Dick."

She stepped down from the veranda rail.

"I'm through," she added. "I know you don't like me."

She turned and walked rapidly down the veranda, down the steps. Dick caught her halfway across the lawn.

"It's not true," he said, holding her shoulders tightly. "I love you."

He stood there, looking angrily into her eyes, realizing the truth of what he had just said, when he didn't know what he was going to say.

"Then," she said, and smiled up at him, "why don't you kiss me, Dick?"

He laughed at that and all the anger went out of him.

"Gosh," he said fondly, "but you're a fresh egg!"

"Yeah, That's My Kid Brother, Oswald. He'll Take Anything He Can Get for Nothin'!"

WILLYS · OVERLAND

Owners know it -- Nearly everybody *concedes* it -- the biggest eight-hundred-and-ninety-five-dollars' worth of automobile in America today, *but name* -- A pride-product of one of the three largest builders in the world of good motor cars --- Perhaps that has had something to do with it! ~ ~ ~ ~

OVERLAND

FINE · MOTOR · CARS

"No car selling for under $3000 can compare with it . . ."

Man to man, and woman to woman—this is the word being passed along by tens of thousands of delighted owners of this big buxom Overland Six . . . Read what Mr. Winthrop R. Howard, President, The Rawling Company, Inc., 66 West Broadway, New York City, has to say about this great car. People who see, and own, and drive, and ride, can tell its story better than we can—

"I have waited until the first thousand miles were behind me before giving expression to my astonishment at the wonderful performance of your new model *93 De Luxe Sedan. It is my honest opinion that no car selling for under $3000 can compare with this model for all-round value, and this opinion is shared by all who have seen and ridden in mine

"Its appearance is strikingly in its favor and causes an admiring gathering whenever it stops. The responsiveness and get-away is ahead of anything on the road and the way it breezes by the rest of them on the road is a revelation. The engine is proving as dependable as the one in my Country Club Overland purchased in 1917 and still in excellent condition

"You are to be congratulated upon producing the sensation of the season in motor-car value.

Yours truly,
(signed) Winthrop R. Howard
President"

But one experience this, of literally thousands that have come in, unsolicited, in writing. Every day, by the dozens, we've been getting them, ever since this motor-car-masterpiece was first introduced eight months ago . . . "astonishment at the wonderful performance . . . causes an admiring gathering whenever it stops . . . the way it breezes by the rest of them on the road is a revelation . . . the engine as dependable as the one in my Country Club Overland purchased in 1917 and still in excellent condition . . ." These statements are typical of *all* of them . . . What more of pride-in-ownership, or of downright good service, or of satisfaction could *any* man or woman ask of *any* car that sells at an equal—yes—or even at a *doubly higher* figure!

*"Model 93" is the trade name for the two Overland Six Sedans—the De Luxe is model shown in this advertisement

Willys-Overland, Inc., Toledo, Ohio
Willys-Overland Sales Co. Ltd., Toronto, Canada

D SIX

Standard Sedan $895

De Luxe Sedan $1095

F. O. B. TOLEDO

LION HUNTING

(Continued from Page 15)

one or two excursions into that part of the country just to see what they looked like.

But we seemed always to be too late. By the time we got there, nor hide nor hair was to be seen of them; they had all taken cover. After this had happened two or three times it began to dawn on us that it was not merely accidental; that we had to do with a settled and crafty policy of avoidance. Our curiosity was really aroused; our skill seemed challenged. We began to devote time to Caruso; much more time than would probably have been sufficient to have found us several other lions.

At first we simply got up earlier and earlier, and followed their line, thinking thus to come up with them. Thus I did one day catch up with the feminine rear guard, as before described, and saw others stringing away over the hill; but Caruso himself, heading the procession, had gone on. Then I tried getting up even earlier, traveling by lantern light, and making a wide circle to try to cut in across the line of retreat. This was a winner in that one morning I did get a sight of Caruso. He was down the ridge about three hundred yards, walking slowly home. A hyena attendant paced behind him. Every twenty yards or so he roared. He would drop his head down close to the ground between his feet, raising it slowly as the roar increased in volume, until at the last it pointed to the sky. I was glad to see this, and he was a magnificent sight with his mane swelling in the morning breeze, but before I could make my way to him he had gone. However, I found out where he lived and where this band returned each day after their night's kills.

A Wild-Dog Pack

Down a shallow valley meandered a dry narrow stream bed between perpendicular banks. Its whole length was, of course, masked by a strip of trees and bushes and its edges in most places were grown with high grass. This strip averaged perhaps only fifty yards wide. In some short stretches it thinned out merely to a few low bushes, and here the game trails crossed. But for a quarter of a mile it enlarged and spread and flattened out to form a spacious thicket or jungle. This was composed of a few scattered large trees, and an interlacement of the large stems of bushes, fifteen to twenty feet high, whose tops made a leafy canopy impenetrable to sunlight. The edges also were a wall of leafy screen; once this was pushed aside one could peer for fifteen to twenty feet into the barred dim coolness, until the crisscross of the thick bush stems closed the view. Not that I did this. The place was the house of Caruso and his interesting ladies, and they were at home.

But the experience seemed to promise well for the cut-in idea; and now I knew where to cut in. Doc and I got up even earlier and walked even faster on the necessary half circle, and sat us down in front of Caruso's house to wait. We knew from the absence of fresh spoor they had not yet returned; so we had hopes.

We waited for some time. Then over the sky line of the slope before us and pell-mell in frantic terror came a rush of game. They did not stop to look back, as game generally does when alarmed, but stampeded by us and across the donga and out of sight as fast as they could run. Even the little Tommies came flying along like a white cloud; and Tommy is an imperturbable chap who takes care of himself but is not subject to flurries. One not fully experienced in the ways of African game would probably have concluded that the Caruso family must certainly be close behind, but this did not seem likely to us. In the daylight hours game is not particularly afraid of lions; nor do lions bother them. The beasts will draw respectfully fifty yards or so to right and left in order to afford their lord clear passage; but that is all. We were puzzled.

Then on the sky line appeared just one silhouette with up-pricked ears, then another, then two and three, until ten stood there gazing out over an emptied landscape. The mystery was solved. These were wild hunting dogs.

There is no agency more destructive of game, not even excepting the lion. They kill by coursing, day or night. Furthermore, they kill not merely to eat, but also for the fun of the chase. Once they have fixed their attention on a beast, that beast is doomed, for they will follow it to the death. And, to give the devil his due, they are very clever at relaying one another and in cutting across the arcs of circles. From these, their original ancestors, does the modern domestic dog inherit his passionate love of the chase. Not only are they fearfully destructive in their indefatigable coursing, but they will clear a district of game. Each individual beast knows only too well that once he is marked by the pack he is doomed. His only safety is to keep out of sight. No wonder even the Tommies fled in abject and headlong terror. Fortunately these dogs are rather uncommon.

Here was my chance for the one good deed of the day. I sat down, with Suleimani crouched beside to feed me cartridges, and opened rapid fire with the Springfield. They were at 133 paces when we began on them; and I am glad to say I killed the whole ten before they could get over the hill, the last at 244 yards.

Of course that finished Caruso chances for the day; but we considered the morning well spent. These dogs are a little smaller than police dogs, yellow in color, but with large irregular black patches on the body and with black heads and tails, the latter tipped conspicuously with white. They carry bat ears like a French bulldog.

So we withdrew for that day. And thus it went; every once in a while we would think up a new scheme and try it out, but it never seemed to work. We began to respect Caruso's strategic ability, but by the same token my resolution grew.

Then one morning persistence had its reward. This time I got up long before dawn, went down our own river with a lantern, hung the lantern in a tree when daylight permitted me to do so, and sneaked down the bank to the delta formed by it and Caruso's donga. There, sitting on her haunches under a tree, her back toward me, surveying the landscape before retiring for the day, was a lioness. She did not interest me, but she was a good indication. And then through one of the breaks or thin places in the donga and on the other side I made out Caruso between two bushes. The chance was not the most favorable. He was right next to cover, and about a hundred and forty yards away, and I was forced to shoot offhand and in a bad light. However, I had been at this Caruso business a long time, so I did my best. The bullet knocked him right off his feet, but he was instantly up again with a growl, and loped away parallel to the donga and in the direction of the big thicket.

Two at a Time

Suleimani and I ran down as fast as we could, dashed through the thin place in the donga, and out the other side. In the high nettles next the donga, and in the general direction of Caruso's flight, I caught sight of a long gliding yellow body. Had I had the slightest idea that this was another lion I should not have dreamed of disturbing it. However, with a wounded beast it is wise to shoot at any glimpse, provided he is not too close. So I snapshot. As the bullet told and the animal reared to the impact, I saw too late that it was a lioness.

So there we were in just the situation I outlined a while ago. Two short minutes before, we had dwelt in a nice safe world with no responsibilities. Now we had two wounded lions together in as large and thick a piece of cover as you could wish to see in a day's walk. And it was up to me to do my best to kill them. I did not have to start that show; but I had started it, and unless I wanted to stultify myself utterly I must play it out.

The preliminaries of the case were soon run through. That is to say we followed Caruso's spoor and determined exactly where he had entered the thicket. Then we sent out one porter up a tree—he selected a high one and ascended it to the top—to spy whether or not one or both of the beasts might emerge on the other side, while we methodically stoned and shot up with the .22 down one side of the jungle and up the other. This elicited at one point a series of terrific growls and the violent shaking of low bushes. We stood to arms, but nothing more happened. In our slow trip around the cover we discovered the lioness' spoor and found out where she had gone in. Thus we knew the two wounded lions were there. Whether any more of the large and interesting family had also gathered to condole we had no means of telling.

A New Use for Firecrackers

Next I called the boy down from the tree. He displayed no remarkable alacrity in the descent. Him I dispatched to camp with instructions to collect all available boys, all available empty gasoline cans, and some firecrackers we happened to possess. Pending his return from this enterprise Suleimani, Kisumu and I sat under a tree to wait. Waiting idly is irksome under such conditions. After a time we got tired and proposed to one another that we follow out Caruso's spoor a little farther, just to see what was the condition of the thicket where he had gone in. Therefore we crossed the donga at a favorable spot, took up the trail where we had first found it, and retraced it rapidly. It led well outside the thicket, past a large tree grown high with nettles beneath, and across a little flat. Thus far we had followed it before. But when we were halfway across the nettles, walking confidently toward where we had left off, Caruso's great maned head suddenly reared up to my right and about six yards away. Wily to the last, the old chap had doubled back on his own trail and was there, lying in wait. Before he could move I shot him dead.

This was the end of Caruso. We had him skinned by the time our emissary returned. The latter now reascended the tree. Myself in advance, our procession took up a noisy march. Some banged tin cans with sticks; others rattled more tin cans full of stones; others threw stones and yelled. Suleimani lighted firecrackers and threw them according to his judgment as to the length of fuses. This was, for one, superoptimistic. The cracker exploded close to Suleimani, to the great delight of all but himself. Thus once more we grandly circumnavigated that jungle. It seemed to us that any lady whose musical ear had been educated to Caruso's magnificent vocalization should have done something in protest to such a racket. She did not. We withdrew discomfited. The usual confident predictions were made that she was surely dead by now, and that all we had to do was to walk right in and drag her out by the tail. Experience has shown that these predictions have about the same chance of verification as the weather forecasts in an almanac; so I declined the suggestion.

There remained only one thing left to do—go in after her, should that prove possible. So we retired the Wakoma to a safe distance well grown with good climbing trees, and returned to where the spoor entered the cover. The point of possible greatest danger lay where we should have to push through the screen of outside leaves into the thicket itself. That screen grew right down to the ground, but was very narrow; and once inside, as I before described, one could see for some short distance between the intercrossing stems or trunks of the high bushes. We were moderately certain that she was nowhere near this danger point. In the first place we had earlier raised a growl further down; in the second place the screen was at the edge, and our pandemonium procession should have caused her either to move in or come out. Nevertheless, we gave the place a liberal dose of .228. Then, as one jumps into cold water, I thrust through the screen and squatted, peering intently about me.

After the strong sun outside it was nice and cool in that dim high-vaulted green room. The trunks of the bushes, from one to three inches in thickness, upsprang from common centers to spread fanwise. This made various low arches and vistas with always the aggregate mass of them closing the view. We could move—and see—only by squatting or kneeling and stooping low. Our friend was nowhere in sight.

We breathed easier. It was more a question of moving forward on the spoor slowly enough so that she could not surprise us. In order to press her attack she must look at us, and in that case we should see her. She could not make a direct spring from concealment because her movements must be necessarily hampered by the growth. We hitched ourselves forward, stopping every foot or so to spy keenly in all directions. It was tense but very interesting work. Then we came to the stream bed, which must be crossed.

It was a narrow affair between almost perpendicular wooded banks, and about six feet deep. The bushes along its bank hung over at an angle. We slid to the bottom, then found we should be compelled to follow down a short distance in order to get out the other side. This was not so good, as we had to squat and hitch along below the overhanging brush.

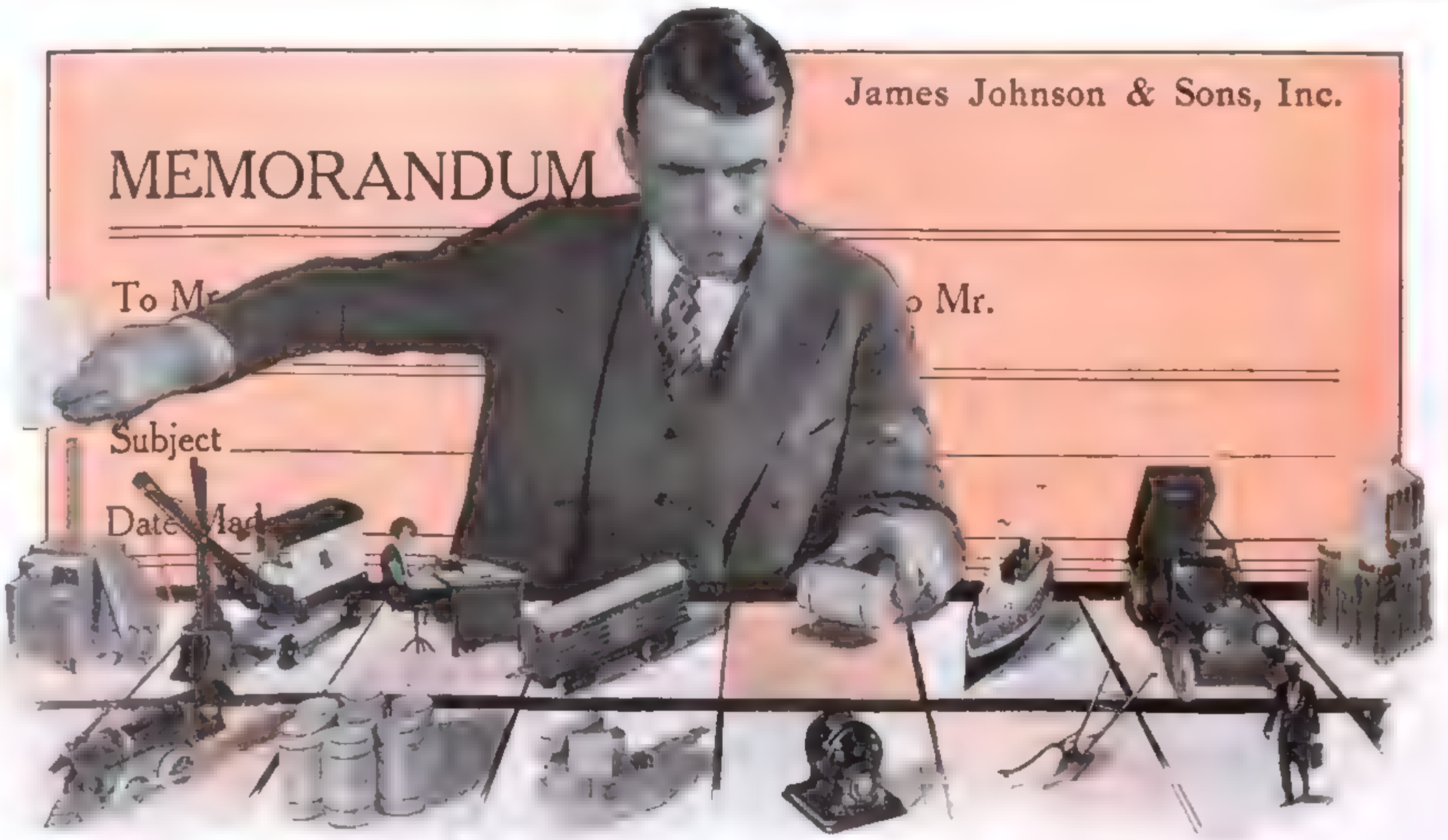
Suddenly the lioness thrust her head out just above us, staring down at us with round yellow eyes. She was about six feet away. She had heard us but required an instant or so to focus her attention on us visually. That was my own especial and private instant, and I took full advantage of it by boring a hole neatly just between her eyes. She reared high in the air with the shock. Though she was undoubtedly killed I gave her another in the neck. She fell prone, with a magnificent crash that shook the loose earth from the bank in a miniature avalanche.

Smooth Shooting

This is an example of taking the rough that justifies taking the smooth when it comes your way for a change. Several days later, early in the morning I came across a fine lion lying near the edge of a thick donga. I stalked cautiously, maneuvered to get behind him, and at thirty paces made a very careful shot to break his back. I did not want him to get into that thick cover, and he did not, but died where he lay. A little of this sort of smooth is as balm to the soul of the lion hunter after a few trying experiences of the other kind.

Like all codes, the one formulated above must not be carried to a fanatical extreme. It is up to no one to commit suicide. There are times when bad luck may bring about a situation when one is perfectly justified in withdrawing from the field. This need not happen often. Many problems that look absolutely hopeless may be solved by a little time and patience. In general a man who is sure of himself as a marksman can go on as long as he can see twenty yards ahead in the open, or ten feet in tangled cover. That gives him room for a placed shot. An unplaced shot is no good; if he cannot see that far he should not go in. But often and often he will find that repeated and patient trials of apparently stubborn conditions will enable him to see

(Continued on Page 117)



PAPER PUSH-BUTTONS

that start things moving

ALL business motion—whether it be a lead pencil moving from your stockroom to your desk or a freight train moving across the continent—originates in printed forms.

For printed forms are not just slips of paper—they are merchandise and the motion of merchandise; they are human thought and human action.

Shipping tickets, order blanks, office memos, statements, requisitions—they cause things to be done—done correctly and on time.

Think of it in this way and you'll realize that it's important that the paper you use in your business should be *good* paper.

It should be strong, for many men will handle it. Hammermill Bond is tough and lasting.

It should have the proper surface for various uses. Hammermill Bond shows equally good results under pen, pencil, typewriter ribbon, carbon sheet or printer's ink.

You should be able to get it in a variety of colors—for the signal system of business is dependent on color. Hammermill Bond comes in white and twelve colors.

Last but not least, it should be promptly obtainable. Your printer knows and uses Hammermill Bond. If he doesn't carry it in stock, he can get it promptly.

Because Hammermill Bond is the utility business paper, it has greatly simplified paper buying.

Write us on your business letterhead for the Hammermill Bond Working Kit—a portfolio of forms, letterheads and sample sheets.

HAMMERMILL PAPER COMPANY, ERIE, PA.

Look for this watermark—it is our word of honor to the public

HAMMERMILL BOND

The Utility Business Paper

Ask any stationer for National Loose Leaf Ledger Sheets and Business Forms made of Hammermill Ledger. Hammermill Ledger is made in the same mill as Hammermill Bond and with the same high standard of quality and uniformity.

Slip into a Bradley and out to the games

When there's football in the air and the ducks are squawkin' overhead—that is the time to slip into a Bradley and out where health and fun begin. Go to a Bradley dealer now. He is ready for you with a fine selection of the various types of Bradley knitted garments shown on these pages.

Look over the smart colorings and patterns he offers. Note particularly the loftiness of the wool yarns used in these luxurious Bradley garments. Stretch them with your hands.

Their firm, positive elasticity will convince you that Bradley outerwear is extraordinarily sturdy. Slip into the one you like best and give your lungs a treat in the great out-of-doors.

Bradley boy's shaker pullovers ask for no odds in style, color or endurance. Some have big, warm shawl collars; others, the new Bradley cricket neck. See them at any Bradley dealer's store. $5.00 to $8.00

Girls can forget the weather if they have a Bradley Sweater Coat. See the new Bradley colors and patterns now displayed by Bradley dealers. You will like the values. $3.50 to $6.00

Women who are satisfied with nothing short of the latest are instinctively turning to the new Bradley turtle neck sweaters. Ideal for hiking, skating, football or everyday wear. Big values at $6.50 to $9.00

Bradley's knitted hunting coats are sturdy, and guarantee warmth plus freedom of action which makes for better aim. Collars button close to neck, coats are short enough not to interfere with trouser pockets. Suitable colors. $8.00 to $12.50

For the inside man who must always make a presentable appearance, even in coldest weather, these warm good-looking wool vests are made. They are offered in many pleasing colors—and they fit as a vest should fit. Prices vary $3.50 to $6.50

Bradley tourist coats for the year-round motorist. They have sleeves, yet are not bulky under a regular suit coat. Your Bradley dealer now offers these practical all-year garments in many blends and patterns at $5.00 to $12.00

Slip into a

Bradley

KNIT WEAR

and out to the games

Entirely aside from your desire to get full value for every dollar you invest in knitted outerwear, there is another important advantage in shopping at the Bradley dealer's store. The Bradley line is not confined to one or two or three types of knitted garments. It comprises an almost endless variety of types, styles, patterns and colors from which to make your selection.

You need never compromise and say, "I *guess this will do,*" when you are choosing from the Bradley line.

Above are shown three popular and, at this season, practical types of shaker-knit sweaters taken from the scores to be found under the Bradley label. Perhaps one of these is exactly the type you want. Anyway call at your Bradley dealer's and have him show you his big line of shaker sweaters. His prices range from $7.00 to $18.00.

BRADLEY KNITTING COMPANY, DELAVAN, WISCONSIN

Slip into a

Bradley
KNIT WEAR

and out to the games

A knitted cap, scarf and gauntlets. Surely nothing could be smarter for wintry days. Caps, 60c to $1.50; Scarfs, $2.50 to $3.50; Gauntlets, 90c to $2.00

And for little tots, what can equal the darling little knitted coat and cap sets made by Bradley? These stunning outfits are offered in a great variety of styles and colors—all built to keep out chilling winds—at $6.00 to $7.50

A regular he-man's coat—fulled wool fabric offering the acme of comfort and serviceability. In gay or conservative colors. A splendid value and a coat every man wants. $4.00 to $7.50

HEAVY DUTY SPEED WAGON

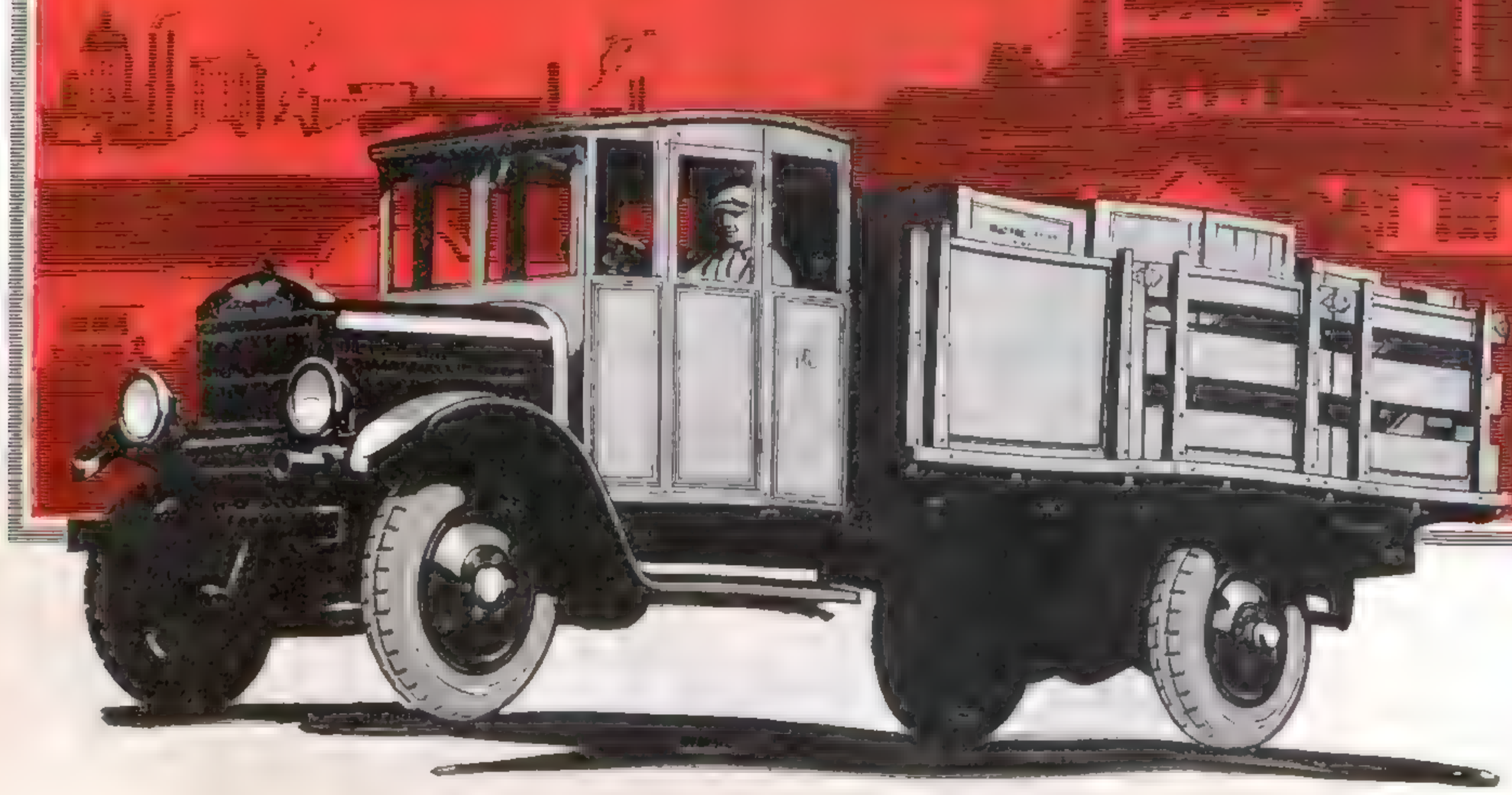
The horse-power advantage of the Heavy Duty Speed Wagon over the average for seventy-four 2-ton trucks is not so much a matter of totals as of ratios.

Thus, computing the average combined weight of chassis and load per horse-power, the Heavy Duty Speed Wagon has an advantage of 17.6 pounds per h. p.

Capacity 2 TONS | Six Cylinders | $1985 CHASSIS At Lansing

REO MOTOR CAR COMPANY ~ Lansing, Michigan

Manufacturers of Motor Vehicles to Serve in Every Field of Highway Transport



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that far from a slightly different vantage point.

Art had slightly wounded a lioness which dashed into a small bush patch. It did not look too difficult until we approached. Then we found it to be entirely surrounded by waist-high nettles in a band from ten to twenty yards wide. It was idiotic to enter that nettle patch. The only hope seemed to be to provoke a charge. We used all our usual provocative methods to this effect, but failed. She was lying doggo, in a selected position of her own, and intended to maintain it until she saw just the chance she wanted. Then, of course, she would attack. We had worked on her for an hour and a half, and were actually about to give her up, when Cholo, a gunbearer, noticed what was so obscure that we had passed it over in our numerous circlings of the thicket: that at one small point the nettles receded so that to one lone bush of the thicket a clear approach was offered. This bush had a number of heavy stems spreading upward and outward from a common center, and through them by stooping we might be able to see into the thicket. Therefore Cholo and I crept up to the bush. Hardly had we reached it when the lioness rushed us from the other side, where she had been lying in the shallow watercourse. I shot her, at the range of a few feet, through the head.

A Leopard That Changed Its Spot

All sorts of strange expedients are possible. On one occasion we drove a leopard into a thick sisal patch. It was a small compact affair forty or fifty feet across, but was so dense that all our efforts failed to start him. Finally Doc backed the flivver right up to its edge, and to windward, and opened the throttle. The leopard stuck out the fumes from the exhaust until we had withdrawn a trifle, but then had to come out. This leopard wanted very much to change its spot. We were thus enabled to kill it.

Hunting afoot is to my mind the most sport. One cannot cover so much country or see so many lions in a given time. But one must spy closer, use more skill. A lion lying down will rarely show himself for the man afoot. He is accustomed to seeing the natives and he has no curiosity whatever. But the motor car is different. That is outside his experience, and he cannot resist sticking out his head for a better look. Therefore one travels more rapidly in the car and looks more casually. The man afoot must see his lion before it sees him, if possible; and in any case must really examine every foot of the landscape as it reveals itself to his progress.

Very few people know how to look. They think they are looking because they make their eyes rest on every detail in turn. But nine-tenths of what their eyes rest upon does not register at all. Why? Because they are thinking also about something else. It is a centering of consciousness, so to speak. One's consciousness, or any part of it, cannot be inside the head. It must be actually out, for the moment, under that one distant bush, as really as though the body were there too. In a sense, the hunter is actually under that bush, and if a lion is there he promptly knows it. Thus the eyes are not instruments for reporting back what crosses their vision, but a mere means of this projection outward of consciousness. Furthermore, the entire personality must be for that few moments of examination in that one bush. Too often, in sweeping a wide landscape, one gets ahead of oneself. Last, if one's attention is anticipating the next shift of eyes, already relinquishing the place in focus in expectation of the next beyond, only a part of the man is under that bush, and the part that registers lions—or whatever—may be the very part that is absent. Until you have had one or two experiences you cannot appreciate how easy it is to be absolutely blind to an animal that a second and better look shows to be in plain sight. You simply were not there with that beast.

This necessity of the foot hunter carries with it a rather beautiful mystical by-product. This forced emptying the mind not only of all thought, all introspection, but also of all imaginings, all daydreams, even the most vague and fleeting and ephemeral; this projecting of one's real self outward from one's physical shell into one's surroundings ends by putting one into a curious unity and harmony with those surroundings. One is no longer a sort of self-contained separate unit. One is an integral part of the whole. No longer confined to the physical shell by the power of thought, which is in abeyance; no longer hampered and tied to a place by physical limitations; one's consciousness, wandering thus far afield, blends with and becomes part of one's surroundings. It is acted upon and responds to the influences to which all nature responds. It does so instantly and naturally without the interfering and limiting and personal intervening judgments of the mentality. Thus it would seem do the birds and beasts live, a part of their surroundings, and their surroundings a part of themselves. Their responses, their feeling of consciousness and location and individual identification must be very much like this. Of introspection none, but of outward-flowing delicate antenna responses to what is about them more than we can ever know fully.

I said a moment ago that the lion is curious about the motor car and cannot resist showing himself to get an eyeful of this new and strange beast. There are exceptions. Some are superbly indifferent. Such were the two lionesses who posed so nicely for their pictures, as described in the article before this one. Another blasé old chap who had no interest whatever in motor cars was the subject of the illustration with this article entitled Just Waked Up. Simson found him under this tree sound asleep just as he and M'dolo were returning from getting an ostrich for the museum. The car passed within a few yards of the beast. He merely raised his head sleepily, took one look, and flopped back to a recumbent position to resume his interrupted slumbers. Leslie had not his camera with him, so he drove into camp—about five miles—and had lunch with us. After some time Leslie began to speculate on just how lazy that lion was, and after the discussion he and Art decided to go find out. So they took the car and the camera, drove back the five miles, found old sleepy-head under the tree and took this picture. Then they came home. They did not have to shoot him.

Arms and the Lion

Which brings me back to the beginning of this article. On any fair and dispassionate argument we ought to feel it our duty to shoot every lion we get a chance at, and should be doing game conservation a tremendous favor if we did so. The government of Tanganyika thinks so, for it offers a very substantial bounty for each lion killed. But we do not. Furthermore, if we were to do the greatest good we should be especially keen for the lionesses. They are the really active killers. Caruso was as fat as a seal. I doubt if he bothered to do a lick of work. He took it out in singing and let the ladies hustle for him. Yet I never shoot lionesses unless forced to. I have a sneaking admiration for a good antagonist and a bonny fighter. His pluck is undoubted. It takes nerve to charge a strange large thing like a motor car. There is no back-up to him once he takes the aggressive. But his crimes, to my mind, do make him a fair object of chase. When a big maned chap comes my way I like to tighten my belt and play his game. There is no sport like it, and he has given me many a close call. Inconsistent, yes; I told you that he mixes one's feelings.

There are two schools of armament when it comes to lions at close quarters. Equally good men adhere to each. One believes in a heavy smashing double rifle carrying an enormous bullet. The other clings to the comparatively small-bore repeater. One relies on a single knock-out punch; the other on repeated hard jabs. Both of them work most of the time. If they did not there would be many more dead or mauled lion hunters than there are—and there are a good many. I am no authority on the subject. I do not believe in the nature of the case there can be any authority on lions; they are too variable. Unless it might be Leslie Simson. He uses as court of last appeal a big double .577, but I think he would acknowledge that this is a matter of personal preference with him rather than an example he believes should invariably be followed by everyone. However, I have had enough experience to settle upon what I like. In all my African sojourns I have, up to this writing, killed sixty-three lions and been among those who put in a bullet on perhaps a score more. My own preference is the lighter repeater.

My Preference in Guns

This must not be so light as to be ineffective. Even the high-velocity 180-grain open-point bullet for the Springfield rifle, good as it is for side shots, four times in five will shatter to pieces against a lion's frontal armor before it reaches the chest cavity. And frontal shots are the important ones. The 220-grain delayed-action bullet for the same weapon is much better. It penetrates well, and then breaks up, but any bullet that flies to pieces is rather chancy. A bullet that penetrates well and mushrooms is what is wanted. The old 220-grain soft point mushrooms, but does so too soon. There is now made, however, a bullet described as the "improved short exposed point" of 220 grains. It penetrates first and mushrooms later. For lions it could hardly be improved on. Indeed, it has made of the Springfield quite as good a lion gun, even for close quarters, as the .405, which has heretofore been my main reliance.

My reasons for preferring the light guns are purely personal. I can handle them more certainly and accurately than the comparatively clumsy twelve or fifteen pound double. I like to have more than just two shots at my disposal. Once I was charged by four lions at once; 'nuff said on that point. I do not always expect to stop them with one shot, unless they are so close I can hit them in the brain; but I do expect to knock them down or check them. Then I can shoot them again.

The feminine reader—if any—will kindly excuse and skip the above two paragraphs. All men I find are interested in such technicalities.

And speaking of shooting only males reminds me of an anecdote with which to bring this article to a close. It is already too long to permit dealing with the other type of lion shooting—the chase. We will do that next time.

A certain gentleman absolutely green to African shooting went afield with a soft-voiced person of color who had recommended himself by the sweetness of his manners and the quaint precision of his English. Coming about a big bush this man met a rhinoceros face to face. The beast was about ten yards away. It pawed the dirt and blew off steam like a locomotive. The stranger was appalled. He had not the slightest knowledge of rhinos, nor what he should do, except that he should shoot, and he did not know where to shoot. He heard a slithering noise behind him. Tremblingly he presented his gun. Then from above him, from a high branch of a tree, came the mellifluous tones of his gunbearer's voice.

"Oh, sir," it said politely, "do not shoot. He is a woman."

Editor's Note—This is the fifth of a series of articles by Mr. White. The sixth will appear in an early issue.

A pipe-smoker over in Paris grows desperate

He finds his favorite tobacco "worth its weight in gold" there

Our sister republic excels in many fields of production, but Americans in France seem to retain their preference for their native smoking tobaccos.

In fact, with some of them who run out of their favorite home brand it gets to be a desperate case of "tobacco, tobacco, ev'rywhere—but not an ounce to smoke."

That seems to be the case with Mr. Parkhurst. He just happens to be in one of the few sections of the globe where Edgeworth isn't. In France, tobacco selling is controlled by government monopoly.

With the exception of a few countries, of which France is one, Edgeworth is sold all over the world. And so the chances of getting it wherever you go are about ten to one.

We print Mr. Parkhurst's letter partly as a warning to Paris-bound members of the Edgeworth Club and partly because it contains so original and so gratifying a tribute to the contents of "the little blue can."

Paris, France

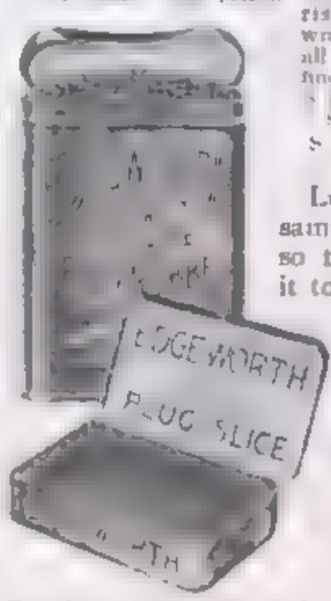
Larus & Brother Co.,
Richmond, Va.

Gentlemen:

My last pipeful of Edgeworth went the way of all good tobacco some two weeks ago and since then I have vainly spent most of my spare time searching Paris for a further supply.

If Edgeworth can be obtained here [illegible] a covetous glance, [illegible] some envious American [illegible] "For the love of Heaven, where d[illegible] get that Edgeworth? It's worth its weight in gold over here. I haven't had a [illegible] since the supply I brought over ran out.

I have been told that I [illegible] risk to get [illegible] worth—and after all the only way to find out about this [illegible]



Let us send you free samples of Edgeworth so that you may put it to the pipe test. If you like the samples, you'll like Edgeworth wherever and whenever you buy it, for it never changes in quality. Write your name and address to Larus & Brother Company, 1K South 21st Street, Richmond, Va.

Edgeworth is sold in various sizes to suit the needs and means of all purchasers. Both Edgeworth Plug Slice and Edgeworth Ready-Rubbed are packed in small, pocket-size packages, in handsome humidors holding a pound, and also in several handy in-between sizes.

We'll be grateful for the name and address of your tobacco dealer, too, if you care to add them.

To Retail Tobacco Merchants: If your jobber cannot supply you with Edgeworth, Larus & Brother Company will gladly send you prepaid by parcel post a one- or two-dozen carton of any size of Edgeworth Plug Slice or Edgeworth Ready-Rubbed for the same price you would pay the jobber.

SUPERTWIST *was conceived, perfected and named by Goodyear, and is used only in Goodyear Tires*

GOODYEAR

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75,000,000 Tires

The experience behind today's Goodyears

Not long ago a thrill ran through the great Goodyear factories as word went down the line that the 75,000,000th Goodyear Tire was coming through.

The average mind must stand a little aghast at that figure; it represents the greatest total production yet attained by any tire manufacturer.

Some concept of the immensity of this production may be had from the realization that here are sufficient tires to equip all the automobiles built in this country in the past ten years.

Another way to picture it would be to say that if shipped in one incredible trainload, 41,644 freight cars would be required in a train 315 miles long.

Yes, assuredly "more people ride on Goodyear Tires than on any other kind," but it is less the hugeness of this total which is impressive than its meaning.

For the long procession of Goodyear Tires through the years has been quite as much an ascending march of progress as a parade of ever-increasing numbers.

Lighting the course of that progress have been important Goodyear contributions to the art of tire-building, such as the tire-making machine, oversize design, and the straight-side tire.

Again, from Goodyear sources came the development of the multiple-cord principle, the pneumatic truck tire, and only recently, the remarkable material SUPERTWIST.

What these fruits of Goodyear invention and application meant to tire improvement in earlier days, the new cord fabric SUPERTWIST means equally to the balloon tire now.

It brings to the flexible-sidewall balloon that extra elasticity and endurance which are needed to reinforce this modern tire's comfort with durability.

SUPERTWIST does this because it far outstretches the breaking point of standard cord fabric; under the impact of road shocks the SUPERTWIST cords in a Goodyear balloon yield and recover, like rubber bands.

This distributes the blow more widely over the tire, minimizes any chance of cord breakage, and safeguards against stone bruises and similar injuries.

Within the Goodyear Tires you buy today are not only the lessons learned in building 75,000,000 other Goodyears, but the special advantages of a new Goodyear material developed for modern needs.

Yet Goodyears cost you no more.

Good tires deserve good tubes—
Goodyear Tubes

BALLOONS

Made with SUPERTWIST

Ten Models
$50 to $400
Guaranteed
Unconditionally

Canadian Prices Slightly Higher

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TYPE 400. Five tubes. No batteries. Unexcelled performance. Self-contained battery eliminators. Richly carved mahogany cabinet. No ground or outside antenna required unless the set is situated in a locality of poor radio reception or if great distance is desired. Without equipment . $400

Model XIII Reproducer $40 additional.

MUSIC MASTER engineers have proved their contention that MUSIC MASTER Reproducer was superior in quality of tone to the quality of reception available to it in any receiving set to which it was usually connected.

For today, authorized dealers everywhere are ready to demonstrate MUSIC MASTER achievement which brings to you from the radio lanes words as spoken, songs as sung and music as played, with the life-like characteristics that give reality to each—amazingly faithful to the original.

Convince yourself of MUSIC MASTER Radio Receiver's distance pick-up, its selectivity, its clarity and volume and, above all, its supreme Tone Quality based on the MUSIC MASTER principles of sound reproduction.

Ask any authorized MUSIC MASTER dealer for a demonstration. See MUSIC MASTER—hear—compare—before you buy *any* radio set.

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PITTSBURGH
MONTREAL

Canadian Factory: Kitchener, Ontario

Music Master

RADIO PRODUCTS

PEOPLE AGAINST VAN ALT

(Continued from Page 17)

only last November, to be precise. Shortly thereafter, Mrs. Van Alt suggested to me that we make mutual wills, each to make a will in favor of the other. It was entirely her idea, I assure you. I yielded to it to please her."

"And quite right," said Little Amby, looking at him steadily. "What is the amount of your separate estate, doctor, may I ask?"

"Nominal only."

"How much?"

"That I cannot say precisely; it may be a few hundred dollars," said Doctor Van Alt, still calm. "It was more than that when we were married; it was then over three thousand dollars. I used the money in the purchase of a home for us in Anglewood, where my practice is, and I had the deed made out in Mrs. Van Alt's name. So that I was giving her all I possessed, and it seemed not unfair to me that I should be protected in the event of her death. One must consider such eventualities, unpleasant as they are to contemplate."

"But Mrs. Van Alt's estate was very large. Don't misunderstand me; I'm still thinking legally. If the bargain had been more even, there would be less chance of a contest."

"But Mrs. Van Alt had no separate estate. While she was the daughter of Andrus Kirby, relations between her and her father had been not at all friendly, for many years. There was a stepmother, if you have followed me. This stepmother made it her affair to put enmity between father and daughter, and she succeeded only too well. During the thirty years that she was the wife of Andrus Kirby, his daughter never set foot in his house. She had been promptly driven out and cut off. She understood that she had been disinherited. That was her condition when we married."

"But things were patched up after the stepmother's death, eh?"

"Yes. It was not our fault that matters were not mended during the second Mrs. Kirby's lifetime. I persuaded my wife to visit her father, and I must say that we were very badly received. I do believe it was the excitement and anger caused by our visit that brought about Mrs. Kirby's death. She died of a cerebral hemorrhage."

"While you were visiting her?"

"Exactly. She was found dead in bed. That was last January. The blow seemed to soften the old man, and he asked us to live with him for the time. We were getting on better terms with him, I am sure, although he was extremely irritable and difficult when he met his death."

"What did Mr. Kirby die of?"

"In my opinion," said Doctor Van Alt, putting his finger tips together, "it was sudden apoplexy—cerebral. I may be mistaken, but I certified to that. One could not be sure without opening the body, and there was no point in doing that and outraging the family's feelings when the death was unquestionably natural. He had a sudden fall ——"

Little Amby lifted the lid of an onyx box and took out a gold-tipped cigarette; he tapped it for several seconds on the lid of the box, and then looked up and nodded apologetically.

"Yes, doctor? Tell me about the deaths of your father-in-law and your wife. The circumstances may be highly important when it comes to probating this will and taking over the estate."

"Mr. Kirby," said Doctor Van Alt, speaking with obvious thought, "was found dead in the bottom of a shaft that seems to have been used to put coal into the cellar of this country house. He had evidently fallen from the garden level, a distance of some ten or twelve feet; the rail about the shaft was freshly broken. The fall of itself did not kill him, certainly, and had I not known the case history I should have supposed that he had been asphyxiated by the marsh gas that was in this closed shaft. The symptoms of death by cerebral apoplexy and those of death by asphyxiation are not at all dissimilar. But, knowing Mr. Kirby's constitution, I had every reason to believe that he had suffered a cerebral hemorrhage while walking in the garden with his daughter, had fallen and broken the railing and had plunged to the bottom of this shaft."

"Mrs. Van Alt, the testatrix here, died at the same time, did she not?"

"Shortly thereafter. She was found unconscious, but still living, at the bottom of the shaft. It was evident that she had gone down there to help her father."

"Can we prove that she survived him? Tell me, did Mr. Kirby leave a will?"

"He did not, to the best of my knowledge."

"Then Mrs. Van Alt succeeded to one-half of his estate if she survived him. That is important, doctor. This will gives you nothing but your own back again, if Mrs. Van Alt did not survive her father, and the burden of proof is on us since we're offering the will. Can we prove it?"

"I am sure that we can. The first person to go to the assistance of father and daughter was Bruce Laubegang, and he asserts positively that Mrs. Van Alt was living and breathing for several minutes after he had failed to find evidence of life in her father."

"We'll want this fellow's testimony. Who is he?"

"He is a foster child of Mrs. Van Alt. His mother, I have been told, was a girlhood friend of Mrs. Van Alt and died in childbirth. The father seems to have been dead. Mrs. Van Alt took the infant and reared him as her own."

"Did she adopt him legally?"

"No, she did not. That may have been because she expected to have no property to leave him."

"Then he's not interested in the estate and he'll be the better witness. Does he know about this will?"

"I believe not."

"Tell him about it, and get his reaction. We'll offer the will right away and we'll want to know if we can depend on him. By the way, doctor, who sent you to me?"

"No one, sir. I need not tell you that you have a reputation."

"I have a name as a criminal lawyer," said Little Amby, bowing.

"And as a criminal lawyer"—Doctor Van Alt stopped; he resumed without showing confusion, but it was evident that he was not completing the sentence he had had in mind when he said—"it seemed to me that you would still not be averse to taking a civil case, if it paid you well."

"It is very welcome. What killed Mrs. Van Alt so quickly, doctor?"

"Asphyxiation by carbon dioxide—marsh gas. The monoxide may also have been present. When I entered the shaft an hour after the accident, the characteristic odor of marsh gas was still perceptible; unfortunately, the conditions had not been preserved—a door and a window had been opened into the shaft."

"I see. Very well, doctor; leave the will with us." Little Amby had remained seated when Doctor Van Alt entered, but now he rose and extended his hand. "There is nothing else you wish to talk to me about, is there?" he asked casually. "Nothing occurs to you that is collateral to the matter of this will?"

Doctor Van Alt darted a look at the little lawyer, and then looked down and was silent for several seconds. Then he said—and there was a challenge in his tone—"Does anything suggest itself to you, Mr. Hinkle, from what I have told you?"

"No," said Little Amby in a reflective drawl. "Nothing."

"That answers your question, Mr. Hinkle."

When Doctor Van Alt had gone, Little Amby paced slowly to one of the windows that looked on the Tombs; he stopped before it and stood with legs spread and pointed chin on narrow chest to gaze long into the soothing gray of the great prison. The Tombs was his perpetual antagonist; he lived by balking it, by cheating it; at such moments as this it was his crystal. He turned from it to ring for a clerk.

"Put the third volume of Wharton's Medical Jurisprudence into my bag this evening," he ordered. "Volume Three—Poisons. Call up Farrington of the Mutual Finance Corporation, and tell him I want to see him about a loan on a will. Who's waiting outside? Tell Cohen to send in that Greek dope merchant. I'll see that Follies woman if she has the letters with her. O'Reardon may wait too. Nobody else today."

Doctor Van Alt returned to the Kirby town house on wide and fashionable West Seventy-ninth Street just off Amsterdam Avenue. He was living there, together with Wilbur Kirby and Bruce Laubegang. The victims of the double tragedy in Sunnyhold had been buried from the Seventy-ninth Street house a week before, but the mourners had not yet gone their several ways; they lingered like men lingering on a pier and straining their eyes for sight of a departed and vanished ship.

"Are you quite sure that Allie was living when you got to her?" asked Doctor Van Alt, standing with his back to the others in the library and filling his pipe from a jar on the mantelshelf.

"There is no doubt of it," said Bruce Laubegang. "She looked at me and spoke to me."

"And her father was dead then?"

"That is why I didn't try to help him. I could see that it was too late."

"He wasn't breathing?"

"He wasn't living. His heart had stopped. I know what a dead man looks like."

"Ah, well," sighed Wilbur Kirby, a shade of weariness on his weak and willful face, "they're both dead and gone. It doesn't make any difference which one died first."

A silence of several seconds' duration followed this remark. Then Laubegang cleared his throat and said in a squeaky voice, "On the contrary."

"On the contrary," said Doctor Van Alt, accepting the phrase, "it makes a tremendous difference in law." He turned and faced them. "There is a will."

"Did my father leave a will?" asked Wilbur sharply.

"Not your father."

"Aunt Allie!" exclaimed Laubegang. "Where is it? What's in it?"

"What had Allie to leave?" asked Wilbur, thinking. "She had nothing—nothing much, that is."

"She had one-half of your father's estate," said Doctor Van Alt.

"Yes, that is certainly so," said Laubegang. "But what is this will?"

"It is short and simple," said Doctor Van Alt, gesturing reassuringly with his fuming pipe. "All that she died possessed of, she has left to me."

"All?" cried Laubegang.

"All," nodded Doctor Van Alt. "All"

"Where is this will?" demanded Laubegang.

"I have given it to a lawyer to comply with the necessary legal formalities so that I may take over the estate," said Doctor Van Alt. "I have a copy of it, though, that I shall give you."

"And I am not in that will?" asked Laubegang.

"You are not even mentioned," said Doctor Van Alt. "But, certainly ——"

"And it gives you one-half of my father's estate?" interrupted Wilbur.

"That is so."

"Will," cried Laubegang, catching the heir by the arm and speaking with sudden violence, "do you remember that Bart, the dog, was so sick the next morning? Do you know what the veterinary said? He said the dog was poisoned. I had forgotten that. What had the dog eaten? Where had he got it? Ah, there is something here that needs looking into!"

"What needs looking into?" demanded Doctor Van Alt harshly, fronting him. "What do you mean? You spoke of poison."

"Never mind now," said Laubegang, giving him back glare for glare. "It will come out. We'll see to that."

"Out with it now then!" shouted Doctor Van Alt, leaping at him suddenly and seizing him by his shoulders in a gesture that seemed to have been first aimed at his throat; the color had gone utterly from the physician's face, accentuating the blackness of his eyes until they were terrible. "What do you mean? What are you saying? Has anyone been poisoned?"

He released the younger man so abruptly that Laubegang staggered and caught the table. The physician walked again to the fireplace and rested his arms on the mantelshelf.

"But this must not be discussed," he said in a low and hurried tone. "We must not dishonor Allie's memory."

He rested his head on his arms for a space, and then he said, with an effort at a businesslike tone, "If it is a matter of money we can arrange that." He turned to look at them, but they had left the room together and had passed out of hearing in the foyer.

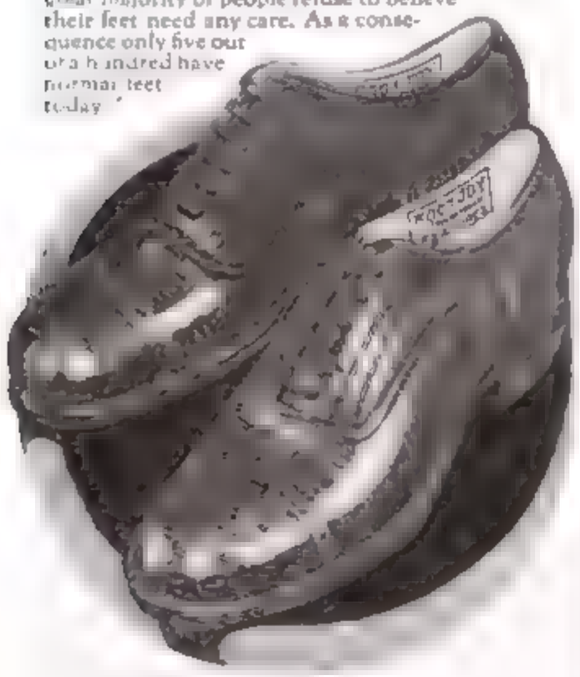
On the eleventh of October, 1909, the Grand Jury of Suffolk County handed down two indictments, charging Jesse Van Alt with murder in the first degree in each, committed—in the matter of the death of Andrus Kirby—as follows:

"The said Jesse Van Alt, on the eighth day of July, 1909, at the town of Islip in this county, did, on the day and at the place aforesaid, feloniously, willfully, with malice aforethought, and with the deliberate and premeditated design to effect the death of one Andrus Kirby, administer to him, the said Andrus Kirby then and there being, a drug, chemical or pharmaceutical preparation commonly called hydrocyanic acid or prussic acid, from which drug, chemical or pharmaceutical preparation he, the said Andrus Kirby, died on the day aforesaid, at the town and county aforesaid, and that the death of him, the said Andrus Kirby, was caused and produced by the aforesaid drug, chemical or pharmaceutical preparation administered as aforesaid, and that the aforesaid drug, chemical or pharmaceutical preparation was administered as aforesaid by the said Jesse Van Alt feloniously, willfully and of malice aforethought, and with the deliberate and premeditated design of said Jesse Van Alt feloniously, willfully and of malice aforethought and with the deliberate and premeditated design to effect the death of him, the said Andrus Kirby, the said Jesse Van Alt in manner and form aforesaid and by means aforesaid, did kill and slay him, the said Andrus Kirby, against the form of the statute in such case made and provided, and against the peace of the People of the State of New York and their dignity."

Doctor Van Alt was arrested on a bench warrant issued by the local district attorney a piece of officiousness on the part of that gentleman, since Little Amby had agreed to produce the accused for arraignment. The newspapers had been trying the case, even before the indictment, and had so prejudiced local sentiment that Little Amby moved for a change of venue to New York County, which motion was granted. People against Van Alt went to trial in February, 1910, in the Criminal Courts building on Center Street in New York City.

The astonishing turn taken by this celebrated case has occasioned much argument,

"A weak link in any individual's chain of well being is an abnormal condition in the feet. The great majority of people refuse to believe their feet need any care. As a consequence only five out of a hundred have normal feet today"



Foot Joy

REG. U.S. PAT. OFF.

"The Shoe that's Different"

THE wearing of improper shoes will prove a source of trouble. No one escapes. And physical happiness and perfect health are impossible when real foot trouble develops. Fortunately, the cause of and remedy for foot trouble have been discovered. Improper support which sets up an uneven balance, an insecure footing, is the cause.

That is why so many people shuffle or shamble along, no two walking alike, instead of walking as nature intended. The wrong muscles are being used to offset faulty foot support.

Foot-Joy Shoes relieve strain. The support is correct. The security is scientifically applied. If your feet have a tendency to roll in or out, this will stop. Inflammation at joints will disappear because Foot-Joy Shoes fit all over. The heel can't twist from side to side. The shoes bend only where the feet bend and nowhere else.

Do your shoes do this?

Foot Joy Shoes present this.

Yet Foot-Joy Shoes are graceful in appearance. Surprisingly light on the feet. Beauty in a shoe can only be permanent with the qualities found in Foot-Joy. And the longer you wear Foot-Joy Shoes the better your feet will look—the smarter your appearance because your walk and posture improve.

If you are unable to obtain Foot Joy Shoes in your city you can be quickly and satisfactorily fitted direct from the factory.

Send for the Foot-Joy book showing new styles and telling how to make the proper measurement of your feet. We guarantee you greater foot comfort regardless of what you have been wearing. Don't wait to ever had foot trouble after wearing Foot-Joy Shoes but a week. They need no breaking in. Send for this booklet

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Brockton, Mass.

Also makers of
THE BURT-PACKARD "Korrect Shape"
And Anatomic Shoes for Men

World famous for correction of foot defects

professional and lay. The ethical question presented by Little Amby's conduct of the defense agitated the Bar Association for some time after all was over; an attempt that proved abortive was made—so I've been told—to have Little Amby haled before the Appellate Division on charges involving his certificate, and he would surely have been put to it to convince that august body that he had not invited perjury. But Little Amby is gone now and every grudge against him has been fed fat, and he is past rehabilitating; there is no doubt at all that he suborned perjury in other cases, bought it and paid for it. What I'd rather try to do here is to dispel the widespread impression that there was a miscarriage of justice in this case, and that a guilty man got off through trickery; and the best way to go about it, I think, is to give the record verbatim, the vital parts of it. It speaks for itself.

The autopsy had been performed by Doctor Rienzi Sherrill, of Patchogue, nine days after the death of the subject. His direct examination ended as follows:

District Attorney: Assuming, doctor, that the organs you have mentioned and which you analyzed were those of Andrus Kirby, what do you think he died of?

A.: Considering the symptoms I have told you about, and the fact that I found the poison in the body, I think he died of a lethal dose of prussic acid.

Cross-examination by Mr. Hinkle.

Q.: How much of this poison did you find in the body, doctor?

A.: Half a grain of the absolute or anhydrous acid.

Q.: Will that much kill a man?

A.: It might. That's a small quantity; about fifteen drops of a two per cent solution, but the poison is most deadly.

Q.: You'll also say it might not, won't you?

A.: Certainly. It depends largely on the susceptibility of the subject. But the point here is that a much larger dose was given. Nine days after death ——

Q.: Can you swear to how much was given?

A.: I am giving my opinion.

Q.: Save your guesses for the district attorney; I want facts. What would you call a fatal dose of the anhydrous acid?

A.: One grain.

Q.: Are you prepared to swear that a man cannot recover who has taken as much as four grains?

A.: It is not impossible.

Q.: I do wish I could nail you down to something. Tell me this: How much prussic acid is in an ordinary three-ounce bottle of almond flavoring?

A.: I might be able to tell you if you would let me have the bottle to analyze. Some of these flavors are dangerous.

Q.: But you do know that almond flavors and essences are made by dissolving oil of bitter almonds in alcohol, don't you, and that oil of bitter almonds is four times as strong in the pure acid as is the hydrocyanic acid of the United States Pharmacopœia?

A.: That is approximately true.

Q.: And isn't it true that there is prussic acid in the kernels of peaches and prunes and apricots, which is why they taste like almonds?

A.: No, it is not.

Q.: Are you familiar with this work on toxicology that has been offered here in evidence? Did you read this case right in your own book where a child died from eating three apricot kernels?

A.: You asked if there was prussic acid in those substances. There is not, but it is produced in the stomach by the chemical action on them of the digestive ferments, so that a person eating an excessive quantity of those substances may die from prussic-acid poisoning.

Q.: Now, doctor, don't quibble. A man's life is at stake here. Will you tell the jury what diseases show symptoms like those of hydrocyanic-acid poisoning? Speak out loud, doctor, as you did when you said you thought Andrus Kirby was poisoned.

A.: Well, apoplexy, certainly, cerebral or pulmonary; cardiac syncope; embolism of the lungs.

Q.: Go on. Are you done? Did anybody tell you not to mention asphyxia?

A.: Certainly not. I had forgotten it for the moment.

Q.: You went into much detail about your autopsy, and you wanted this jury to believe that the conditions you found were caused by prussic-acid poisoning, didn't you?

A.: I believe they were.

Q.: Name one condition of all those you dilated on that could not have been caused by asphyxia, as for instance, suffocation from breathing carbon dioxide, or marsh gas.

A.: But, Mr. Hinkle, this poison ordinarily kills by asphyxia—paralysis of the lungs or heart. Inevitably, the symptoms are the same.

Mr. Hinkle: I move to strike the answer out except the words, Inevitably the symptoms are the same.

Court: Strike it out. This case simmers down to a question of the presence of the poison in the body and proof that the prisoner administered it.

District Attorney: Exception.

Redirect Examination by District Attorney.

Q.: Does prussic acid decompose rapidly in the system?

A.: Very rapidly. I was surprised to find any appreciable quantity so long after death.

Q.: Would that indicate that a large quantity had been given?

Mr. Hinkle: Can't Your Honor dissuade the district attorney from putting answers into the witness' mouth? He has had the last six months to drill the witness in his story and yet he comes into court and tells this witness what to say right before the jury. I know he's a busy man. Pardon me, Your Honor, I object to the question as leading.

Court: Sustained.

Q.: Based on your examination of the body and your analysis, and considering the fact that nine days had elapsed since death, have you formed an opinion as to the amount of prussic acid that was in the body, supposing that the patient had been in his ordinary state of health until five minutes before his death? If so, state.

A.: I should say ten or fifteen grains of the anhydrous acid.

Q.: Enough to kill a horse?

A.: No. It would take a whole lot more than that to kill a horse. The horse is peculiarly tolerant of prussic acid; a fluid ounce of the ordinary solution would not be fatal. But enough to kill a dozen men.

Q.: Is it a rapid poison?

A.: It is the quickest I know of, killing in ten seconds to ten minutes. One to three minutes, ordinarily.

It seemed to the lawyers present as spectators that Little Amby had handled the expert competently in general, but that he should have compelled the district attorney to ask a hypothetical question on the redirect. A three or four-thousand word hypothetical question, admitted over an objection that it did not assume all the factors in the case, might well have been the cause of reversal on appeal. But these sophisticated spectators, enjoying the exhibition greatly, criticized Little Amby's strategy without condemning it; he had not yet developed his defense, and they knew that his plea of not guilty was a denial of every material allegation in the indictment, and that he had the widest latitude to establish a defense under it. Little Amby always drew a gallery of his professional brethren.

He was dressed for this occasion in black frock coat, black trousers, black cravat and high standing collar; such was his murder costume. For divorce work he liked something bright and colorful and yet refined; he wore a pepper-and-salt business suit when he defended robbers, and for the trials of embezzlers he put on a race-track suit and all his diamonds. Diamonds he loved them—were not missing from his make-up now; two of them were on each hand, and a four-carat one nestled coyly in a fold of his cravat.

The district attorney called eleven witnesses in making out his prima facie case. We must have the testimony of the Filipino manservant:

Q.: Tell what you did with the tray after it was given you by the cook.

A.: I give her to the madam. The waiter.

Q.: No, no. The cook gave you the tray with Mr. Kirby's supper on it, you say. You left the kitchen then, carrying the tray?

A.: Yes, sir.

Q.: Go ahead. Tell us. Speak out loud so that man up there in the corner can hear you.

A.: Yes, sir. I take her in the pantry all alone. The doctor——

Q.: The prisoner there?

A.: Yes, sir. He said me, Eladio, bring hot water. He upstairs, sir. I said him, you wish too much hot water, sir? He said me, one pitcher. I said him, very good, sir, I bring one pitcher in two minutes. He said me, bring now, what is two minutes? I said him, here is Mr. Kirby's dinner on waiter, sir. He said me, leave and bring hot water.

Q.: Where was he speaking to you from? You said he was upstairs.

A.: The service stairs, sir, from pantry to upstairs. He is over on top of those service stairs.

Q.: Go on. What did you do?

A.: I leave waiter in pantry and go fetch one pitcher. I go up service stairs and knock on the doctor's door and for give him pitcher.

Q.: And did you give it to him?

A.: No, sir. He is down in pantry from other stairs for putting poison in Mr. Kirby's pudding.

Mr. Hinkle: I move to strike out the answer except the words, No, sir.

Court: Strike it out.

Q.: How long did you leave that tray standing in the pantry?

A.: It is two or three minutes. Three or four minutes. Four or ——

Q.: How long?

A.: Five minutes, sir.

Q.: You returned at once to the pantry?

A.: Yes, sir. I took this tray you call from pantry to dining room or refectory. Is perhaps breakfast room or supper room. This house I not seen never. Madam she said me, Eladio, give tray, and I give tray. Sir, I not poison nobody. I do my work and not bother. I bring reference tomorrow you like see. Four years in last place and not poison nobody. One single nobody at all.

Cross-examination by Mr. Hinkle.

Q.: How far from the pantry window did you leave that tray?

A.: I not knowing this, sir.

Q.: Didn't you put it right down on the window sill?

A.: I not remember this, sir.

Q.: Wasn't it possible for some person to stand on the ground outside and reach the tray through the window?

District Attorney: Objection.

Court: Sustained.

Q. I want you to make an effort to tell me how far that tray was from the window.

A.: Sir, I not knowing this.

Q.: Don't you know anything but a cut-and-dried story? I dare say you know what this is, don't you? (Counsel holds up to witness People's Exhibit 8 marked for identification.)

A.: Yes, sir. This is bottle for shave doctor and poison old man.

It seemed to even the lay spectators—the court room was crowded to the doors—that the prisoner's lawyer had not done well with the Filipino. They had craned their many necks to see better when Little

(Continued on Page 125)

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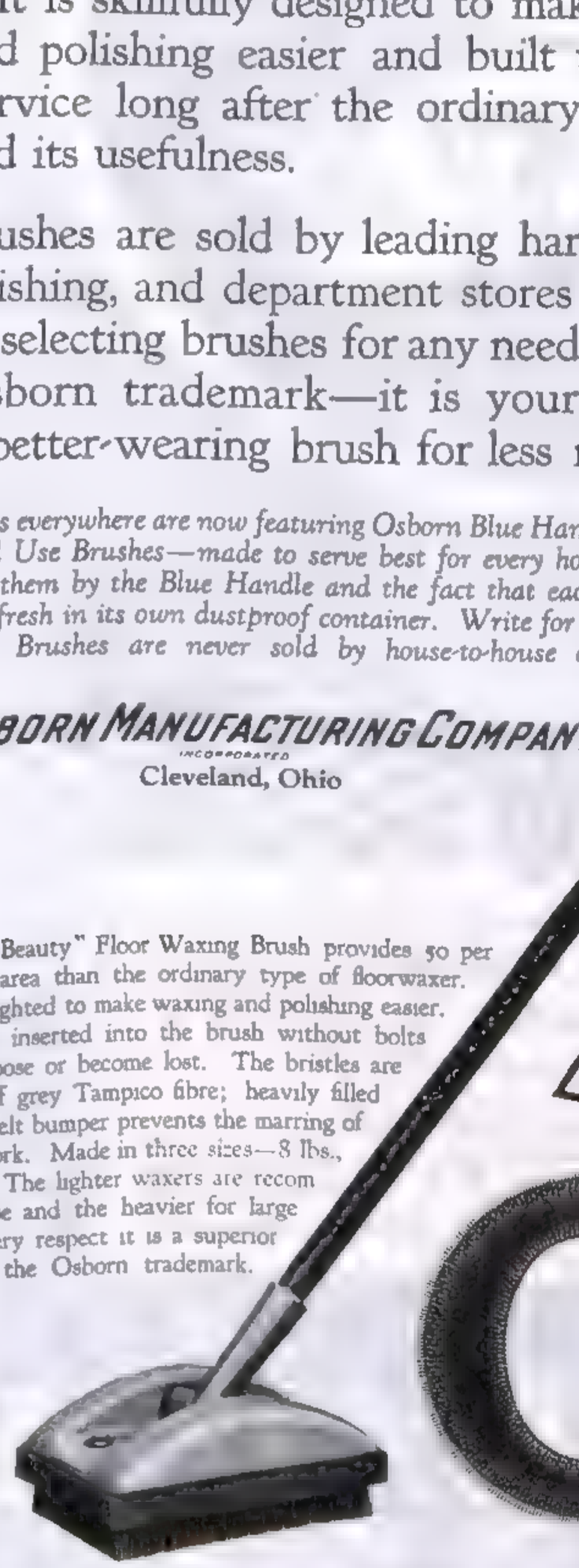

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(Continued from Page 122)

Amby held up the bottle. It was a gay little bottle, striped alternately in red and in white and closed with a silver stopper bearing Doctor Van Alt's monogram. It was almost incredible that he should have kept poison in such a bottle and that he should have then let the bottle escape from him. Here were instances, for anyone convinced of his guilt, of the criminal faculty for making ghastly blunders. It held poison now—three or four teaspoonfuls in the bottom—and the transparent and colorless liquid had been identified as hydrocyanic acid. Indeed, the bottle bore what seemed to be a drug-store label, naming the contents with a warning; the name and address of the drug store had been cut from the label. This bottle had been found among the medicaments of Doctor Van Alt in his rooms on West Seventy-ninth Street, and it was generally supposed that the fatal dose had been poured from it. But the district attorney had yet to prove the bottle's connection with the crime, and it was therefore marked only for identification at present and was not in evidence. From the sinister little container on the table there, the spectators shifted their gaze to Doctor Van Alt, sitting motionless and with a uniformed keeper at his elbow.

Little Amby went to the prisoner, put an arm over his shoulder and whispered into his guarded ear.

"Everything's going nicely," he whispered. "He'll never convict you on this kind of testimony. He's putting in the stuff he used before the Grand Jury to get the indictment, and I know those Grand Jury minutes backward and forward. Keep up your nerve. Unless he can account for your actions during the five minutes the tray was alone in the pantry, there's nothing to it. And that boils down to saying that somebody must have seen you in the pantry and swear to it. I thought that Filipino would do the swearing, but he seems to be on the level. Then it will be Syne or Kirby or Laubegang, if anybody, and you're dead sure they were outside the house? Good."

Little Amby glanced up to note the object of Doctor Van Alt's suddenly intent regard. He saw Bruce Laubegang walking toward the witness chair.

The new witness was nervous while beginning. He was inclined to lean over toward the stenographer and whisper his testimony, but he gained confidence as he went on and his voice became loud and denunciatory. His initial timidity may have been simply stage fright; it is an unnerving thing to sit in a witness chair before hundreds of watchers and to have one's every word taken down before one's eyes. He wore a black cravat and a black band about the arm of his green-gray lounging suit.

He had come from Palm Beach for the trial and his smooth face was deeply tanned, making his blue eyes and curling blond hair seem faded.

There were preliminary questions, and then:

Q.: You say Mrs. Van Alt called you from the porch?

A.: Yes. Mr. Will Kirby and I were off to one side of the terrace, looking at a hedge that had to be cut down.

Q.: What did you do and what did you see?

A.: Will Kirby and I walked over to where Mrs. Van Alt was standing with Mr. Syne.

Q.: Did you walk directly to her?

A.: No, we couldn't do that because there were some weeds or bushes in the way. We walked around the edge of the terrace, and that's how we came to pass by the house wall. We passed by the pantry window, and I happened to look in, and ——

Q.: Yes?

A.: No answer.

Q.: What did you see?

A.: I saw Doctor Van Alt in the pantry.

Q.: Go on; don't be afraid of anybody. What was he doing?

A.: He was holding the silver cover of the tray in one hand and he was doing something to one of the dishes.

Q.: What was he doing?

A.: I didn't see. I didn't try to take particular notice because I supposed he was simply examining Mr. Kirby's dinner; he was attending Mr. Kirby as a physician.

Q.: Did you see anything in his other hand?

A.: He had a bottle in his hand, an odd-looking bottle.

Q.: Is this the bottle? (Holding up to witness People's Exhibit 8 marked for identification.)

A.: I believe it is.

District Attorney: I offer this bottle in evidence. (Received, and marked People's Exhibit 16 in evidence.)

The next five pages of the record are a continuation of Bruce Laubegang's testimony under direct examination, detailing events with which you are already acquainted. Little Amby's cross-examination was brief, and we may as well have it:

Q.: Was there a light in the pantry?

A.: I don't remember.

Q.: How far was the tray from the window when you saw it?

A.: I think the tray was on the window sill.

Q.: Was the window open?

A.: I think it was.

Q.: Can't you be sure?

A.: No, I can't be sure. I say I think it was open.

Q.: Did you see anything else in the pantry?

A.: Just the shelves on the walls, and so on.

Q.: How near the house wall were you when you looked into the pantry through the window?

A.: Within arm's reach.

Q.: Could you have reached through the window to the tray?

A.: I don't know. Maybe so.

Q.: You have testified that Mrs. Van Alt was living when you reached her and that Andrus Kirby was dead.

A.: Yes.

Q.: Do you know that the prisoner is named as sole beneficiary in a document purporting to be the last will and testament of Mrs. Van Alt?

A.: I have seen such a will.

Q.: And do you know that that will is incompetent to pass any part of Andrus' Kirby's estate if Mrs. Van Alt died before him?

A.: I believe that is the law.

Q.: Are you a particular friend of the prisoner?

A.: Not at all.

Q.: Then why do you volunteer testimony that may be the means of securing for him a two-million-dollar estate?

A.: Because it is the truth. I don't care whether it hurts him or helps him. I'm telling the whole truth and nothing but the truth.

Q.: You have no ulterior motive or interest?

A.: Absolutely not.

At the close of the People's case Little Amby made the formal motion to dismiss the indictment for lack of substantiation.

"Denied," said the judge instantly. He brought down his gavel. "We'll hear the defense tomorrow morning. Recess for today."

Little Amby's cross-examination of this last witness surprised the professional talent by its maladroitness.

As one lawyer said, leaving the court room to attend to his own business after his hour of stolen pleasure, "It was amateurish. He simply led that witness Laubegang through his story again, rubbing it into the minds of the jury, until now they have an indelible picture of Laubegang looking into that pantry window. If he couldn't weaken the story he should have left it alone."

And yet Little Amby whispered jubilantly to Doctor Van Alt before the latter was led back to the Tombs—speaking his true thought or perhaps only heartening his client for the desperate measure of taking the stand in his own defense—"The case is beaten. We have him nailed to the mast!"

The trial was resumed at half past ten o'clock of the following morning. The newspapers had featured the murderous testimony of Bruce Laubegang, and droves of citizens deserted their vocations and called up deputy sheriffs and process servers and court officers, saying "Get me in!" Several hundred common people knowing no one amounting to shucks besieged the doors; the door man picked the best of these nobodies by subjecting all comers to a property test, passing those who gave him cigars. He had enough cigars to win a state senatorship in an off year, but was still something short of the requirements of a Supreme Court judgeship when the court room and his pockets were filled to bursting.

Thereafter cigars were no use; even influence was no use; when applicants whispered the names of great men into his ear, he said, "Don't know him; don't want to know him. Stand back!"

Little Amby's first witness was a stout and pallid man wearing a full black beard. He identified himself under Little Amby's questioning as a registered pharmacist operating a drug store on Columbus Avenue. Little Amby picked the red-and-white bottle from the counsel table and held it up to the gaze of the druggist.

Q.: How long have you been in business in that place, doctor?

A.: Eighteen years.

Q.: Look at this bottle and tell us if you ever saw it before. (Witness examines People's Exhibit 16 in evidence.)

A.: I did. This is my handwriting on it. May I look in my book?

Q.: If you need it to refresh your memory.

A.: I put in that bottle five fluid drams of Scheele's solution for a Doctor Jesse Van Alt. It was his bottle. If I am not mistaken he said he was trying an experiment and he wanted to test the effect of the vapor on the silver stopper.

Q.: What is Scheele's solution?

A.: Hydrocyanic acid. It is so called after the chemist Scheele who discovered the acid. It is a concentrated solution; very strong.

Q.: Do you recognize anybody here in court as the man for whom you filled that bottle?

A.: (Witness points at the prisoner.) There he is.

It was probably out of a spirit of showmanship that Little Amby turned from the witness now and walked back to the table to talk to Cohen; while he spoke to his managing clerk he looked out over the court room, passing from face to face. Then he looked around, nodded curtly, and put the question:

Q.: Now, doctor, we are all waiting to hear you tell us when it was that you filled that bottle with poison for the prisoner.

A.: On the thirteenth of October, 1909.

"But that was several months after the murders!" said the district attorney in a protesting tone.

"It does seem too bad," said Little Amby, sitting down. "Your witness."

"Were you previously acquainted with the prisoner?" asked the district attorney, rising aggressively.

"No, I never saw the man before," said the witness.

"Do you or did you know anybody connected with this case?"

"I know Judge Lonsdell here," said the witness. "He's one of my customers."

The district attorney looked up at the bench and caught a confirming nod from the judge.

"Let me see that book you have there," he said. "I have no more questions for this

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witness at this time, Your Honor, but I want him to remain right here in court."

"Let's all stay here and see this thing out," said Little Amby, getting up again. "Judge, I ask you to direct everybody present to stay here until the next witness has completed his testimony."

"I imagine they'll do that in any event," said the judge, "but I'll so order. Officer, nobody is to leave the room until I excuse him. Call your next witness."

"Charles Seaman!" called Little Amby. A sunburnt man of middle age, dressed in shiny blue suit, brilliant celluloid collar and yellow shoes, lumbered to the witness chair and was sworn.

Q.: What's your business, Mr. Seaman?

A.: Carpenter and builder.

Q.: Where?

A.: In Babylon. That's down on Long Island, near this place where the murder was committed.

Q.: You know this country house called Sunnyhold where Andrus Kirby used to live?

A.: He usen't to live there. He did live there once, but not of late years. Yes, I know the place very well. We call it the haunted house down that way. Sure, I do; I done work there.

Q.: Did you do any work there lately?

A.: Yes, yes.

Q.: What did you do?

A.: I cut a window in the pantry. That's all I done so far.

Q.: There was no window in the outside wall of the pantry?

A.: No, that's why I cut it. The pantry was dark, the gentleman said.

Q.: And when was it that you cut this window in the pantry wall?

A.: It was August or September last year.

Q.: After the murders?

A.: Yes, yes. Me and the gentleman were talking about the murders.

Cross-examination by district attorney:

Q.: Did you do this work all by yourself?

A.: No, sir. I'm a journeyman. My helper—there he is back there. Young Sammy Hicks.

Q.: Why have you been silent until now?

A.: Nobody asked me nothing. I didn't know no reason why I shouldn't be.

Q.: Did anybody tell you to keep quiet?

A.: Yes, yes—the gentleman hired me. He said there might be trouble.

Q.: What kind of trouble?

A.: About the estate. He said first he represented the estate, and the whole house would be overhauled and I was to get busy straight off and cut that window. And afterwards he says to me that there was trouble over the estate, and I better not say anything about doing any work and make the window look right, and he would see I got the contract when things were settled.

Q.: Who was this man?

A.: I don't know.

Q.: You mean to say you went into that house and cut that window on some stranger's say-so?

A.: Yes, yes. It stands to reason, don't it? People are not asking me to cut windows in somebody else's house. When a party comes to me and asks me to do some repairs on a house, I am not going to give him an argument whether he owns the house or not. Well, I would not last long.

The astounding story of this witness was confirmed in all essential particulars by the gawky youth who took the stand in answer to a call for Samuel Johnson Hicks. He was excused and told to remain.

"I shall ask the district attorney to call the next witness—Bruce Laubegang," said Little Amby.

"I'll do that, and gladly," said the prosecutor, "since I can hardly cross-examine him myself. I call him."

Laubegang resumed the stand. He did not show trepidation, unless that emotion was to be inferred from the tightening of his thin lips and the vigilance of his eyes.

Q.: Mr. Laubegang, you have heard the testimony of the last two witnesses. May we have your comment on it?

A.: They're lying.

Q.: You don't wish to change your testimony of yesterday?

A.: Not a word of it. It was the truth.

Q.: You still insist that you looked through that pantry window on the day of the murders? Note, Mr. Laubegang, that I still call the deaths murders. Take your time.

A.: I do.

Q.: You testified that Mrs. Van Alt was living when you reached her and that Andrus Kirby was dead; and you said that you had no ulterior motive in so stating. Do you stand by that?

A.: I do absolutely.

Q.: Did you or did you not borrow two thousand dollars from one Meyer Mendoza on the strength of your expectations from the estate of Andrus Kirby?

A.: It's a lie.

Q.: I'll give you another chance. Mr. Mendoza—stand up. (Spectator stands up.) Well, what do you say?

A.: I borrowed from this man, but not on any expectations from Andrus Kirby.

Q.: Had you any expectations from his estate?

A.: No expectations.

Q.: Were you related to Andrus Kirby?

A.: No answer.

Q.: Well?

A.: I don't know.

Q.: Perhaps I can help you there. I hand you a paper dated April 5, 1883, and produced here by a custodian from the county clerk's office, entitled In an action by Alice Kirby ——

Little Amby was interrupted. Doctor Van Alt had jumped to his feet, throwing aside the arm of his uniformed attendant.

He cried hoarsely, "This is not necessary! I forbid it. It is not necessary."

"Sit down!" snapped Little Amby. "While I'm your attorney I'll conduct this case. There's an issue of fact here for the jury, and I'll take no chances. I say it is necessary. I offer this document in evidence."

"What does it tend to prove?" asked the district attorney, taking it. "How is it competent? In view of the way this case has developed, I'm not inclined to object if it has any bearing."

"It proves that man to be an interested witness!" cried Little Amby. "It is the first pleading in an action by Alice Kirby against one Kurt Laubegang to compel support of a male infant born out of wedlock. I shall prove that this witness is that infant, and that Alice Kirby Van Alt was his mother. Someone has evidently instructed this witness that an illegitimate child cannot inherit from a maternal grandfather if the child's mother be dead; and that's why he testified that Mrs. Van Alt survived her father. If he could have convicted the prisoner of murder, or have at least so smeared him with suspicion that the surrogate would refuse probate of the will of Mrs. Van Alt, this witness stood to win two million dollars. I offer it in evidence."

"I'll admit it," said the judge. "Are you through with this witness? But the court is not yet through with him. Officer, arrest this man. I'm going to hold him for perjury. Sit right down there, young man, where I can keep my eye on you, and I'll attend to you later. Proceed, counselor."

"I ask the same concession from the district attorney for the witness Eladio Suarez," said Little Amby. "I think he knows more than he's told us. Will you call him? Good. Swear him."

Q.: Now, Eladio, watch your step. If you have anything on your chest, now's your time to get it off. Who told you the prisoner poisoned Mr. Kirby?

A.: Nobody tell me, not one. I asked him. I said him, this not for make old man sick like hell? He said me, go away, Eladio; it for make old man feel good to give you fifty cents. Mr. Kirby likes his booze, and doctor said not can have too much. He said me, Doctor Van Alt give too much poison for Mr. Kirby in almond pudding.

Q.: Let me understand you. The prisoner himself told you he put poison in Mr. Kirby's almond pudding?

A.: No, not he, but Doctor Van Alt. I asked him, old man feel dead, sir—what is you give me for put in old man's pudding? He said me, go away, Eladio. Is for make old man feel good like booze, but Doctor Van Alt put poison in old man's pudding in pantry. Remember not forget this.

Q.: I still don't understand. Follow me—but first let me ask you, what prisoner are you talking about?

A.: Him. (Witness points at Bruce Laubegang.)

Little Amby wheeled to look in triumph at Bruce Laubegang; what he saw made him shout an alarm. "Stop him—he's taken something!"

Laubegang was resting heavily against the shoulder of the court officer; his eyes, unnaturally brilliant, were fixed on the witness in an unwinking stare. The officer, so recalled to his duty, seized Laubegang and thrust him into an erect posture, but Laubegang did not seem to have the muscular power to hold it

He was breathing queerly, inhaling jerkily and exhaling at length.

"It looks like cyanitic poisoning," said Doctor Van Alt, who had peremptorily rejected the status of prisoner when he heard the call to duty. "If we can get a stomach pump here immediately, and perhaps some hydrated oxide of iron—where's that druggist?"

"He certainly never intended to poison his mother," said Little Amby.

"He did not," said Doctor Van Alt. "His hatred was directed at Mr. Kirby. Now that he is dead, one can at least remember that his experience was not calculated to make him love his grandfather. Mr. Kirby's second wife took a virulent dislike to his daughter and would not have her in the house. Mr. Kirby yielded to this unnatural animosity and put his child in a furnished room; when misfortune happened to her—and I could recount circumstances which would convince you that the poor girl was very little at fault—she was cut off entirely. You know that she was driven to appeal to the law to save herself and baby from starving. And just when sunshine and hope had come again into her life—no, I believe he loved her. No one who knew her could help loving her."

"Someone else loved her too," said Little Amby softly. "A man must love greatly to be willing to stand in the shadow of the electric chair."

"There was no other way," said Doctor Van Alt stiffly. "If Laubegang had been accused, his motive would have been inquired into. I still think you might have spared her memory. The case against me would have failed without bringing up that unfortunate event of many years ago."

"That's a question of tactics," said Little Amby, shrugging his narrow shoulders. "The motive had to be shown."

Doctor Van Alt shook his head stubbornly.

"If you had merely been found not guilty," argued the lawyer, "the chances are that the will would have been refused probate on the ground of undue influence."

"I would have risked that."

Little Amby was silent, but a slight smile was on his thin lips. His thought was that he himself did not care to risk the loss to Doctor Van Alt of his large fortune. Had the will been refused probate, Little Amby would have no millionaire client to congratulate while Cohen was making up the bill.

To brace his client against a sight of that bill, he said, "We took a big chance in manufacturing that evidence for the district attorney. You don't get that kind of service everywhere. The idea came to me as soon as I had a line on the nature of the case against you. They were evidently going to try to prove that you had dosed the old man's supper while the tray stood in the pantry, so I had the window cut in the hope that somebody would swear he had looked through it and caught you with the goods. People don't observe their surroundings ordinarily. You'd be surprised."

Doctor Van Alt was not listening. "I was convinced from the beginning that he had not meant to poison her," he said.

"From the beginning? You suspected him at once?"

"I am a physician, Mr. Hinkle, with some knowledge of toxicology. Do you know what hydrogen peroxide is?"

"It is an antiseptic in common family use, isn't it? Don't tell me I've been gargling my throat with poison."

"It is also a recognized antidote to hydrocyanic acid. I told you that fellow burst into the bathroom that evening? The bottle he seized and raced away with was the bottle of hydrogen peroxide."

Lake Chelan, Washington

Announcing the *New* radio battery that is always charged

HERE is something that will be welcomed by all radio fans—a compact "A" storage battery and charger, known as the Exide Radio Power Unit.

This unit is assembled in an attractive metal case, and is kept at all times connected to the ordinary house current as well as to the radio set.

Upon raising a small switch on the end of the unit, the receiving set is ready for use; by throwing it down, the battery is automatically placed on charge. Thus battery-charging, in its most convenient form, practically becomes a part of set operation.

The battery, of course, is an Exide, specially designed for the unit, and has ample capacity for any receiving set—whether that set uses one tube or ten. As there are no moving parts to wear or get out of order, maintenance cost is low.

Finished in a rich mahogany color, the Exide Radio Power Unit is furnished in two sizes—one, for sets using 4-volt tubes; the other, for sets using 6-volt tubes; retailing at $28, and $38, respectively—slightly higher west of the Rockies.

There are, in addition, Exide "A" and "B" storage batteries for every requirement, and a rectifier for recharging "B" storage batteries. Inquire of any Exide Dealer or at your favorite radio store.

The Electric Storage Battery Company
Philadelphia

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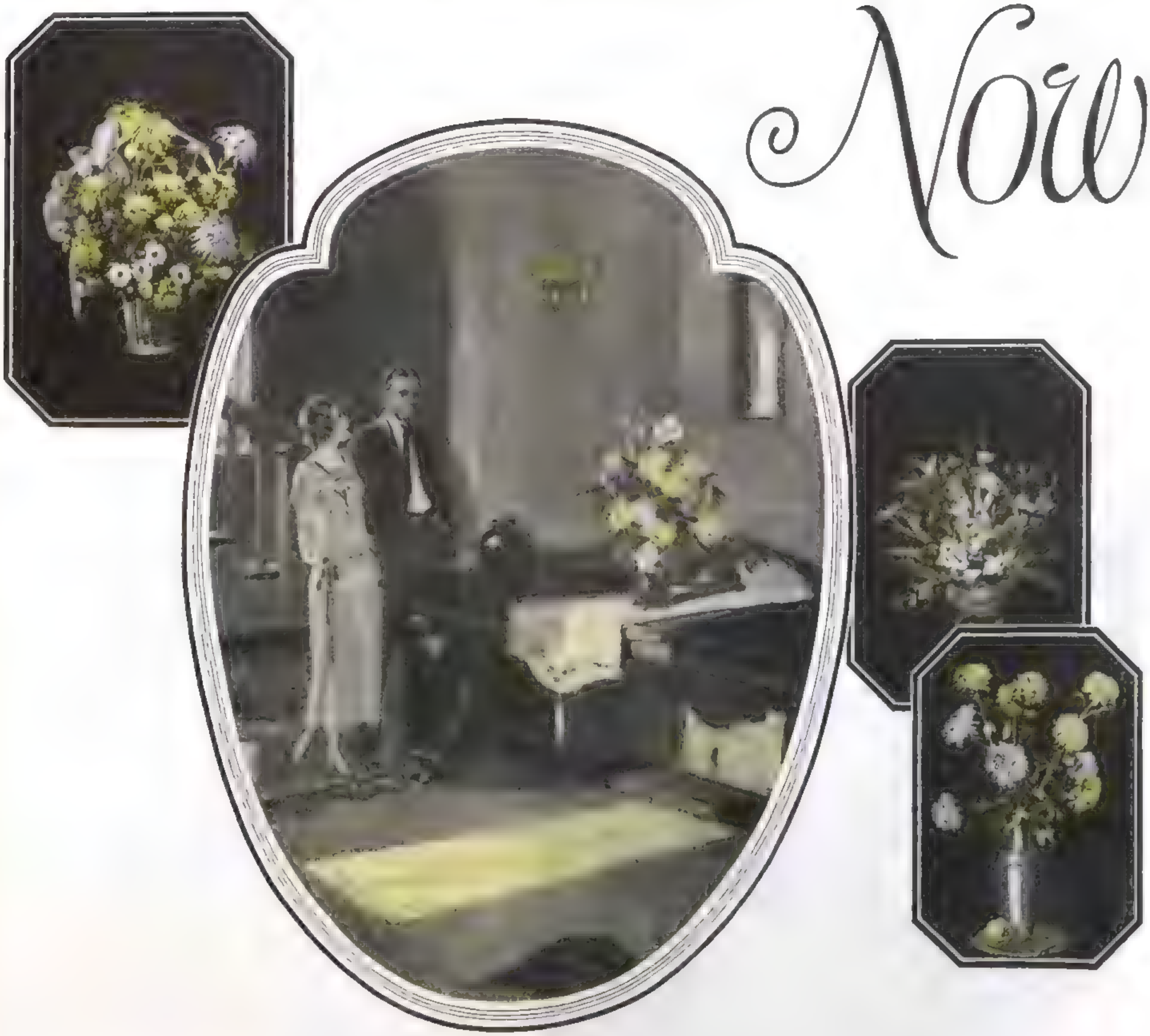
RADIO POWER UNIT

FOR BETTER RADIO RECEPTION, USE STORAGE BATTERIES

Now



"Say it with

—autumn flowers in all their glory

WHEN you entertain, let your florist make up a beautiful basket for your hall, stairway or living room. Chrysanthemums, golden with the sun of Indian summer; exotic orchids, chaste lilies of the valley and gardenias; lovely roses; bright, fragrant carnations make dark interiors in your home light and interesting. ¶Your florist can telegraph flowers anywhere. There's a flower to match your every mood and costume.

On Your Birthday Send Mother Flowers

"Flowers"

Canned Foods Week
November 9th to 15th—
"Stock Your Pantry"

You don't turn up your nose at economy!

You can dilute the double-rich contents of this can until the quart bottle overflows with pure milk

HERE in our town one of those little bottles of cream costs from sixteen to eighteen cents.

Our grocer sells us a can of Carnation Milk for ten or twelve cents.

The little bottle holds eight ounces of cream; the can, sixteen ounces of double-rich milk.

Two cents an ounce or more for the cream. Three-fourths of a cent or less for the double-rich milk—*just about one-third as much.*

. . . You don't turn up your nose at economy like that!

* *

Now, we don't mean to say that this double-rich Carnation Milk is as rich as cream. For it isn't.

But it *is* twice as rich as rich whole milk. And it has the pleasant, smooth *consistency* of creamiest cream.

If you don't think it's fine in coffee and with fruits and cereals—*try it.*

* *

Here's another thing. You can use this same milk for every kind of cooking—for your most particular cooking—with perfect results.

And you can fill the cream pitcher first and still have double-rich milk to enrich your food—the cream in Carnation goes all the way through.

When you cook with this milk, you will have less spoilage and wastage. Again you will find it economical.

* *

Just a word, now, for those who don't know what Carnation Milk *is.*

Take pure rich milk; remove part of the natural water content; subtract nothing else; add nothing; seal in air-tight cans; sterilize; and you have Carnation Milk.

Take Carnation Milk; add a little more than an equal amount of water; and again you have rich milk of normal consistency—

Containing all the *vital nourishing elements* of Nature's perfect food—pure, safe, uniform, convenient, economical milk in a modern package.

Try it.

FREE—Write for Mrs. Mary Blake's famous Carnation Cook Book. 100 chosen recipes.

CARNATION MILK PRODUCTS COMPANY
1032 Carnation Building, Oconomowoc, Wisconsin
1112 Stuart Building, Seattle, Wash. New York Ayimer, Ont.

"From Contented Cows"

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ALGERNON PERCY

(Continued from Page 5)

"Nonsense," said Monsieur René. "Your money is considerable and your looks are not so bad, but that is not why one likes you. Put you penniless in a barrel with a sack over your face and you would continue your enchantments unchecked."

"You are my uncle, and prejudiced," said Miss Aumont, laughing.

"Permit me to correct you," returned the other. "The prejudices of consanguinity are more like to be on the other side of the ledger. I was your father's uncle, and a barrel and a sack would have made short work of him, I tell you frankly. He was handsome, but he had no electricity."

Adrienne jingled her precious money.

"Give me another week," she said.

She had never seen her father, and could not be said to be interested in his lack of magnetism. She had accepted the family's dictum that the less said about him the better. Not that he had ever done anything disgraceful. He was merely handsome.

"You will retire from public life at the end of the week?"

"Must I promise?"

"No, certainly not. But I don't like it. I miss you. And it is all so ridiculous." Monsieur finished his coffee with a certain testiness. "Who else is there in this dreadful Dunbar ménage?"

"There is a daughter, Gloria; she is tall, and henna rinsed, and wears a great deal of complexion; and a son who takes after his father."

"How do you know?"

"It must be seen to be believed," she answered. "He is serious, and very American. I mean what one calls American. Not like me."

"You?"

"Well, am I not an American? My father was born here, my grandfather made his fortune here, my mother was a New Yorker! You are French, of course; or were a long time ago. You see what I mean."

"I trust I am not too bad a citizen," said monsieur rather shortly.

"You are a darling love," said his niece. "Mr. Dunbar is not. He is, however, attracted to me. He says I am a darn sensible girl. One would think gray hair and gray matter invariably went together. Why is yellow hair so frivolous?"

"It receives every encouragement in that direction," smiled monsieur. "From what you tell me, you have, as usual, got the men of the family in love with you already."

"Oh, dear, no," said Adrienne, rising lazily. "Mr. Dunbar will marry a well-done college graduate and Lord Dudley will get some nice rare English girl who will want him to promise never to go up in an airplane again."

"I call your attention to the fact that I was not predicting your marriage to either of these gentlemen," remarked her uncle. . . . "Why an airplane?"

"It is his specialty. He makes improvements in them."

"I dare say there is room for it, if for little else."

"I fancy he is a fearless pilot," she mused, smiling. "He seems very reckless."

"I wish," burst out Monsieur René, "that you would give it up." He did not appear to relish the thought of His Lordship's recklessness.

But Adrienne persisted. Every morning at nine o'clock little Miss Farnham brought her gray hair and her spectacles to the dreadful Dunbar ménage and made herself truly useful. If Mrs. Dunbar was content with her secretary, and she was, it was because she had no idea that William Dunbar made occasion daily to chat with her, quite sensibly; or that one Lord Dudley, not at all sensibly, hung about on the off chance of engaging her demurely withheld attention.

The advantage that he took at such moments was to show himself more blitheringly idiotic than he had ever dreamed a son of Adam could be. Never having in his wildest moments imagined himself in love with a gray-haired amanuensis, he was quite unaware of the nature of her puzzling fascination. But so extraordinary was her attraction for him that she seemed to confuse his wits. He had never gone the length a second time of asking her to let him see her eyes, but he had made a fool of himself on every occasion that he made to speak to her. Mrs. Dunbar was too busy a woman to be aware how often Lord Dudley returned to the house during the day. But the fact was that he came home with the diligence of a man in a potato race.

Petrie noticed it, and it may be said to have made him very uneasy. Four times in one afternoon had His Lordship popped back for a moment; and on the fifth, as it was nearly five o'clock, Petrie hoped that the day's popping was over. Dudley, however, refused to relinquish his hat; he merely wanted fresh gloves. Lord Dudley had had an inspiration. He would artlessly be on hand to see Miss Farnham home. Not that he told this to Petrie, and not that he needed to. Petrie was no fool, whatever he thought His Lordship was.

Dudley took the fresh gloves and brought his monocle about upon his valet's disapproving face.

"What's on the active mind, Petrie?" he asked.

"Your Lordship!" protested Petrie quietly, and stepped back a pace.

"That means you hope you know your place," said the other with a sharp look. "I doubt whether you do." With sudden irresolution, His Lordship walked to the window and stood looking out.

Petrie stood his ground. After a moment he gave a little cough behind his fingers.

"Yes, I know all about that," said Lord Dudley impatiently. He swung around after a little to confront his man. "See here, Petrie, we've fought and bled and died together, you know. But you never coughed at me before. You don't approve of my taking a little walk—is that it?"

"Since you ask me direct, sir, no."

"Humph!" said His Lordship, and slapped his gloves together.

"I would respectfully remind you, Your Lordship, that the circumstances might result in something unpleasant—for others."

"Do circumstances result? What circumstances?"

"I referred, Your Lordship, to Mrs. Dunbar."

"Is it knowing your place to call my hostess a circumstance?"

"You asked me out of it, sir."

"You have no more sense of humor than an American," said Lord Dudley miserably. "Look you, Petrie, keep out of place a moment -man to man, you know. You've noticed Miss Farnham about here?"

"Certainly, sir," said Petrie. "Under the present understanding, I may add that a lady becomes conspicuous in the existing situation."

"Eh?" said the other vaguely. "Once more."

"I mean, sir, that she is the only one in the house."

"Oh!" said His Lordship.

"One certainly would not wish to cause her any embarrassment."

"Yours received," murmured Dudley. "If you only knew the embarrassment she causes me! I fumbled the thing frightfully at first go. I'd rather like to put myself right with her, you know."

"I don't think it can be done, sir."

"You mean I'll be sure to say the wrong thing?"

"I mean, sir," explained Petrie patiently, "that you would better say nothing at all."

"Well, I can't stick it," vowed His Lordship.

"It might result in her being sent away." Petrie coughed again.

"Oh, the devil!" said Lord Dudley with vehemence.

Petrie was a wise man. He knew when to leave it at that. He took up the pair of discarded gloves and moved away, once more in his inferior orbit.

Dudley watched him go, gloomily. Presently he laid down his hat, tossed the fresh gloves into it, rammed his hands into his pockets and began walking up and down the room. He frowned at the rug with an expression totally unmerited by a very handsome Persian carpet, and every turn of his march across its generous expanse brought him each time nearer to the door. Finally, as was to be expected, he went out the door and down the stairs. He deliberately went on across the drawing-room foyer, down the corridor, around the elbow of the hall, into the library and came to a stand beside Miss Farnham's desk. It was quite dark in the study, except for the light which shone down on Miss Farnham's white hands, poised motionless above the list she had been checking. He could see less of her eyes than ever in the dusk.

"Petrie says—I mean—dash it, that's not what I wanted to say at all!"

She looked up at him and waited.

"Miss Farnham, why can't I talk to you like a sensible man?"

"What does Petrie say?" asked Miss Farnham. There was amusement in her voice, and a tolerant gentleness. Nobody would have guessed her heart had skipped a beat at the sound of his step in the doorway.

"I say, are you an American? You've got the loveliest voice."

"You are not very complimentary to my countrywomen," said Miss Farnham.

"There I go!" wailed His Lordship. "I do nothing but offend you. I fight America's battles with Petrie every day, and when I speak to you I seem to disparage it."

"Which brings us back to Petrie," said she gently. "What did you come to tell me?"

"No, upon my soul, I can't go into that," said Dudley. "I should make the most frightful mess of it. I like him, you know. We got to be no end friendly during the war, you know. He never lets me presume on it now. Though occasionally he gives me all kinds of a dressing down."

"Well, that's only fair, considering how often he dresses you up," said Miss Farnham, and glanced at her wrist watch. "He's been lecturing you, I take it."

"You're too sharp for me," gave in Dudley. "So is he. He knew I wanted to walk home with you."

"Petrie is quite right," said Miss Farnham with cool self-possession. "It wouldn't do at all."

"But I never said—it was only that Mrs. Dunbar —— I say, you do make an utter washout of me. Now you'll think I have been talking about you to my man."

"Well, you have," was her answer to that. She rose and closed her desk. Just as high as His Lordship's heart she stood, and would have let him see her eyes smiling but that it seemed better to let him look down at her nice horn spectacles.

She did let him hear the smile in her voice, however.

"I, too, like Petrie, very much," she said. . . . "Would you mind switching on the lights?"

He found the button by the door and obeyed her. The room lighted and she turned off her little desk lamp.

"You won't let me see you home?"

"Not for the world," said Miss Farnham, getting into a spinsterish coat and hat that lay on a chair near by. "It must be nearly time for you to take a cup of tea with the family. Good night."

"It's the most extraordinary thing," said His Lordship, greatly cast down. "The minute I let you out of my sight I feel that I must speak to you; and when I do I can't think whatever it was I wanted to say. I simply flounder about. I am not in the least like this with other people, you know."

"Well, that must console you," remarked Miss Farnham a little breathlessly as she moved toward the door.

"It doesn't," said His Lordship obstinately. "I get on all right with people I don't give tuppence for. Why, I've made friends with the officer on this beat, even—that Irish bobby on the corner here. He began by taking me into custody for turning the wrong way in my motor; nothing could have been more inauspicious. Yet we are as pally as possible now. His missus has got a brand-new Murphy and I am to stand up with the little beggar. You see?"

"I see that at that rate you will soon have shoals of intimate friends," said Miss Farnham, laughing. "I have passed that policeman every day and did not even know his name was Murphy, far less that there were little Murphys."

"If you will let me walk as far as the corner with you, I'll introduce him," said Lord Dudley guilelessly.

"You brought him into the conversation on purpose," accused Miss Farnham. "No, and no. Good night."

"Good night," said His Lordship mournfully. "I'm sorry. I beg your pardon. I am always begging your pardon."

Miss Farnham absolved him with a nod as she went away.

IV

"MOST inconsiderate of you, Miss Farnham," said Mrs. Dunbar rather sharply the next morning, "to be late when there is so much to be done today."

She gave the little secretary an angry look as she entered, and decided that her unusual blush of color was due to her sense of guilt and to her having hurried upstairs, in a possible ratio of fifty-fifty.

Miss Farnham murmured an apology without seeking to excuse herself, although she was not late, in a manner of speaking. She had reached the house on time, but had been delayed in a lower hall by William Dunbar himself. This was not an excuse that she could give without precipitating a storm, and she did not advance it. Nor was her unwonted flush due so much to guilty haste as to a rankling attack of anger that lingered even yet.

This unrevealed chapter of her life as a wage winner had gone off somewhat in this manner: She had gone into the library, where she kept her notebooks and memoranda, and William Dunbar had seen her at her desk from where he stood in the window of the breakfast room. It is not too much to say that he had posted himself there for that purpose. And going around to the wing of the house where the study was located, he had encountered her on her way to the stairs and to that upper writing room peculiarly private to the ladies' morning hours.

"Good morning, Miss Farnham," said William, with an effort at being casual. "Everything all set for the tea fight this afternoon?"

"There are always things to do at the last moment," said Miss Farnham, looking quite capable of doing them. "Of course you'll be there?"

"I shall look in toward the last," said he. "I don't like these crushes. I suppose there'll be a lot of people?"

"Sure to be," said Miss Farnham cheerfully.

"Shall you be—er ——"

"I shall be invisible."

She passed him and started for the stair. A little smile of amusement twitched at the corners of her unenslaved lips. She could not help thinking what a commotion her appearance, even in a gray wig, would occasion in that long-pursued conclave of the city's most exclusive set, did it, indeed, allow itself to be lured hither by the name and prestige of the guest of honor. No, the place for a masquerading secretary was in safe retirement above stairs in my lady's boudoir.

(Continued on Page 135)

Study the Circle!

by official figures, it proves the *overwhelming public preference* for FREED-EISEMANN

OUT of last year's confusion in radio, this one fact emerged with startling clarity: Through *popular demand,* FREED-EISEMANN had won the dominant position in its field.

Although competing, in the Neutrodyne field alone, with thirteen other licensed manufacturers, FREED-EISEMANN did more than half as much business as all the others *combined,* and became the largest and most successful manufacturer of the kind in the world.

Why the irresistible trend towards this one radio set?

FREED-EISEMANN won its high place in public recognition *by right of accomplishment.*

This organization was one of the *pioneers* in Radio. Even before the days of general broadcasting, it was already in the forefront of radio manufacture. The perfection of its first sets was an important factor in bringing about the astounding growth of radio popularity as a whole. Then came the invention of Neutrodyne—and again FREED-EISEMANN led. The first Neutrodyne receiver ever built was made by FREED-EISEMANN.

This ideal of personal responsibility means much to you

The FREED-EISEMANN organization, great though it is, reflects to the last worker the inspiration of its chief executives, Mr. Joseph D. R. Freed, Mr. Alexander Eisemann and Mr. Arthur Freed. Rightly do you feel, therefore, as you turn the dials of your set, that here is an instrument made with a feeling of personal responsibility *to you.*

Because of the superb engineering and constructive skill behind the FREED-EISEMANN, you will never need to give a thought to its mechanical whys and wherefores. You will soon forget its wonder-working mechanism and come to regard it as a flawless musical instrument that will bring to you, with gem-like clarity, from almost any distance, the music and entertainment you desire.

Without cost or obligation— a home trial for a liberal period

Telephone the FREED-EISEMANN *dealer today!* A large number of dealers have eagerly sought the right to sell the FREED-EISEMANN, but we have given it to only a limited number, whom we have *selected* for their ability to satisfy your needs promptly and helpfully.

Our dealers are so sure of the performance of the FREED-EISEMANN that they will gladly install a set in your home *without obligation*—so that you may learn at first hand the joys it will give you.

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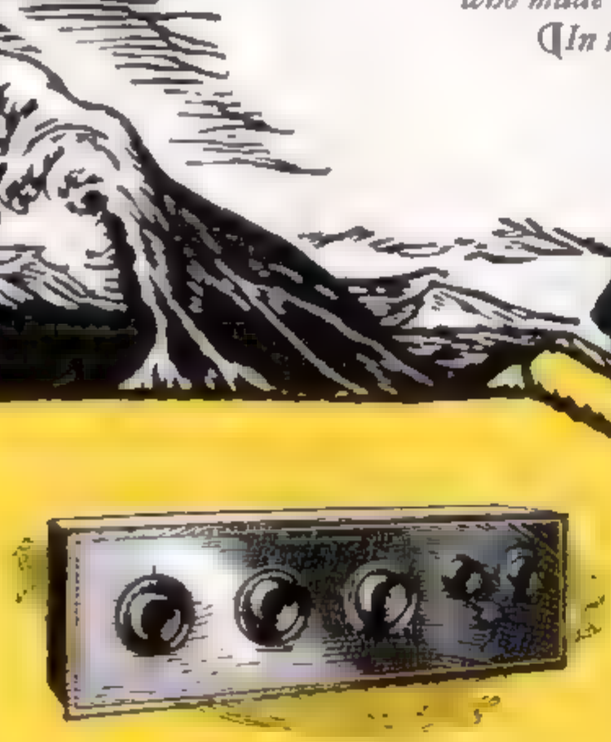
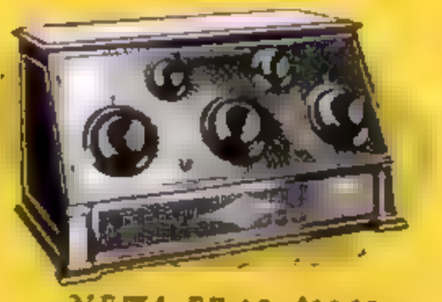
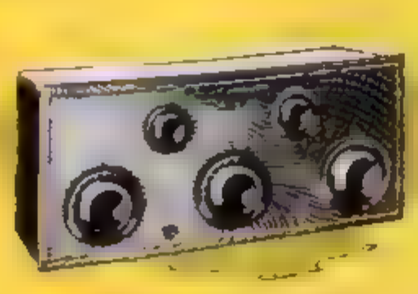
MAGELLAN, *the first man to sail around the world, faced the unknown and battled with storm, mutiny and starvation. He was one of the great leaders who made the world larger for all men.* ¶*In these days, the only comparable achievements are those of Science. And its greatest is Radio, which has conquered a new realm for mankind—the realm of the invisible ether.* ¶*In this conquest,* FREED-EISEMANN *was among the first of the great pioneers.*



NEW! NR-7 $110.00
A six-tube licensed Neutrodyne receiver embodying an improved method of audio-frequency amplification*



NEW! FE-18 $90.00
‡A new five-tube dry cell receiver; space for batteries in cabinet



NEW! FE-15 $75.00
‡A new five-tube receiver, built for use with storage battery

* Licensed by Independent Radio Mfrs., Inc., under Hazeltine pats. Nos. 1450080, 1489228, 1533858
‡ Licensed and manufactured under a group of Latour patents

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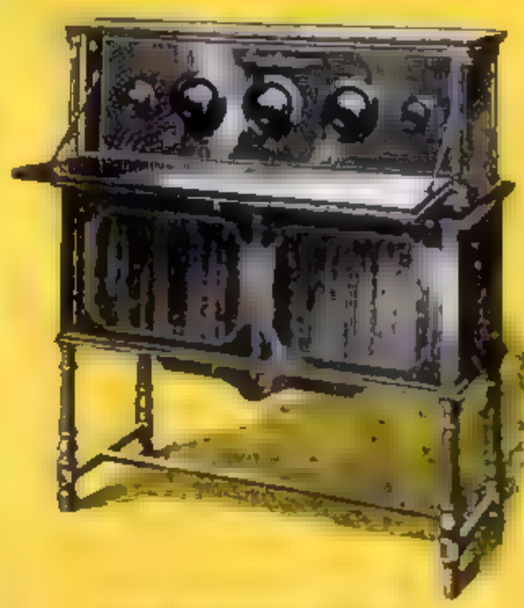

The famous NR-20 $175.00
A de luxe licensed Neutrodyne receiver, in a handsome mahogany cabinet. Mahogany Console table, type C-43, with loud speaker built in, $75.00.*

843

before the war with Mexico

THE Mexican War found the name STANLEY beginning to be known in all of the then twenty-nine states of the Union. In those forgotten years, as today, worthy products were recognized and respected. Now, more than eighty years since the Stanley name first appeared as a mark of quality, it is favorably known to millions who use hardware and tools. STANLEY, New Britain, Conn., U.S.A.

STANLEY

For Fine Furniture

Beautiful furniture requires good hardware. Fittings, fasteners and hinges—the mechanical parts—must be correctly designed and thoroughly dependable. That is the reason why so many makers of fine furniture use Stanley Furniture Hardware.

FURNITURE HARDWARE

STANLEY SW

For the Carpenter

The design, the balance, the "feel" of Stanley Tools is one reason why carpenters prefer them. Then, too, carpenters have always recognized the better quality which gives these tools longer life. All our resources are pledged to maintain the quality upon which our reputation has been built.

CARPENTERS TOOLS

STANLEY TOOLS

For Your Own Home

Four-Square Household Tools make quick, easy work of the hundred and one little odd jobs around the house that call for tools. Basically of Stanley quality, they are made in a finish and with a simplicity of construction which meet the needs of the home.

FOUR-SQUARE HOUSEHOLD TOOLS

(Continued from Page 131)

"Such is democracy," mused Mr. Dunbar. "Sticking you out of sight and running after a lord! Algernon Percy!" he added rather savagely.

Miss Farnham paused, her hand on the newel, and looked back.

"You do not appear to like Lord Dudley," she said coldly.

"I'm no tufthunter anyway," said the 100 per cent American ill-humoredly. "And if you will permit me to say so, I think he shows himself in rather a questionable light, making demands upon your time in a manner open to misconstruction."

It was just here that Miss Farnham's color began to rise.

"I don't know that I understand you," she said. "But I am quite certain that while you are ambiguous, you are none the less being impertinent."

"Well, plain English is good enough," avowed William Dunbar. "The man is running after you too darn openly. I should think a girl in your position would have more experience than to put up with such attentions."

"My position does not compel me to endure your rudeness, in any event, Mr. Dunbar. I shall leave today." Her sudden wrath crackled out like lightning striking in a gathering storm.

"I didn't meant to be rude," said the thick-headed William. "Please don't be angry with me, Miss Farnham. Please wait just a moment. Please let me explain. You are such a darn sensible girl you must see what I mean. I only wanted to give you a friendly word of warning. You are in my house, you know, even if my mother does run things. I guess I'm not so much of an Anglomaniac as she is, but I don't bow down to a lord, I can tell you. I pay my reverence to American womanhood every time, and it makes me hot to see it treated lightly. I don't for the life of me see why you should get angry at that."

"Don't you, indeed?" said Miss Farnham, controlling her rage with difficulty.

"No, I don't," insisted William doggedly. "This Algernon Percy would no more think of marrying you than he would of painting himself black. He's a monocled snob, that's what he is. I can't understand a sensible girl like you permitting him to hang around, when you know he wouldn't think of you seriously."

Miss Farnham caught her breath, too furious to speak.

"You'd better send him about his business," went on William Dunbar, oblivious of her murderous impulses. "Send him to me if you wish. I'll settle his affairs for him —— Algernon Percy!"

The little gray-haired secretary shook herself free of her obsession. With a superb clutch at her self-control she even began to see that he was funny—a man incapable of understanding that he was insulting her, a man unaware that he was not so much a defender of American womanhood as merely a jealous sophomore. Even in the eclipse of that gray wig, she had engaged more of his interest than he himself suspected.

And what did he matter, in any case? She would be retiring from public life, as Uncle René called it, at the end of the week. She found herself, as her wrath submitted to her dominion, regarding him curiously.

"You appear to dislike his name," she remarked detachedly.

"Well, really!" William Dunbar chuckled. For the fourth time he repeated the obnoxious syllables, "Algernon Percy!" in a mockingly effeminate accent.

Miss Farnham addressed herself again to the stairs. Two steps up, she paused and looked back.

"You are not a student of history, perhaps, Mr. Dunbar?"

"Why not? Why?" William was not coherent; he did not follow her.

"They were rather famous fighters, you know—the Algernon Percys," she said, not unpleasantly, but in rather a superior tone. "The name has lapsed now and again, and been restored through the distaff side. But off and on, they have been making English history in rather a forceful manner since the days of the Norman invasion." She went up another step, and added perhaps less pleasantly, "I am afraid you have taken your estimate of the Algernon Percys from the comic strips."

With which valedictory crusher, she went on up the stairs and found herself behind time and in her employer's displeasure.

But Mrs. Dunbar was too immersed in a sea of detail concerning her momentous entertainment to waste any precious time on the lost fifteen minutes. She had to admit that Miss Farnham was a remarkably efficient aid in such a situation, far more dependable than the visiting organizer. She seemed to know exactly what to do in planning and carrying through an affair that outstripped any of Mrs. Dunbar's previous social undertakings. Together they went over the outline, item by item—decorators, caterers, musicians and guests—and found every provision adequate.

"I shall ask you to tell the maids their stations and duties," said Mrs. Dunbar. "I think, as you say, that the breakfast room can be rearranged to the best advantage as a green room for the artists. There should be two maids there, and two in the cloakroom and one in the lower hall, just in case. She needn't be in evidence. . . . What is it, Appleby?"

The butler had knocked and stood in the open doorway.

"A gentleman most desirous to speak with you, madam," said Appleby, with a shade of interest in his usually colorless voice. "He has an officer with him."

"A what?" said Mrs. Dunbar, blankly staring.

"A policeman, madam."

Mrs. Dunbar transferred her astonished look to Miss Farnham. After a moment's wait the secretary took it upon herself to advise.

"It can be nothing important, Mrs. Dunbar. You could see him here a moment." She glanced at the clock. "The manicure is not due for half an hour."

"I beg pardon, madam," said Appleby, "but he said it was important."

"Well, I can't imagine what he wants," said Mrs. Dunbar impatiently. "But tell him I can give him just ten minutes. Show him up."

Miss Farnham rose as the butler disappeared, but Mrs. Dunbar put out a detaining hand.

"Don't go," she said. "I shall want you to answer the telephone if anyone calls up. This must be some misunderstanding."

Miss Farnham willingly sat down again. For one wild moment she thought it might be Murphy come to make some appointment with Lord Dudley about his baby's christening, but she saw at once that that was not possible. Algernon Percy would make his own engagements with Murphy on the beat.

Appleby returned in a few moments—during which Mrs. Dunbar distractedly and for the fortieth time checked off the available jars for the chrysanthemums—and stood aside at the door to usher in these extraordinary visitors. One was a policeman, certainly; a large comfortable man, with law and order written all over his amiable red face and blue uniform. The other, who preceded him into the room, was a personable man of about thirty-five, wearing a business suit and a manner to match. Appleby retired with manifest reluctance.

"Sorry to trouble you, Mrs. Dunbar," said the man in the gray clothes. "I won't keep you but a moment." He advanced, so obviously looking for a chair that Mrs. Dunbar half involuntarily asked him to sit down. The blue-coated officer considered this permission to take modest possession of a seat near the door. He sat during most of the interview, looking into his hat except on such occasions as when he was addressed directly, when he raised a pair of candid blue eyes in answering.

"What on earth do you want?" asked Mrs. Dunbar with direct inelegance.

"I understand you are giving a big reception today, Mrs. Dunbar," said the caller. "My name is Jenks, from headquarters. Allow me to show you my badge. Now I don't know that you are aware of it, but there has been a great deal of trouble in the city at such affairs owing to a lot of unscrupulous people who come to such affairs without an invitation—crashing, we call it. That's not all my reason for asking to speak to you. But in that connection, may I ask if you feel confident that your butler and whoever else will be on the door know all your guests by sight?"

Mrs. Dunbar hesitated. A dull, rather disfiguring flush crept into her heavy face, under the faint spread of waterproof rouge. This was an awkward question to a hostess who could not say she knew them herself! Appleby had excellent references, but he might not know all the mighty ones she hoped would come to meet Lord Dudley. She took refuge in temporization.

"But they will all be announced," she said weakly. "They will have to give their names."

Jenks pursed his mouth consideringly.

"They don't come one at a time," he demurred. "It's pretty hard to manage at a big affair like this. Not like a dinner, you know. If I had known in time I could have got you an excellent extra man. He is an expert at this sort of thing, knows every face worth knowing in New York. However, as it's not a dance, you may not have much trouble. I give you my word, at Mrs. Pell's last dance one hundred and thirty people crashed the gate—people she never heard of—and because of the champagne it became very unpleasant."

Mr. Jenks looked from Mrs. Dunbar to her secretary, and there just for a moment his eyes became fixed. He gave a little cough.

"You'll excuse me, ma'am, but could I ask who is this other lady?"

"My secretary, Miss Farnham," said Mrs. Dunbar, and glanced at the clock.

"I'll get on with the main point," agreed Jenks observantly. His look continued on Miss Farnham as he spoke, but he presently gave all his attention to his hostess. "Now above and beyond this crowd of crashers, we have trouble with sundry light-fingered gentry, Mrs. Dunbar, who get in sometimes at affairs like this, well-dressed and looking for all the world like your cousin. There are any number of 'em in the city. Isn't that so, Orton?"

The big policeman looked up amiably.

"It is so, Mr. Jenks," he said in a smooth hearty voice.

"They get in and they shift around, and when they've gone a lot of valuables go with them. There's one chap in particular, Rainy Day Scofield, who has been identified time and again as the probable thief—too late. He seems to use a lot of disguises, and looks the perfect gent in any of them, but he often crashes in just his natural-born face, in the regular cutaway."

"He's the worst," said Orton agreeably, "but he's not the only one."

"Not by a good deal," said Jenks as Orton's eyes went back to contemplation of the lining of his hat. "Now you'll see, Mrs. Dunbar, that it's pretty hard on us to be called in time after time, with nothing to go on, and get a lot of criticism for being helpless to catch we don't know who. Give us a chance to prevent these things. There's no need for you to distress yourself, Mrs. Dunbar, if you'll just give me your permission to put some of my men around here this afternoon. We may not be able to check all uninvited guests, but there is one thing sure—we know the face of every one of these sneak thieves, and you'll lose no valuables, though you may run short of champagne."

"But I can't invite people here, to find the house full of policemen!" cried Mrs. Dunbar indignantly.

"Why, ma'am, you won't know one of my men from a guest or a servant, yourself," said Jenks proudly. "They'll be drifting around so quietly you'd never notice them. You're having some opera people; someone ought to be in their dressing room, because they are a careless lot; but

(Continued on Page 137)

The artistic stand lamp:—
With a base plate that screws out to clamp anywhere
With a ball joint and a movable shade to adjust light in any direction

Shave without shadows by a BUSS Light!

Say, man! You've got a new kind of shaving ease coming to you. When you clamp or hang your Buss Light on the mirror and then adjust it to focus the light rays, your whole face will be bright.

You'll see every ridge and valley of your countenance clearly for the first time without a shadow to mislead your razor.

Then you'll find that a keen blade and a smooth lotion are only two-thirds of a real shave—Buss Light is the other.

And when evening comes, your little light companion is clamped on the chair to add a new sense of pleasure to your after supper reading hour, or attached to the bed for reading in lazy cushioned comfort.

And how handy you'll find your Buss Light for the radio, the phonograph, the book-case—for tinkering on anything about your house or your car—or for taking anywhere to light up the dark places.

Get this light of your own to use as you like.

The Buss Light is mighty easy to buy. You'll part with the price in a minute when you see what you get. Ask for yours at any store that handles lights.

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Light
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DECORATED IVORY MODEL

Behold this box!

You press a pedal or turn a switch and it starts your car. You click a tiny lever on the dash and your pathway is lighted through the night. You insert a plug and your living-room is filled with the strains of a stirring symphony from New York, a jazz band from Florida, the gay program of a night club in Los Angeles.

Prest-O-Lite marks "The Oldest Service to Motorists." When wagons first went down the road minus horses, Prest-O-Lite led the field in equipping those grotesque vehicles with "eyes" and in giving service that they might continue on their clattering way. Today there is a Prest-O-Lite Service Station within earshot of any horn—motor-car or radio.

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Toronto, Ontario

Prest-O-Lite

(Continued from Page 135)

they don't bear their losses any better than the careful ones. I've seen Madame Marisso toss down a sable coat before she went on to sing and leave it just anywhere. And someone ought to be upstairs near your bedroom."

"But nobody is to come up to this floor," said Mrs. Dunbar.

"You can't rely on that, ma'am. Your guests won't, but what's to prevent someone else from taking a run up here? If she got caught she'd just be a perfect lady who had made a mistake in the cloakroom floor."

"Dear me!" said Mrs. Dunbar miserably. "Well, all my things will be locked up, you may be sure."

"Now that's just what I wanted to ask you," said Mr. Jenks. "If we do lay our hands on one of these folks—and if I could have the luck to land Rainy Day Scofield I think I'd die happy—I should like to have something on 'em. Leave me out some piece, something you can identify. There's no chance of his—or her; there's lots of women in this game—no chance of their getting away with it. And there'll be no ruckus either. You'll never know we have made a pinch till afterward, Mrs. Dunbar."

"It sounds utterly fantastic," said she restlessly. "I must talk to my son about it."

"No objection to that," agreed Mr. Jenks. "I'd only like to say one thing more. I suppose you've tried to keep the papers from sending reporters to this affair, but they'll get here just the same."

Again the dull flush mounted in Mrs. Dunbar's cheeks. As a matter of fact, her efforts had been quite in the other direction. She wanted to unfold her newspaper tomorrow morning and read her name as hostess to a formidable list of great names.

"I'm an old hand at city life, ma'am, and I'll tell you what will happen if those reporters get so much as a smell at this story. They'll run a fat yarn about it, you may bet. They'll be off in a bunch to the police station for more. And Scofield or whoever we get will get more of a write-up than Lord Dudley. You don't want that. Let me handle this thing quietly and nobody will be the wiser. You'll be doing the force a great service, I assure you. But the less said about it the better."

Mrs. Dunbar raised her eyes perplexedly to Miss Farnham's face.

"What do you think?" she asked indecisively.

"Why, I never heard of its being done before," said Miss Farnham; "not in just this way. Detectives are always sent to guard wedding presents and things like that. But"—her eyes dwelt on the comfortable figure of Orton near the doorway—"I don't see how it can cause you any unpleasantness."

"None whatever," averred Jenks. "My men know their business. And one quiet word from one of them will turn away any gentleman Raffles that shows his face. You'll not need to think of it again, except as I ask you to identify your bit of jewelry, if necessary. Is that your bedroom in there?"

"No, that is my dressing room. My bedroom is beyond. But no one could get in there. Miss Farnham will be on this floor, in this room."

Jenks gave Miss Farnham another sharp look. But his voice was kindly as he said, "That's all right, ma'am. I'll have someone up here just the same. Miss Farnham wouldn't want to go calling out if she did see someone, you know. Well, Mrs. Dunbar, I won't keep you. I thank you very much."

He rose and bowed. Orton rose and looked into his hat with a special earnestness in lieu of other salutation. In another moment they had gone, descending the two flights of stairs in silence. Appleby in person let them out the door, agog with curiosity, but receiving nothing more than an offhand nod from the man in the gray clothes and a genial look of friendliness from him in blue.

In silence they walked slowly toward Madison Avenue and stepped into a waiting taxi in the middle of the block.

"I will now," said Jenks, taking matches from one pocket and a package of cigarettes from another, "give you an illustration, my dear Watson, of the special gifts that have raised me so far above you in our profession."

"What talk have you?" demanded Orton. "Watson, is it? For why?"

"He was a good feeder to a star act," said Jenks, lighting up. "Did you see anything interesting back there except the lining of your bonnet?"

"Go on," said Orton agreeably. "I'll be the goat. I saw a swell house, and a butler with a cast in the eye of him, which the same I never saw before in all my born days, and a couple maids and the two dames we was talking to. What did you see?"

"I saw," said Jenks slowly, "the heiress to one of the biggest fortunes in this city wearing a gray wig and an alias." Orton stared at him in speechless amazement. "That's what I saw," affirmed Jenks broodingly, looking at his finger nails.

"Well, fer th' love of tripe and onions," gasped Orton, "now what do you make of that?"

"So far," said Jenks, and paused; he put his hands into his pockets and slumped far down into the seat of the cab—"So far I have made nothing of it. But I will."

[TO BE CONTINUED]

Real Philanthropy — Why Not Make Road Mending More Enjoyable for Street Loafers?

We Want Men

with tough, wiry beards to challenge this

Let us send you free a 10-day tube of this unique shaving cream which softens the toughest beard in one minute!

MEN CLAIM that Palmolive Shaving Cream will soften the toughest beard in one minute. No finger rubbing—hot water or cold, hard water or soft.

That's a broad statement, we'll agree. You may doubt it. But, if true, you want that kind of shaving.

Let us give you a 10-day tube free. Find out for yourself. We believe we'll win you, no matter how firmly you are wedded to a rival preparation.

New Principles

Palmolive Shaving Cream is a newcomer in its field . . . yet, today the leader. Millions of men have quit old ways and adopted this new shaving joy.

Probably 80% of its users were boosters for other makes of cream.

All were won over by the test we now offer you. "Don't buy—yet," we urge you. Put the proof burden on us.

* * *

60 years of soap study stand behind this creation . . . made by the makers of Palmolive Soap. 130 formulas were discarded before we found the right one.

1000 men told us their supreme desires in a shaving cream. Only by great effort did we meet them. New principles were required. New laboratory methods and experiments.

Palmolive Shaving Cream thus is different from any other you have known.

5 New Delights

These you'll find—these new shaving joys, these comforts unknown before.

1 Multiplies itself in lather 250 times.
2 Softens the beard in one minute.
3 Maintains its creamy fullness for 10 minutes on the face.
4 Strong bubbles hold the hairs erect for cutting.
5 Fine after-effects, due to palm and olive oil content.

10 Shaves Free

Now in fairness to us, and in justice to yourself, clip the coupon before you forget. Find out whether the whole world is wise in changing to a new way in beard softening.

PALMOLIVE
SHAVING CREAM

10 SHAVES FREE and a can of Palmolive After Shaving Talc

Simply insert your name and address and mail to Dept. B-1080, The Palmolive Company (Del. Corp.), 3702 Iron Street, Chicago, Ill.

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Candy—The Universal Gift—appropriate and always appreciated. BUNTE BROTHERS.

CHOCOLATES—the universal gift. They always bring delight to those you love. Rich, smooth, delightful chocolate coverings—deliciously different—made by the carefully guarded Bunte process. Centers—each one a dainty surprise.

Give Home Made Sweets—a package with individuality and charm. Judged on its sheer quality, lusciousness, zestfulness or beguiling beauty, this lavish package holds sway in the hearts of candy lovers the world around.

Equally enticing are the famous Mi Choice—the Bunte Milk Chocolates or the popular Tri-Assortment package. The artistic richness and beauty of these dainty packages make them gifts of distinction.

Tonight—a gift of Bunte Chocolates. Surely you would not proffer less. For your own sake as well as "hers"—look for the famous trade-mark name "Bunte."

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Bunte
ESTABLISHED 1876 CHICAGO

CHOCOLATES

WORLD FAMOUS CANDIES
1200 Kinds From Which to Choose

SELLING IN SOUTH AMERICA

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fact, we have made ourselves felt in nearly every line save heavy machinery, where German price cutting, due to depreciated currency and cheap labor, made competition almost impossible. Since the operation of the Dawes Plan, the Germans have had to increase prices and the spread between their schedule and ours is becoming increasingly smaller.

Where formerly we shipped goods f. o. b. we now send them c. i. f. This is a conspicuous step forward. Nor do we lag in the vital detail of credits. We have not made the mistake that the Germans made in building up their prewar structure in Brazil and Argentina. They made a long-term credit a vice instead of a virtue. It built up an internal credit situation at home that was well-nigh impossible to maintain, because three to four year paper was rediscounted in the German banks.

In connection with credits let me quote the sound comment made by Dr. Julius Klein, director of the Bureau of Foreign and Domestic Commerce of the Department of Commerce. It is full of meat for every American exporter. This is what he said:

"Long-term credits have a well-recognized place in all business, whether export or domestic. The difficulty lies in their proper administration; and in this field, it might be well to dispose of the absurd fiction that American firms are amateurs in the matter of proper credit extension. For nearly two decades all sober-minded and well-informed European exporters have admitted the superiority of long-time credit systems of such well-known American lines as agricultural implements and sewing machines. If Germany or any other country proposes to resort to such dangerous short cuts to temporary export inflation as excessive credits or prolonged price reduction, they will be building a house of cards which will collapse at the first flutter of international uncertainties.

"Let us leave the extraordinary risks of price gambling to our competitors, and adhere to those sound principles which have always been the basis of successful merchandising at home and abroad—good quality, just terms, implicit compliance with commitments on delivery and development of the best production technic."

Sentiment in the Discard

No new comprehension of ours—and it is a factor in our growing trade—is more important than the realization that sentiment has no place in South American business. For years we went on the theory that because there was geographical propinquity, a kinship of interest in the Monroe Doctrine, and a common bond of hard-won independence, loose talk about Pan-Americanism would pave the way for our goods. It really impeded traffic. If there is one thing above all others that the South American resents it is the big-brother attitude, and the idea of being helped. He is perfectly capable of helping himself. The way to his interest and his admiration is to make his business profitable. The British built up their prestige in Argentina, not on sentimental talk, but by investing hundreds of millions of pounds sterling in railways and public utilities, and impressing the practical everyday need of one country for another.

This reference to Britain's heavy investments in Argentina leads to a phase of our South American expansion which might as well be disposed of here. I refer to the increasing employment of our capital in alien lands. It is an old axiom, as England has found to her profit these many years, that trade follows the loan. It is worth a host of salesmen, because it is a concrete evidence of confidence and good will.

The rapidity with which we have gone to the fore as a creditor nation is reflected in our foreign trade. Twenty years ago, we were pikers in world finance. The sole idea of most of our bankers, when they did venture abroad, was to sell dollars to the highest bidder with only their security and interest return in mind. Usually they had no thought of making money work for the larger commercial expansion.

Today our total foreign investments aggregate $9,500,000,000, which is an increase of $7,000,000,000 since 1914. Much of it is a definite first aid to our commerce. This huge sum does not include the $12,000,000,000 of wartime debts to the United States Government, the bank credits of $300,000,000 established for Great Britain, the $40,000,000 in favor of Denmark, or a recent $50,000,000 credit to Italian banks. These last three items were employed for the support of currencies.

Turning to the special interest of this article you find that during the last decade we have more than trebled our investments in Latin America, especially in the South American republics. It means that our financial stake there has advanced from $1,000,000,000 to more than $3,500,000,000. Of this only $915,000,000 is in government-guaranteed obligations. The rest is in industrial securities and direct investments. In Chile, for instance, we have over $300,000,000 in copper and nitrates. During the first six months of this year Latin America ranked second to Europe as the recipient of our foreign investments, with a total of $151,081,000.

Crippling Our Own Trade

These figures mean nothing unless they are invested with the proper significance. In the employment of our money overseas we have had to learn the same lesson hammered in by the mistakes in foreign trade. To illustrate: For years we loaned money to European powers like England, Belgium, Germany and France, who in turn invested part of the proceeds in Brazil, Argentina and Chile, where they got all the financial and commercial benefit. Now in most cases we do the job ourselves and at first hand. Both cash and credit are ours.

When you probe into this business of foreign loans you open up a fertile field for helpful analysis. The procedure to which I have just referred, through which we became the angel of our European competitors, is not new. When the war started in 1914, the British seized all the German interests in Hong-Kong. In going over the books of some of the large enemy concerns it was discovered that much of the highly competitive German business in China and elsewhere in the Orient had been financed by London banks through their dealings in long-time trade acceptances.

More recently, whether consciously or unconsciously, we have done the same thing in South America. With loans floated this year in New York, two of the greatest steel masters in the Ruhr have been able to launch new offensives in Brazil. The irony of the performance is that in two concrete instances that came to my observation the Germans were successful in competitions for steel rails and locomotives over North American producers. Without the proceeds of the Yankee loan, they would probably not have been able to carry off the Brazilian business.

One of these German firms bought a large Spanish industrial plant and began to equip it with its own machinery. As it happens Spain is a fairly good market for our machinery. Hence these loans to Germany operate against us throughout the world.

It is highly important, therefore, that every loan agreement which we conclude with a foreign industry should contain a clause which makes it necessary for the borrower to devote the whole or part of the proceeds to the purchase of our machinery or equipment, as the case may be. The British invariably make such a provision.

(Continued on Page 141)

The
Chicago Yellow Cab Co.
the world's largest user of tire chains says: "It will pay you to *insist* on WEEDS."

Ask also for genuine WEED cross chains for repair—the kind that wears longer and is quickly put on with WEED pliers. For sale by dealers everywhere.

All cramped up — *for what may happen*

Rain has dragged him up over the wheel and put him on tenter-hooks.

Perhaps he'll get to his destination without a ***serious*** accident, even though streets are wet and slippery—but he'll be worn out—his nerves on edge—no way to start the day.

A few minutes putting on WEED CHAINS would have saved him this bad half hour. He'd have a different look on his face—a look of ease that comes from the feeling of WEED security. He'd get where he's going, sooner—feel fresher and be in better temper.

Motorists who know that nervous energy means life, work and peace of mind use WEED CHAINS and take it easy. Get a pair for your car today—they're made for all tires—including balloons of course.

A PRODUCT OF THE AMERICAN CHAIN COMPANY Inc. Insurance for your safety

You can identify genuine Weed Chains by their brass plated Cross Chains, galvanized Side Chains and Red Connecting Hooks, in addition to the name, WEED, which is stamped in every hook

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World's Largest Manufacturers of Welded and Weldless Chains for All Purposes

WEED CHAINS

"You can put them on in a moment"

MASON BALLOONS

Ask any Mason dealer anywhere to explain the phenomenal growth of his Mason balloon sales

This is about the answer you will get:

"Motorists want the greater riding comfort of balloon tires—but without sacrificing the long mileage they used to get from high pressure cords.

"Mason BalloonTires offer these twin advantages—*Greater Comfort and Longer Life*—because of the kind of cotton that goes into the Mason cord structure.

"The Mason Company buys the raw cotton itself, searching out the toughest, most sinewy grade and spinning it into cord fabric in Mason mills.

"This unvarying control over the uniformly high quality of cord structure means more riding comfort and more mileage—and motorists around here are finding it out."

* It will pay you to buy your tires from a responsible tire merchant—one who is building business on the firm foundation of satisfied customers—a merchant who will sell you the kind of tire that will merit your continued patronage. Ask the Mason dealer to show you the tire most suitable for your needs.

MASON TIRE & RUBBER CO., *KENT, OHIO*

(Continued from Page 138)

Hence their financing of railways in China, India, or Argentina not only means adequate security and interest on the money employed, but big business for the British manufacturer.

Just what the linking of loan proceeds with the sale of our products means to our people generally is best expressed in a statement made by a well-known machinery manufacturer, who said:

"I believe that there is more value to the United States people by the export of $1,000,000 worth of machinery or equipment than there is in the exporting of $1,000,000 worth of wheat, coal, or raw materials, for the reason that in the export of the raw materials or the wheat there is only the cost of its production. In the export of the machinery there is the cost of production of the raw material plus the refinement, the skill, the engineering ability, wages and salaries and the labor necessary to manufacture this machinery or equipment. Hence our bankers should keep the larger national economic interests in mind when they make foreign loans."

When all is said and done, however, one reason why we have put ourselves over so successfully in South American trade is that we have set up branch houses in all the important capitals. Whether you go to Lima, Valparaiso, Santiago, Buenos Aires, São Paulo, Montevideo or Rio, you see signs bearing the names of great American corporations. Each one of these branches is a real outpost of Yankee enterprise. Out of long experience they have learned to play the Latin business game according to local lingo and logic.

Branches

Like oversea investments, the branch house lends itself to constructive analysis. Its first and foremost function is that, so far as it is humanly possible to do so, it solves the most vital of all commercial problems, which is distribution. England, Germany and Italy owed much of their prewar prestige in South America to the fact that their nationals always had complete stocks of merchandise on hand. When the buyer wanted a certain article he was able to get it when he had the need.

It took the big Yankee firm a long time to realize the value of the branch house, since it was easier and cheaper to have an agent. In the long run it was far more costly because, as I have already pointed out, this agent usually represented a competing firm in his own country. On the other hand, in the case of the small manufacturer, an agent is the only solution of his distribution problem.

Having a big stock is only part of the job. Brazil and Argentina, for example, are huge countries with immense rural populations. Moreover, in such lines as agricultural machinery, motor cars and sewing machines, spare parts are a vital factor. The successful branch houses in these commodities, therefore, not only have their own agents everywhere, but at strategic points they maintain repair shops or service stations which carry full lines of parts and accessories.

One of the best arguments for the branch house was made to me by the head of a large North American company which operates successfully throughout Latin America. He said:

"We have established branches instead of agencies in the large cities because it means greater concentration and efficiency. It means further that we have an available staff composed of natives, with a few foreigners who know the country and the people, and that we have goods on hand to deliver instantly. Through branches we can sell enough of lines related to one another to satisfy our needs, and particularly to employ competent men, knowing the lines thoroughly, who are much better able to sell, and to show the quality of our goods. An agent generally handles a greater variety of lines and is less adapted to specialization. I am not criticizing agents at all, but we believe the permanent future for special lines is in branches carrying ample stocks and a sufficiently developed personnel."

Of course only a corporation with a large capital, with extensive carrying power and with the prospect of a big volume of business can afford to operate a branch house or houses. Take sewing machines. All the North American machines used in South America, and we have the bulk of the business, are sold on easy terms over a long period. It means that tens of thousands of small accounts must be carried. Hence the need of ample finance.

No middleman is involved. Agents of the company, and there are thousands of them, go straight to the home of the consumer. An intimate personal relationship is developed. Most of the field agents are natives. They not only establish direct contacts but, like the Germans, coddle their customers, often bringing them simple presents of needles, thread and other necessaries. Hundreds of these salesmen must travel on horse or mule back and frequently stop for the night in the houses of their clients. This is an ideal relationship for selling small articles, and could only be carried on in such primitive regions as exist in many parts of the South American countries.

Then, too, the operation of a branch house depends upon the kind of goods or products handled. It is far easier, and certainly more practical, for the quantity manufacturer of automobiles, agricultural machinery and cameras to have a branch than for a maker of small tools or hardware. Thus you discover that in lines where mass production is the rule here at home, there is a branch or series of branches overseas. Motor-car makers—and nearly every major manufacturer has branch houses in South America—have found it to be good business, and excellent publicity as well, to maintain assembling plants.

At the São Paulo Exposition a few years ago nothing attracted so much attention as a miniature assembling plant set up by a well-known Detroit motor maker. It assembled a car in less than thirty minutes. For the Brazilians this was little less than a miracle. They almost lost their breath when they were told that the job could be done at Detroit in almost as many seconds.

While it is important to know local temperamental vagaries and actual needs, one important detail in a branch house, as successful operators have learned, is to put a North American in charge. Almost invariably—there are exceptions, to be sure—a 100 per cent native manager falls down, because the average Latin, though an admirable salesman, is not so good as an executive. He can function splendidly under instruction, but is apt to side-step responsibility. Thrown on his own initiative, he often falters. The ideal branch-house staff is one with a Yankee chief and native assistants.

The pioneer in the South American branch house was the Standard Oil Company of New Jersey, which has performed the same advance work, so far as the expansion of our commercial interests is concerned below the equator, that its sister company, the Standard of New York, has achieved in China, Japan, India and Turkey. The Standard Oil tin, like the freight car, is a homely symbol of progress. In many countries it is also an essential adjunct of everyday life. There are almost as many uses for these tins in Brazil as in China, where they are employed for exactly 120 purposes ranging from stoves and baby carriages to coffins and roofs. As I remarked in an earlier article, the longer I travel, the greater is the realization that the used Yankee oil can, in conjunction with our motors and movies, has done more to enhance our prestige overseas than almost all other agencies combined.

The Avenida Rio Branco, Rio de Janeiro

North American Enterprises

The Standard of New Jersey operates in Argentina and Peru as the West India Oil Company, and in Brazil as the Standard of Brazil. Its vigorous grandchild, the International Petroleum Company, whose producing field is in Peru, has a big business in that country and also supplies many of the Standard branches throughout South America. The Texas Company operates extensively in Brazil, where it has a branch—the Texas Company of South America—and elsewhere.

A typical North American enterprise in South America which has demonstrated the value of the branch house is the International Harvester Company. Here you have a striking illustration of the value of direct representation. Up to 1914 it was represented by a German firm, which was forced to go out of business at the outbreak of the war. This demonstrates the hazard attached to alien agents. A branch business was immediately set up with headquarters at Buenos Aires. In the eleven intervening years a tremendous business has been built up. With Russia, once the biggest alien market, out of the running, South America ranks first in the foreign turnover of the company. There are branches at Bahia Blanca and Rosario. In addition, six so-called transfer points, which are supply stations for spare parts, are maintained. In its selling system Argentina is blocked out in zones, each one with twenty towns. This makes for intensive concentration within a specified area.

In connection with agricultural implements is another effective argument in favor of the branch house as against the middleman or the jobber. The latter are inclined to favor small sales rather than bulk. I can illustrate with the case of a mowing machine which sells for 300 pesos in Argentina and upon which there is a profit of 50 pesos. The jobber seems to prefer to sell one hundred and make 5000 pesos rather than to sell two or three times the number. Psychology enters into this matter, since the Latin apparently shies at big volume.

No Yankee concern has demonstrated the efficacy of the branch house to a greater degree than a sewing machine company, which expresses the last word in direct representation and personal selling. The system of native agents which I

(Continued on Page 145)

(Shown in picture above)

THERMIODYNE
Model TF6 on SPEAKER TABLE

Handsome, well-constructed Table, with built-in Loud Speaker [illegible]

Price of Speaker Table . $60
Rocky Mountain and Coast States [illegible]

THERMIODYNE—Model TF6 CONSOLE DE LUXE

[illegible]

Price (without accessories) . . $275
Rocky Mountain and Coast States $290

THERMIODYNE—Model TF6 FACTORY

Master Control Receiver built on same unassailable principles as TF6. Phenomenal selectivity, clear-cut tuning, distance and tone quality. Two Stages of Thermodyne Frequency Detector, two Stages of Audio Frequency. Master Control. Operates Amplifier. Equipped [illegible]

Price (without accessories) $100
Rocky Mountain and Coast States $110

Thermi

Reg. U. S. Pat. Off. [Ther-MY

The Companionship of Thermiodyne ~~ The Master Control Receiver

JUST give the famous Master Control a single turn and, somewhere in the magic half-circle of its travel, THERMIODYNE will raise its voice to sing for you—play for you—speak to you.

The variety of its reception is infinite because THERMIODYNE is not merely a local-station receiver. With a half-turn of this wonderful Master Control, station after station glides in, each in its proper place, clearly, instantly and in loud-speaker volume.

THERMIODYNE's Master Control tunes, tones and clarifies. The other knobs shown in the illustrations refine the variations in broadcasting, cut out interference and regulate the volume to suit the size of the room. You may not always need them—any more than you need 75 horsepower in your automobile—but when you do need them, they are there.

Wouldn't It Be Wonderful to Have THERMIODYNE in Your Home?

THERMIODYNE—Model TF6—SIX TUBES

Powerful, smooth-working instrument, with Three Stages of Thermionic Frequency before detector, Detector, and Two Stages of Audio Frequency. Master Control. Indoor or outdoor Antenna. Genuine Walnut Cabinet with interior compartment for "B" Battery.

Price (without accessories) $150

Rocky Mountain and Coast States $160

THERMIODYNE's tones are clear, natural, resonant and melodious; the volume is more than ample for all requirements.

And there's no good reason why you cannot have a THERMIODYNE right away. If you already have a set, your Thermiodyne dealer will take it in part payment and make you a most liberal allowance on it. He doesn't care whether it is a home-made set or a commercial set. And, if you do not want to pay cash, your dealer will take such small monthly payments that you will never be conscious of the expenditure, for THERMIODYNE is so sure to give continued satisfaction that dealers are not afraid to extend your payments over many months.

Thermiodyne is Unconditionally Guaranteed

Send for catalogue illustrating and describing THERMIODYNE Radio Sets, Speaker Table, Console de Luxe, Loud Speaker, etc.

THERMIODYNE RADIO CORPORATION, 1819 Broadway, NEW YORK CITY

Canadian Sales Office: Dominion Thermiodyne Radio, Ltd.
425 Phillips Place, Montreal, Quebec

DEALERS—If you are not a Thermiodyne dealer, don't wait. Speak up for the territory you would like to have. Get in touch with us at once, and let us notify your distributor that you are interested. Make your application today!

If you own a radio set, fill in entire coupon. If you do not own a set, fill in the first two lines only.

THERMIODYNE RADIO CORPORATION
1819 Broadway
New York City

Dear Sirs:
Without obligation on my part to do anything more than give THERMIODYNE a fair trial, you may install a set in my home for a free demonstration

Name

Address

NOTE. If demonstration is not desired, so state, and we will send details on partial-payment plan.

If you have a radio set and want an offer on it, fill in below as indicated

1. *Name of set and model number*

Cost to me without accessories

Present condition

NOTE: This coupon will be referred to your nearest dealer.

odyne

odyne] *Licensed under Trubat & other patents pending*

More than two million thoughtless motorists could not get "loaners" when the first cold spell caught them last fall--

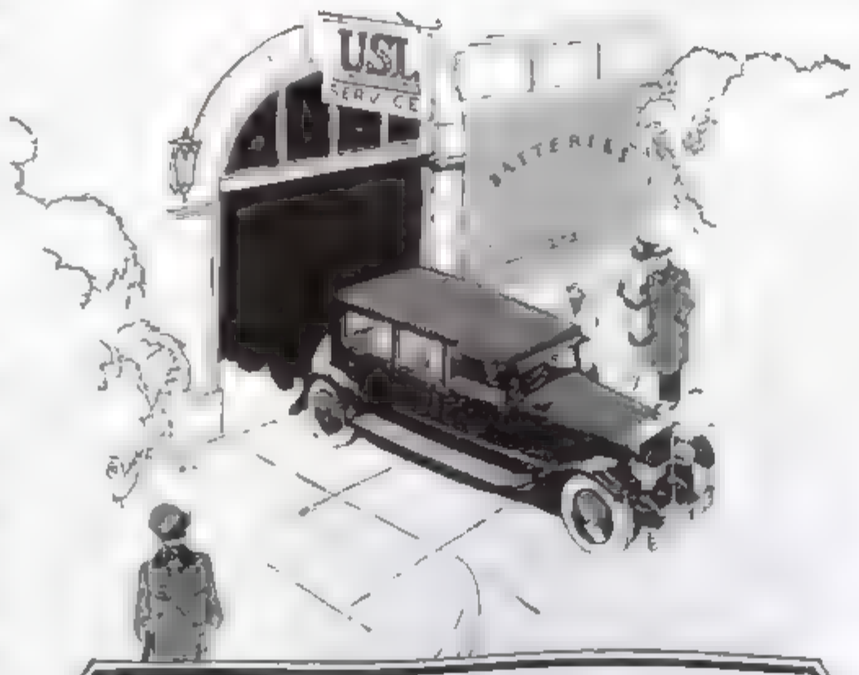
see the USL service man now

This warning is part of the USL service to help save you trouble and money no matter what make of battery is in your car.

A sudden cold change in the weather affects all makes of batteries alike, *if you have neglected them.*

Don't wait and be caught unprepared as more than two million were last fall. They could not start their cars on the morning of the first cold spell because they had let their batteries get "too low." When they telephoned hurriedly to a service man for loaners to use until their batteries could be recharged, they were suprised when told: *"Sorry, but all of our loaners are taken—everybody wants one this morning—we are swamped with business."*

That condition was true of service stations everywhere. As a result many car owners needlessly bought new batteries—needlessly, because money and trouble can be saved for all who take advantage of the USL service for all makes of batteries. The USL service man in your town will tell you, *"Don't buy a new battery until you have given us a chance to save your old one."* Give him that chance now. Battery Service can be no better than the experience *and reliability* of the man who gives it. It pays to go only to service men of established reputation.



USL Golden Rule Service

In every one of the thousands of USL service stations there hangs the USL Golden Rule pledge that includes:

We do not sell a new battery if we can give the owner better value by repairing his old one.

We give an eight months' adjustment guarantee covering every repair.

If the repair cannot be guaranteed, we do not make it, and show the owner why.

We pledge to our customers the kind of service we would want to receive.

U. S. LIGHT & HEAT CORPORATION
Niagara Falls, N. Y.

USL Pacific Coast Factory Oakland, Calif. | USL Canadian Factory Niagara Falls, Ontario | USL Australian Factory Sydney, N. S. W.

The USL man in your town is part of our nation-wide organization (10,500 USL Service Stations and Dealers), the aim of which is to give the most efficient, most courteous and most trustworthy battery service in the world. Behind your USL man is our 27 years' experience building quality batteries. The makers of 65% of all automobiles being manufactured use USL batteries, either exclusively or as partial equipment. Millions of car owners have found USL batteries superior in dependability, long life and economical service. This widespread endorsement by car manufacturers and users is the result of USL built-in quality.

Look in your telephone book under USL to locate the USL man in your town

FREE to owners of ALL Radio Sets

Go to the USL Service Station in your town (or write us) for free copy of USL Radio Battery Chart which shows the correct combination of batteries to use to get the best results from your particular radio set—also ask for USL Radio Log Book. Tune in on WHT Chicago and hear USL Battery of Entertainers Monday and Thursday nights, 9:30 to 10:00 P. M., Central Standard Time.

Automobile USL *Batteries*

USL Automobile Batteries—Frontier Automobile Batteries—USL Radio Storage Batteries—Frontier Radio Batteries—USL Niagara Dry Cell Batteries

(Continued from Page 141)

described earlier in this article is theirs. It rivals the Standard Oil tin as a first aid to life. When a native house catches fire, the instinct of the woman of the establishment is to grab a child in one hand and her sewing machine in the other and flee for safety. Invariably the sewing machine is carefully wrapped in the best—usually the only—dress when not in use. From this detail you can gather where it stands in the affections of the female end of the family.

Another enterprise which has admirably solved the branch-house problem is the National Paper and Type Company. It has departed from the ironclad rule of having North American managers, because the head of the establishment in Lima is a Peruvian. He was trained in the home office, however, and has the Yankee point of view. Elsewhere the local managers of this company are, I believe, all Americans. The National Cash Register Company combines branch houses with agents. The Eastman Kodak Company has its own establishments in most important localities. So too, with the Westinghouse Electric and Manufacturing Company and the United States Steel Products Company. Concerns like the Baldwin Locomotive Company maintain extensive offices in most of the South American capitals. The important fact about all these ventures, whether salesroom or office, is that they are a first-hand link with the home organization.

An interesting development of the branch idea is the factory, which means, as in the case of the branch house, operation under a Brazilian or Argentine company, as the case may be. The establishment of a production plant enables the firm to enjoy certain privileges, because it is ranked as a national industry. In Brazil, for example, production by an alien concern is favored by a high protective tariff, low exchange, ample domestic supplies of raw material and cheap but inefficient labor.

Progress Through Industry

The General Electric Company of Brazil is one of various Yankee undertakings that capitalize these advantages. In its plant just outside Rio, 10,000 incandescent lamps are produced every day. With an up-to-date welfare department it is altering the aspect of industrial life. It is the only factory in Brazil where the women, who constitute the great majority of workers, wear shoes. I emphasize this detail because, as in the case of our motor assembling plants throughout South America, we get good will by showing that we are progressive. Here is a factor not to be despised. Other North American firms that have plants of their own are the Ford Motor Company, the Middletown Car Company, the American Rolling Mills Company and the General Motors Corporation.

Not only has the Yankee branch factory followed the conventional paths of production, but it has blazed new trails of output. The case of the Companía Argentina de Cemento Portland—Argentine Portland Cement Company—is one in point. Before 1916 there were only two cement plants in Argentina, turning out less than 100,000 barrels a year. Though cement is not employed in Argentina to anything like the extent in older countries, there is a constantly increasing market. Until the North American factory got under way, most of the material was imported from Belgium, Denmark, Germany and Norway. In former years we were a considerable factor as exporter, but owing to depreciated currency and cheaper labor, European countries were able to sell it at prices far below ours.

In 1916 the International Cement Corporation of New York organized the Argentine Portland Cement Company, and erected a model plant, 200 miles south of Buenos Aires, at the village of Sierras Bayas. It was one of the first cement factories in the world to install what is known as the waste-heat system, whereby the gases from the rotary kilns are passed under waste-heat boilers, thereby providing steam enough to generate electricity to operate the plant as well as provide electric lighting for the plant and community center. The company chose the site on account of its proximity to deposits of limestone which, up to its advent, had only been used for lime. In order to construct its factory the company had to build a small town, which is equipped with a school, hospital, community house and all the comforts of the most up-to-date New England or Middle Western industrial center. This plant now produces 35 per cent of all the cement used in Argentina. By the end of next year it will have been enlarged so that it will supply half of the country's demand for high-grade Portland cement. The International Cement Corporation has a factory in Uruguay also.

Resident Merchants

The list of our producers in South America must include the three great packing interests of Armour, Swift and Wilson, who, because of the extent of their undertakings, which involve a total capitalization of nearly $80,000,000, are in a class by themselves. I have already described their activities in an earlier article in the series, and it is necessary to state here only that they contribute largely to our prestige in Argentina, Brazil and Uruguay.

The branch, whether salesroom or factory, is only one phase of our commercial penetration in South America. Second is the so-called exclusive agency. In this procedure the North American manufacturer gives a local house sole representation for its product. This system has been followed by the Underwood Typewriter Company and also the National Cash Register Company. In the case of a consignment agency, the exporter consigns stocks of goods to a local concern, which receives commission on sales made. This has been a popular German practice. The manufacturer's agent is a local representative who takes orders for the Yankee manufacturer, who draws against him for the amount of the sale. This method has advantages if an energetic and reliable agent is employed. In all these instances there is the invariable hazard when an alien is employed, because his home interest, like that proverbial blood, is thicker than foreign ties.

One agency for commercial advance must have its own little section, because it is the strongest competitor of the branch house. I refer to the resident dealer, whether indent merchant, as he is known, or importer and exporter. By indent merchant is meant the individual or firm which fills orders for clients, but merely acts as intermediary. The importer merchant or commission house buys and keeps a stock of goods on hand. In many instances, especially in South America, many of the old established firms combine the two types that I have just described.

Few people stop to realize that one of the bulwarks of Britain's trade might overseas, especially in China, is the long-established and powerful merchant house. Concerns like Jardine, Matheson & Co. and Butterfield & Swire, whose headquarters are at Shanghai, are far-reaching in scope and power. In certain commodities like tea, they exert a tremendous influence both on price and production. One reason why both Britain and Germany made such commercial headway in Argentina before the World War was that they had so many resident merchants in Buenos Aires. Taking the larger world view, you find that the foreign trade of all the older European countries has centered around the resident merchant, and he is still the keystone of their alien business structures.

Analyze our agencies for trade in South America, and it is evident that the branch house and factory are regarded with much more favor than the resident merchant. Numerically the latter are outclassed. Despite the deficiency in numbers, we have adequate representation. First among our merchants who have been peculiarly identified with the South American field is W. R. Grace & Co., whose romantic story I have already told. Not only is their signboard to be seen all the way from Panama to Patagonia but their house flag flies over a passenger and cargo fleet. The maxim of the house of Grace, "We will sell anything to anybody," is the rule of most of the seasoned South American establishments. The Grace firm is not only a vast merchandiser but also a producer of sugar and nitrates.

Somewhat akin in method of operation is Wessel, Duval & Co., whose strongholds are Peru and Chile and who have lately celebrated their hundredth year of business. Another ranking Yankee resident-merchant firm is Henry W. Peabody & Co., which is both indent and importing concern. Just as Grace & Co. parallels the branch factory in production so does this house also contribute to output, because it runs a factory for spare automobile parts at Buenos Aires.

Generally speaking, the resident merchant firm has one advantage over the big branch house in that its local investment, and therefore its local overhead, is not so large. It also escapes some of the taxes and regulations imposed upon the manufacturing establishment that sets up shop in alien lands. All things considered, experience has proved that the branch house which specializes, where the volume of business assumes anything like big proportions, is the more satisfactory medium.

All these agencies, whether branch house, resident merchant or otherwise, would fail in their bigger purpose if the necessary tools of trade, so to speak, were lacking. Before the World War the Yankee salesman who went to Argentina, for example, landed from a German or British vessel, got his credit information at a foreign bank, frequently had to employ an alien-owned cable and did his business through a foreign firm. Today he can travel on a Shipping Board vessel, obtain his data at a bank conducted by his own nationals and consign his goods to his own branch or some other Yankee establishment. It means that we have followed the lead of England and Germany and made ourselves almost a self-contained operating unit overseas.

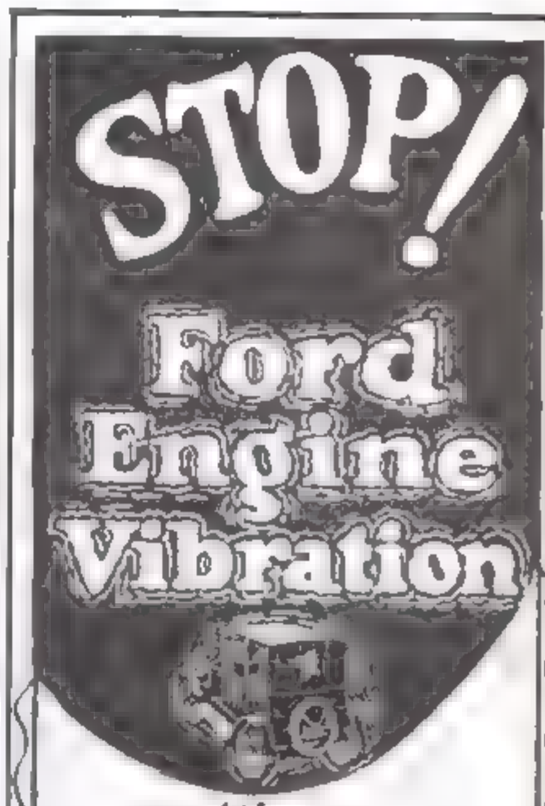
Improved Communications

No aid to our South American commerce has been more effective than a merchant marine flying the Stars and Stripes. Both on the east and west coast our shippers have the advantage of liner service carrying cargoes. In addition to the express, passenger, mail and cargo service called the Pan America Line, the Shipping Board has four exclusive freight-steamship services between the United States and the east coast of South America. These services comprise thirty-four steamers, and provide seven arrivals and seven sailings monthly from and to all ports on the Atlantic, Gulf and Pacific coasts of the United States and ports on the east coast of South America. Before the establishment of the Pan America Line east-coast shippers and consignees had to wait for their cargo and mail from a month to six weeks. Now they have a dependable service which transports their cargoes between the two extremes of the itinerary in eighteen days.

The Grace Line is the only Yankee liner service to the west coast through the Panama Canal. There are sailings every two weeks. The run from New York to Valparaiso is made in nineteen days. This includes seventeen stops, some twice a day, between Talara, the first port in Peru, and Valparaiso.

The advantages of liner service for the shipper cannot be overestimated. More frequent opportunities to ship enable the importer, either in the United States or in South America, to take advantage of the

STOP! Ford Engine Vibration



with a ~ Pioneer Engine Support

An efficient support that rids your Ford of engine shaking—the shaking that loosens nuts, screws and bolts. Fits new and old model Fords. Stops that excessive vibration which causes body and chassis squeaks and rattles and runs up repair bills. A Pioneer Engine Support stiffens the frame. Prevents breaking of crankcase arms; permanently repairs them if broken. Holds the engine in line. Attached in twenty minutes—no holes to drill.

For Trucks or Passenger Cars.

$2.50 at your dealer or direct postpaid — $2.75 West of Rockies

THE BREWER-TITCHENER CORP.
125 Port Watson St. Cortland, N. Y.

The Pioneer Auto Shutter

Winter Protection for Your Car!

$5.00 for Fords
$6.50 for other Cars

Safeguards radiator from freezing. Quickly warms up motor. Instantly regulated from dash. Costs so little that cardboard and other makeshift devices are things of the past. Beautifully Finished. Lustrous baked on black enamel same as on radiator shell and fenders. Dash button, sleeve and instrument board plate nickel plated. At a very small cost you can add materially to the appearance and winter efficiency of your car. In gas saved and in longer life to your motor the Pioneer Auto Shutter soon pays for itself.

Send for Descriptive Folder

THE BREWER-TITCHENER CORP.
125 Port Watson St. Cortland, N. Y.

Travel via

Great Northern through historic ADVENTURE LAND

TAKE the interesting Northwest route to and from California. Let your next journey to or from the Pacific's shores take you through your country's real Adventure Land—on the world-famed highway of steel which James J. Hill constructed in regions where the bold Verendryes, the fearless David Thompson and our own Immortals, Lewis and Clark, had explored but a few generations before.

From your car window, look out upon the broad bosom of Missouri, mighty waterway of a thousand hopes and fears, along whose banks you still can see the site of old Fort Union most famous of the fur trading posts of the early Northwest.

Glory in the stirring memories of wheat-fruitful plains which only yesterday, as time runs, resounded with the thunder of stampeding buffalo or the weird tom-toms of vengeful Blackfeet about to strike.

NEW ORIENTAL LIMITED

As you flash across vast distances on this newest and finest of Northwest trains, a literal hotel on wheels, you will thrill with recollection of the fortitude of those dauntless souls whose sacrifices and hardships made possible the thriving cities, the prosperous mining, agricultural and industrial developments that greet you everywhere along the pathway of the Great Northern.

You will traverse the towering Rockies through gorgeously spectacular Marias Pass on the southern boundary of Glacier National Park, discovered only thirty-six years ago by a man still living, and giving the Great Northern the lowest altitude at which an American railroad crosses the Northern Rockies.

Rail or steamer connections at the Great Northern's Coast termini for California, Hawaii and the Orient. The New Oriental Limited westbound leaves New Chicago Union Station, daily 11 p. m. via Burlington-Great Northern; eastbound leaves Seattle and Portland, daily 8 p. m., Spokane, daily 8 a. m.

PREPARE properly for this trip through Great Northern's historic Adventure Land. Apply at the nearest Great Northern office for the new series of historical booklets "Chief Joseph's Own Story," "Fort Union and Its Neighbors on the Upper Missouri" "Story of Marias Pass," "A Glance at the Lewis and Clark Expedition." Or, if you wish, write, giving details of your expected Northwest trip, and the booklet will be mailed postpaid. Address A. J. Dickinson, Passenger Traffic Manager, Great Northern Railway, St. Paul, Minnesota.

GREAT NORTHERN

Route of the New Oriental Limited

Finest Train to and from Pacific Northwest
De Luxe Equipment and Service—No Extra Fare

market and its fluctuations, and to offer, in turn, to his customers definite delivery dates. Market risk on goods bought by the importer, and in transit, is decreased in proportion to the reduction of the interval of time between purchase and arrival.

After shipping, one of our most significant advances, perhaps, is in banking. Up to 1914 legal restrictions prevented our national banks from opening branches abroad. The Act of Congress in 1913, authorizing the establishment of a Federal Reserve Bank, also gave national banks permission to operate in foreign countries. The National City Bank of New York had been studying the possibilities of foreign branch banking since 1906, and had also been coöperating and working with the leading banks in South America and Far Eastern countries, as well as with Continental institutions. Study and investigation on the ground by men who had been trained in the National City Bank, with the view of some day going into foreign fields, found the bank ready to take advantage of the opportunity offered by the Federal Reserve Act.

The First National City Bank branch was opened in Buenos Aires on August 1, 1914, on the day that war broke out in Europe. Since that time branches have been set up in nearly every important city in Latin America. One of the first results accruing from the establishment of American branch banks in foreign countries was to place the dollar draft on a parity with the pound sterling. Prior to the opening of American branch banks in South America, the dollar was at a disparity in relation to the pound sterling of from 1 to 5 per cent. American trade in South America has always been large, but American branch banks have aided in its diversification. A greater variety of products is facilitated in their flow to foreign countries by direct branch service. Incidentally, this has aided in gradually improving the average standard of living, particularly in South American countries.

While the National City Bank has spread itself out through a chain of branches, the First National Bank of Boston, so far as South America is concerned, has concentrated on Argentina. At Buenos Aires it has erected the finest business building south of the United States. Since I have already indicated the reasons that led to it in a preceding article, it only remains to outline its functions. It is a genuine first aid to our commerce in the most stable and prosperous of South American republics. Later on in this paper you will have a concrete illustration of the way it brings commercial opportunities to the notice of our exporters.

Only Eight Minutes Away

One characteristic evidence of its enterprise is that in order to meet the needs of North American business men visiting Buenos Aires, a group of offices on the fourth floor of the bank building has been placed at their disposal. Stenographers and up-to-the-minute statistics are available, and the visitor can carry on his affairs almost with the same facility as at home. This plan, started as an experiment for men whose limited stay in Buenos Aires did not justify renting an office, purchasing furniture and employing a stenographer while there, has proved a success.

There must be a word in passing about the conspicuous advance in our South American cable service, which is a vital adjunct of foreign trade. Before the war our mileage was about 14,000, as compared with 25,000 miles of European-owned cables. Today ours has increased to 34,000, while the foreign service remains the same.

Much of this progress is due to the vision and enterprise of the late Capt. James A. Scrymser, father of the All America Cables Inc., and successor to the prestige of his great predecessor, Cyrus W. Field, who first flashed the electric spark under the Atlantic. In the early eighties he founded the Mexican Telegraph Company, which laid the initial cable between Galveston and Vera Cruz. From this beginning has evolved the vast network of submarine cables which ties up all South America to North America, as well as Europe.

The present average time of transmission between New York and Buenos Aires or Rio de Janeiro on important commercial traffic is from four to eight minutes. In connection with the Mackay-Bennett Atlantic Cable system, with which the All America has a close traffic alliance, messages are transmitted from London to Buenos Aires or Rio de Janeiro in from eight to fifteen minutes.

No tool of trade is more important than the human being. Germany, England and Holland have succeeded commercially overseas because they not only trained men for foreign trade service, but sent them out young and kept them on the spot. Many of the merchant princes of these three countries served their apprenticeship in India, China, Japan, the Dutch East Indies and South America. What the famous East India Company was in opportunity to the youth of Britain so has the Nederlandsche Handel Maatschappy—The Netherlands Trading Society—been to the young manhood of Holland.

An Opportunity for Young Men

Practically every outstanding Dutch magnate of today or yesterday owed his success to his training in Batavia, or elsewhere as clerk of this giant corporation. The list includes among others Sir Henry W. A. Deterding, wizard of the Royal Dutch oil combine, H. Colijn of the Batavia Oil Co. and the late C. T. Cremer, who was the Marshall Field of Holland. The Germans have had no East India Company or Netherlands Trading Society, but their lads were usually grafted into Teutonic trading firms or English houses abroad. The latter procedure served two purposes. It taught the rules of the trade game and at the same time afforded an inside view of the workings of competitors which was immensely valuable once the graduate went on his own.

Our greatest need in South America is for young North Americans who are willing to go down and stick on the job until they know it.

The head of a large Yankee branch house specializing in printing machinery and paper at Buenos Aires said to me: "We could triple our sales if we had a bunch of live young Americans who know Spanish."

The fundamental trouble is that the average youth in the United States is so much better paid than his mate elsewhere and is surrounded by so many comforts that he hesitates to leave his native environment. Moreover, the usual period of foreign service is three years, that is, three years must elapse before the first leave can be had. The financial item should not be a deterrent because the successful managers of branches in South America and elsewhere not only pull down satisfactory salaries, but invariably have large expense accounts.

A defect in our oversea business structure everywhere is that men go out, whether to South America, India or China, get homesick and throw up their jobs. Often it is the wife, who misses the home town and selfishly spoils her husband's chances by insisting upon pulling up stakes and returning to her beloved Main Street. Others start with the idea that they are going to have romance and adventure, and discover that they are in for years of hard work amid strange, and sometimes uncongenial environment. Nor is migration entirely due to homesickness. A vacancy in Paris is too frequently filled with a capable manager from Buenos Aires. The fact that the South American staff is weakened apparently does not enter into the consideration. Expediency dictates the procedure. Hence change in personnel is a constant handicap to our enterprise in foreign lands.

(Continued on Page 149)

Have you learned the secret of the smart foot?

THE WORLD'S ideal of foot smartness is invariably associated with the small foot. Yet every woman who achieves the coveted smartness does not start with this advantage of size.

What is her secret? She does not try to cramp her foot into a too-small shoe. That would be both uncomfortable and futile. No, she selects a shoe that, properly fitted, makes her foot look smaller—and that is a shoe of Vici kid.

Smart women have dictated the vogue for Vici kid

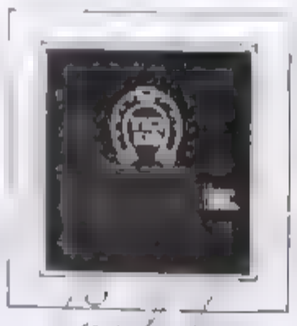
To the woman who goes becomingly as well as smartly clad, Fashion is the dictator only in part. For Fashion lends an attentive ear to the demands of her followers and plans her offerings for the greatest benefit of the many rather than the few.

Every woman wants the satisfaction of knowing that her foot looks small. So the makers of footwear fashions offer their choicest models in Vici kid . . . . because this rich leather, flattering to every foot, is especially kind to those whose natural proportions do not measure down to the ideal in size.

In addition to its size-subtracting qualities, there is another important reason for the vogue for Vici kid. The beautiful new designs and patterns need its graceful flexibility and rich finish. The color modes demand its wider range of colors that harmonize so accurately with the wanted costume shades.

...combines Cochin brown Vici with Sudan (Beige)

...smart leather



this mark—the Vici kid trade mark—inside the shoe of your choice. There is only one Vici kid—there never has been any other.

The Vici kid trade mark will guide you

If you want to see how smartly small your foot can look, ask at leading stores for the beautiful new models that carry the Vici kid trade mark. You will find it in the patterns you prefer, at the price you prefer to pay.

Shoes of this type will be worn with the smartest of the ... costumes. They are of ... kid in several combination of the popular costume shades. Cocoa ... with Vici ... trimmed with Sudan Beige, an especially worthy ...

ROBERT H. FOERDERER, INC.
PHILADELPHIA

Selling Agents: LUCIUS BEEBE & SONS, Boston
Selling agencies in all parts of the world

VICI kid

for the foot aristocratic

REG U.S. PAT. OFF.

Should We Add To Your Confusion—

—confusion about the care of your teeth—just to make things sound big?

We could add some ingredient to Dr. Lyon's—almost anything—just a little—that would not do you any good, possibly not any harm, but would make a big story. And spurt up sales—for a while.

However, we feel there is enough confusion already surrounding this simple question of personal hygiene. For that is all there is to using a dentifrice—cleanliness.

Cleanliness gives your teeth a chance to *keep well* and look well—shining, attractive.

That is the basis upon which so many people with a *sensible* fear of all this confusion are turning to the use of Dr. Lyon's. It makes their teeth clean and bright without any risk.

And that is the basis upon which its sales are steadily going forward.

It is safe for you and your children—no medication, no possible misapplication of medication. Its flavor is mild and delightful.

Dr. Lyon's

TOOTH POWDER

DENTAL CREAM

Dr. Lyon's is on sale everywhere. A special 10c. size of Dr. Lyon's Tooth Powder is now on sale at the leading 5-and-10c. stores

(Continued from Page 146)

That big North American corporations are alive to the value of preparing men for foreign-trade service is evidenced by the increasing number of training courses which they have established. These concerns include the Standard Oil Company of New Jersey, the Standard Oil Company of New York, the National City Bank of New York, W. R. Grace & Co. and the General Motors Corporation.

The Standard of New Jersey system, which is one of the most comprehensive, will serve to illustrate. The students are recruited mainly from college graduates, each important educational institution being canvassed every June for this purpose. The training course covers a period of six months and prepares a limited number of exceptionally qualified men for foreign marketing positions leading to executive work.

The men are trained in small groups not exceeding ten in number, these groups being formed in accordance with the current demand for men in the foreign field. A prescribed schedule is followed. It includes a study of geology, production, transportation, manufacturing processes, testing, lubrication and also accounting and marketing methods peculiar to the Standard of New Jersey. The training is given largely through practical experience in the various offices, refineries and marketing fields. The students are under the guidance of training supervisors at all times. In addition to the practical experience gained by each student, class recitations and lectures are held and frequent examinations given. The men are required to make comprehensive notes throughout the course. Four sessions of intensive Spanish instruction are given each week. The greatest progress in language is made, however, when the student reaches the foreign field.

Upon completion of the course, and after an initial period in a central foreign office where an intimate knowledge of the business and local customs can be obtained, it is expected that men will be capable of performing junior executive work in connection with the establishment of branch offices or new agencies, field inspections, supervision of shipments, storage and equipment. Advancement in the foreign field follows along the same line as in the domestic service, except that it is possibly a little more rapid.

This idea of training men in the technicalities of their line is observed by all the other corporations who prepare men for the foreign field. In the case of the General Motors Corporation the student is literally put through the mill. It means that when he goes out to sell a car in Argentina or is in charge of a branch house or service station there, he knows mechanical detail. Knowledge is power in selling as in all other activities.

Helped by the Export Trade Act

The Grace school bears down hard on accounting, which is the key to the success of the oversea institution, whether it is branch house, factory, or import and export establishment. The theory is that whereas good judgment is the all-important factor in a commercial transaction a knowledge of accounting constitutes the only agency for the control of affairs.

With still another agency we have made satisfactory progress, especially in South America. It is through the ability to combine for the conquest of foreign trade under the provisions of the Export Trade—Webb-Pomerene—Act, which enables kindred manufacturers and exporters to form associations to push or purchase products. They are thus enabled to compete successfully with buying and selling combinations in other countries. The act is peculiarly helpful for the small exporter who cannot afford to function on his own.

The advantages are obvious. For one thing, distribution of orders among several members of an association makes it possible to complete shipments in a short time and with more satisfactory results than where individuals operate. This is particularly true of lumber, which is a big item in our exports to the South American republics. Another problem that these associations have solved is that of establishing all-the-year-round markets for commodities which in this country may be limited to seasonal sales. The paint industry will illustrate. When the winter months slacken the domestic trade in the United States, the summer season of South America, through reversed seasons, provides markets which, with export coördination, puts the business on a twelve-month basis.

The members of associations that have been formed under the Export Trade Act, who exported $153,500,000 worth of goods in 1923 and maintained this standard in 1924, now number considerably more than 1000 and are scattered throughout forty-one states.

They include manufacturers and exporters of steel, copper, cement, lumber, locomotives, machinery, implements, pipes and valves, foundry equipment, phosphate rock, alkali, soda, pulp, paper, tanning materials, paint and varnish, alcohol, naval stores, furniture, milk, meat and other foodstuffs, webbing and other materials, clothespins, buttons and general merchandise.

The Tax Handicap

Despite all this far-flung development, the Yankee business men overseas, with the sole exception of those in China, still labor under one handicap which places them at a serious disadvantage in competition with other nationals.

This obstacle brings us to the all-important matter of taxation, which, as you will now see, works overtime abroad, as well as at home, to impede commercial traffic.

The tax policy of European nations with reference to oversea enterprises is lenient in comparison with the attitude of the United States. The general practice of exempting incomes earned abroad from the payment of income taxes has given their oversea business men a decided advantage, which must eventually be overcome by their American rivals if the latter are to prosper permanently. This is notably true in such highly competitive markets as Argentina, where the margin of superiority one way or another is apt to be very slight.

Under the British income-tax law no corporation or individual is subject to taxation as to income derived from sources without the United Kingdom unless they are residents of the United Kingdom. Therefore, generally speaking, any amount of stock may be held by residents of the British Isles without subjecting a corporation conducting business outside the kingdom to a tax. Let us take the case of a British corporation operating in China with, say, 60 per cent of its stock owned by residents of the United Kingdom, and the remaining 40 per cent owned by subjects of Great Britain resident in China, which declares a profit of $100,000 for distribution as dividends among its stockholders. The corporation itself pays no tax, as its profits are derived from sources outside the United Kingdom, nor do those British stockholders resident in China pay any.

The China Trade Act was designed to secure for North American business men in China the same exemptions from taxation which were granted by other countries to their nationals doing business there. Prior to this Act, a Yankee corporation operating in China was compelled to pay a 12½ per cent corporation tax to the Government, and all stockholders, regardless of residence, were also required to pay individual income tax upon the amounts received by them.

The China Trade Act encourages joint participation of Chinese and American capital in undertakings in China under American control and management. It also provides a uniform and practical code for the creation of corporations under Federal law to operate in China.

I refer to the China Trade Act because it is only by making it applicable to every foreign country where we do business that the North American merchant or manufacturer can get an even break with his competitors. Wherever I went in South America I found our people united on this idea. If Congress internationalizes the China Trade Act it will mean a big impetus to our foreign trade everywhere.

Finally there is the vital matter of selling methods, with all its human ramifications, which could easily make an entire article. The limitations of space, however, permit only a glance at the high spots.

Many of our salesmen have failed in South American countries because they sought business along the same go-getter lines that they followed at home. Tradition and temperament must be considered with all Latins. They are proud and sensitive, and that must be taken into account. Patience therefore is the key to their trade. Moreover, in each of these countries certain peculiarities must be reckoned with. The Chilean, for example, is more canny than the Brazilian, because he has the Yankee point of view to a greater degree than any of his fellows south of the equator. No automobile sale is ever effected without the consent of the whole family, which includes all the in-laws. In one sense you find the same family spirit in some South American countries as in Japan and China.

Creating a Market

The North Americans who have succeeded in South America are those who went after business and stuck to it. This means that we must make new markets, whether in straight selling or construction. Take the matter of roads, in which all South American countries are conspicuously lacking, which accounts for the general backwardness of the rural regions. The difference in general education and culture between the residents of Buenos Aires and those living within a comparatively small distance from the capital is at least fifty years, due largely to the lack of adequate highways.

In 1923, George E. Nolan, Inc., of New York, began propaganda for the construction of concrete highways and succeeded in obtaining a contract for the construction of five kilometers just outside Buenos Aires. Incredible as it may seem, it was the first of the kind in Argentina. A big movement for concrete road construction is developing from this small unit. I cite this incident to show one way of creating what might be called a new market, because concrete roads mean the employment of Yankee engineers and material.

Another piece of pioneering in salesmanship, as well as distribution, has been achieved by W. R. Grace & Co. in Chile, where they have started the first system of chain stores in South America. They specialize in groceries and fresh meats, and are called Almacenes Economicos. The provocation here was interesting. Most of the small shops in Chile, Peru, Brazil and Argentina are owned by foreigners, mainly Turks, Syrians, Chinese and Japanese. They are not up to the best modern standards. The chain-store idea makes for standardization of price and product.

Work of the Branch Banks

Our banks have opened up the way to many opportunities. The First National Bank of Boston has agents throughout Argentina constantly on the lookout for openings, which they not only place at the disposal of our nationals, but aid and abet them. Here is a concrete example of their work along this line:

A New York manufacturer of fleece-lined underwear decided in 1923 that the growing underwear industry in Argentina would eventually drive his product out of this market. He sent a representative to Buenos Aires with full powers to establish an Argentine company for local manufacture of underwear and burlap bags. These bags are in great demand as containers for Argentine grain. The bank assisted the representative in every step of the formation of the company, even to the extent of furnishing directors in the beginning to meet the requirements of Argentine law, as well as interesting local capital. The factory has now been in operation for over a year and gets all its raw materials, as well as its machinery, from the United States.

This is a case where American products in process of manufacture are sent to South America to be finished. As an indication of the success of the project, it may be mentioned that one Argentine representative of a Brazilian manufacturer of similar underwear, who in 1921 made net commissions of 6000 gold pesos on Argentine sales, has done no business in this line in the past eighteen months. Here is a field that we may develop to advantage in other lines.

Summed up, Yankee selling in South America has become considerably more than a phrase. Our penetration is well under way, but it is only by persistent effort and a growing comprehension of local needs that we shall be able to dislodge our long-established competitors. I know of no better slogan for exporters with which to conclude this article than to reproduce one of the many pieces of sound advice listed in the category of South American don'ts.

It is:

"Don't forget that 20 per cent of the production of the United States must be sold abroad. Therefore treat each one of your foreign customers as if he alone bought 20 per cent of your output."

Editor's Note—This is the tenth of a series of articles by Mr. Marcosson dealing with South America. The next and last will be devoted to the future relations.

The Atlantic Ocean Off Cape Hatteras

ORTHO-

The new principle of lifelike tone reproduction

So realistic—so lifelike—that's Ortho-sonic!

TO hear, even faintly, a station in far-off Hongkong, China, might be thrilling. But is mere distance your conception of enjoyable radio entertainment?

Over seventy per cent of the radio owners who were asked this question said *"No."* Wide range, or the ability to bring in distant stations, they agreed, is essential. Also, power and volume—and very close selectivity to cut out stations not wanted.

But the feature most wanted today is tonal beauty, lifelike performance, reality. Whether the program be local or distant is not of first importance.

The Ortho-sonic Principle—Built by telephone and telegraph engineers long familiar with problems of sound transmission, Federal Receiving Sets have always been noted for unusual *power, range, selectivity* and *tone.*

Now we offer the result of another great Federal achievement—an improvement that carries you at least five years into radio future.

It is the new ORTHO-SONIC principle of lifelike tone transmission.

MODEL A-10

Five tubes—199's or 201-A's. Balanced tuned radio frequency. Cabinet of rich brown mahogany finish. Standard Federal parts throughout. Length 24 inches, height 11 inches, depth 12 inches. Price without accessories $75

Through this new and exclusive principle the growing demand for clearer and more realistic performance is more than met. The first time you hear an organ, a violin or a human voice produced by the new Federal Ortho-sonic, the difference will be at once apparent. It will pay you to do this before you choose any radio set.

Beautiful Cabinet Work—Popular Prices—The new Federal Ortho-sonic Sets are offered in a beautiful dress—cabinet work that is rich in modern design, in coloring and finish. Their charm to the ear is closely equaled by their charm to the eye. Any Federal Retailer will gladly let you inspect them and make the Ortho-sonic Tone Test. And please mark this: Federal Receiving Sets, while very carefully made and finely finished, are really inexpensive. Kindly note the prices. Remember too, that behind each and every set is the Federal name, and the vast resources and experience of the Federal Telephone and Telegraph Company.

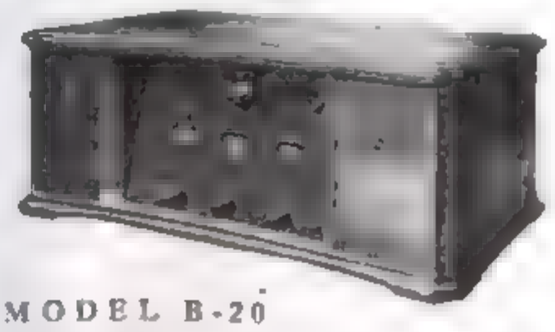
MODEL B-36

Five tubes—199's or 201-A's. Balanced tuned radio frequency. Delicate parts completely shielded. Mechanism section slides out to install tubes. Cabinet of selected mahogany woods finished in beautiful two-tone effect. Enclosed telephonic speaker of exceptional quality. Ample space for all batteries. Length 35 inches, height 43 inches, depth 21 inches. Price without accessories $250

The complete Federal line comprises nine beautiful models—a size and type to meet every radio requirement—from $75 to $350. In "B" and "C" models space is provided for all batteries—also for current supply devices which operate from most electric light circuits. The seven tube "C" line is entirely self-contained, requires no aerial—may be transported wherever desired.

There is No Substitute—The Ortho-sonic principle, and the amazing results it attains, are exclusive features of Federal Radio Receiving Sets. There is no substitute. You may have this ORTHO-SONIC tone reality only in the new Federal. If you do not know the Federal Retailer in your section, it will pay you to write us. We will send his name and further facts about Federal Standard Radio Products.

FEDERAL RADIO CORPORATION
Buffalo, N. Y.
(Division of Federal Telephone and Telegraph Company)
Operating Broadcast Station WGR at Buffalo



MODEL B-20

Five tubes—199's or 201-A's. Balanced tuned radio frequency. Delicate parts completely shielded. Cabinet of genuine mahogany with rich brown finish. Micrometer tuning controls. Space for all batteries. Length 30 inches, height 13 inches, depth 15 inches. Price without accessories . . $100

SONIC*

*ORTHO-SONIC—Of, pertaining to or producing tone values in sound reproduction corresponding exactly to the natural tones

Model C-30
Price $200
without accessories

Thousands hear the amazing *Ortho-sonic* Tone Test

Before you invest in a new radio set, make this convincing test. Go to the Federal Retailer. Or have him send a Federal Receiving Set, with portable or built-in Federal Speaker, to your home. Tune in the station you prefer. If possible select good orchestra music, as it is one of the most difficult tests.

Then, LISTEN WITH CLOSED EYES! Shut out the world. Let only your sensitive ears judge the realistic quality of the tone.

Under these conditions the effect of distance is gone. You hear each part in its proper balance. The rich deep tones of the big bass horns—the sweet, lyric melody of the violins—the twanging of the guitars—the whine of the muted horns. From lowest bass to highest treble the production is startling in its fidelity. The music is in the room. You actually *see* the dancers. You sway with the lilting rhythm of the music. This is the *new* radio—the radio of the future—*radio reality*—as produced by the Ortho-sonic principle. Only the artists themselves can rival it.

Make this test before you buy. Hear for yourself. Remember that "Listening with Closed Eyes" is the supreme test of tonal quality.

Federal
ortho-sonic

Housing a city in a single block

THE towering office building of today is a city stood on end. Its acres of offices may accommodate a population of ten or fifteen thousand people. It has an elaborate water system, a power plant of its own, a refrigerating plant, a laundry, restaurants, shops of all kinds and sometimes its own theatre, post office and subway station.

Its walls and floors are honeycombed with miles of pipes, fittings and valves carrying water, heat, light and air (for ventilation and vacuum cleaning) to every office.

The builders are as responsible to their thousands of tenants for the proper functioning of these arteries of the building's life as they are for the solidity of the walls and ceilings.

"Whatever you build, you need Walworth"

The architect of a great office building does not actually say, "Here we should use a Walworth 125-lb. brass valve and there a 6-inch fitting of Walworth Sigma Steel."

Knowing that he can depend on Walworth to furnish the right kind of valves, fittings and piping material for all kinds of installations, he specifies "Walworth" and leaves the details to his engineers.

You can follow the same method in planning a home, a power plant, or anything else that needs piping for its completion. But you can also have the help of Walworth engineers on any specific problem of piping if you want it.

WALWORTH MANUFACTURING CO., Boston, Mass.
Plants at Boston, Kewanee, Ill., and Atmalla, Ala.
Sales Units and Distributors in Principal Cities of the World

WALWORTH
VALVES, FITTINGS AND TOOLS
for STEAM, WATER, GAS, OIL AND AIR

IT'S *ALL* WORTH—IF WALWORTH

Whatever you build you need WALWORTH

DELICATESSEN

(Continued from Page 13)

thought stormily. Tonight she would tell them things! Tonight she would tell them what she had been thinking, thinking, thinking. Fernie pulled her davenport bed out rebelliously. What was a girl to do for herself, living this way? A girl could meet nice men, men like Jack Dugan, but how could she bring them home to a place like this? A delicatessen! A cheap gilt sign out front, and a hundred smells mixed up in the living room.

A man like Jack Dugan calling on a girl in a place like this! Fernie clenched her hands into tight white knots under her pink counterpane. She squeezed two tears from between tight-shut lids in the darkness. A man like Jack Dugan!

"Say, where'd you get that hair? Say, some girl you got for me, Al. Say, couldn't you shatter a fellow's dreams if he gave you half a chance? My girl—my girl ——" A man like Jack Dugan. Fernie relaxed under her pink counterpane and slept.

Fernie ate her breakfast in a kimono, the morning-paper comics propped up before her. Reheated oatmeal. Reheated coffee.

"Poach yourself an egg, Fernie," called her mother on one of her flying trips between shop and kitchen. "You don't eat hardly anything any more." Annie paused in the doorway, fond eyes on Fernie's honey-colored head.

"You don't have to come into the store this morning," she added generously. "Just you rest up from dancing last night. That ain't a tough place, Fernie, that Hollywood Arcade?"

Fernie sighed. "There's the bell, mom," she said patiently.

Annie was off on another flying trip toward the store. Fernie shifted her paper deftly from the comics to the help-wanted page and propped it up again. Female Help Wanted—in black lettering. She read greedily, and surreptitiously. When Annie came back again the comic section was again facing Fernie.

"I got to go downtown tomorrow morning, mom," said Fernie sullenly. "You don't need to wash tomorrow morning. I got to go downtown."

Fernie came back from downtown next day with something between a swagger and a slouch. She found her father and mother eating dinner with the absent haste of folks who have eaten for years with one ear alert for the bell that means a customer. Fernie sidled into a chair. Her cheeks were faintly pink.

"I got a job," she announced.

Annie comprehended first.

"She means she got a job downtown," she interpreted hastily for Henry. "I guess that's what she means, ain't it, Fernie? A job downtown. That's all right, ain't it, Henry? We can get someone in to help in the store, you know, Henry." Annie broke her bread into bits. "It's all right, Fernie," she assured her.

Henry wiped his mouth.

"No, it ain't all right," he said slowly. "It's better she works in our store. You don't need a job downtown, Fernie. You stay here where we can have an eye on you," he joked feebly.

"That ain't all," said Fernie. She stood up. Her voice was high and dry. "That ain't all—about the job. I'm movin' too. I'm movin' away from here, to a place where I can bring my friends and not—" she faltered—"and not be ashamed," she went on determinedly. "I got a room at Mrs. Young's, with meals. It ain't—it ain't any use to say anything. It ain't ——"

"You're joking, Fernie. She's joking, Henry."

"I ain't jokin', mom."

Henry got up heavily and pushed his chair in with his usual methodical slowness.

"She can't go," he said over Fernie's head to his wife. "She can't go, Annie. She stays here with us." He walked stolidly back into the shop.

"I just got to, mom. I just got to get away." Fernie was whining. Tears were rising in her eyes.

"It ain't right you should leave your father and mother, Fernie. It ain't right you should."

"Ain't right, mom? Ain't right? Is it right I have to live this way? Is it right I have to live behind a delicatessen sign? Is it right I have to live in a place where I can't bring my friends?"

"Can't bring your friends, Fernie!" Annie caught this phrase hopefully. "You can bring your friends. Only last night pop was saying how we always have girls in the room there, playing the player piano."

"I can't. I tell you I can't. I'm ashamed. A delicatessen sign. Only a back porch! Always a wash hangin' out! Got to go through the store into the livin' room! I tell you ——"

"There's Minnie and Lois—they always come. They don't mind it that we live here."

"Oh, Minnie and Lois!" Fernie shrugged her thin shoulders. "I don't mean them, mom. It's my new friends I don't care to bring here." She dried her eyes. She turned sullen again. "We don't have to live here. We don't have to ——"

"It's saving for us to live here," Annie explained gently. It was an old argument. "Your pop ——"

"All right. Save! Save! Save!" Fernie stormed, stamping her foot. "I'm goin' to pack my things. I can go, I guess. I can go. Don't you ——" The storm subsided suddenly. She looked fearfully at her mother. "Don't you let pop say anything to me. Don't you let him—you hear?"

Fernie, packing her things, felt Henry's eyes upon her. He let the red curtain fall behind him and began wiping his pink hands nervously.

"Look, Fernie," he began placatingly. "The joke has gone far enough now. You make worry for your mother. Unpack those things now and we'll talk about it some more. I—I could give you more money for working in our store." He paused and looked at her uncertainly.

"I don't want more money."

"All right. Sure." He wiped his mouth with a trembling hand. "It's all right you work in that dress store downtown then, and live here with us. With your father and mother, Fernie. It—it's best. You make worry for your mother this way."

"I don't want to live here," said Fernie with faltering obstinacy. "I can't. I can't live in a delicatessen any longer. I hate it here! Oh, I hate it, I hate it! I got to live—where I can bring my friends."

Her friends! Jack Dugan! Fernie shook out a white skirt, a yellow sweater, a green dress—the black lace with its blue ribbons. The black lace she had worn the night she met Jack Dugan. A cheap scent rose up about her from the folds of the black lace. Hollywood Arcade—lights—music—Jack Dugan —— "Say, can't I see you daytime, sometimes?" Jack Dugan was saying pressingly now. "Can't I see you lunchtime, Fernie? Can't I call you up? Say, we don't have to go trailing out with Min and Al all our lives, do we?" Jack Dugan's eyes meaningful upon hers. "My girl—where'd you get that hair?" Jack Dugan's silken voice. Jack Dugan, his slender fingers laced possessively in hers every night now out at Hollywood Arcade. Jack Dugan, a man you couldn't say good night to under a delicatessen sign.

Fernie packed on.

Henry raised the red curtain again and went back into the shop.

"What does she say, Henry?" Annie looked at him with eager anxiety. Henry avoided her eyes.

"She says—she's going. She says, mom, she—hates it here."

A silence.

"I guess maybe she is going, Henry."

Another silence.

"She's got most of her things packed, it looks like."

They looked at each other.

"We—we couldn't do like she says, could we, pop?" Annie tied and retied a piece of twine.

"You mean to sell out? To sell out Fenstermacher's? How could we, Annie?" he asked simply.

They looked at each other again.

The screen door crashed. A customer.

"Something for you?" Annie's voice was high, smooth, mechanical.

It had been a long time since Mrs. Young's vine-shadowed front porch had seen anything as knife-thin, as keen, as graceful, as live-wire as Fernie Fenstermacher, with her yellow hair and pinked cheeks, swinging on the groaning porch swing in the black lace with the blue ribbons. The boarders at Mrs. Young's watched Fernie, and Fernie watched the corner around which Jack Dugan was to appear.

Fernie's color was high. A smile was pressed down almost out of sight in the corners of her mouth. Her sea-blue eyes were dark with excitement. She was glorying in the Young front porch. True, it sagged at one end. The vines climbed up a rusty chicken wire. One elderly boarder had removed his collar. Yet Fernie gloried. It was a front porch with a shabby patch of lawn in front. The only sign in evidence was a modest card in the window.

Jack Dugan.

"H'lo, Fernie."

"H'lo, Jack."

No show of their happiness in each other before these interested watchers. The yellow bus bound for Hollywood Arcade. Fernie's fingers laced in Jack's as they giggled on the back seat.

Lurching, crowding, bumping, colored lights. The screams of moonlight bathers. The whine of the carrousel. Saxophones sobbing a fox trot up on the dancing pavilion.

"Some night, Jack. Oh—gosh!"

"You want a soda, Fernie?"

"Sure thing."

"Say, it's great to get away from Min and Al for a change. Ain't it, baby?"

Jack Dugan's gray-green eyes were very near to Fernie's over their straws.

"Say, ain't it, baby?"

"Ain't it what?"

"Great to be out here alone?"

"H'm, maybe."

"Don't. Don't look at me like that."

"What'll you do?"

"You'll see what I'll do."

"Jackie ——" She grimaced at him.

"Say! You—you little devil. Say, you know how I feel about you, Fernie?" The silk in Jack Dugan's voice tore.

"Say ——" Fernie's breath came sweet and quick.

"Say ——" More tearing of that silk. "Sure you know."

"Know what?"

"Say, don't tease me, Fernie. Maybe I ain't glad I met you when I did, girl. Maybe I ain't glad."

"Glad? Why you glad, Jack?"

"Maybe I ain't glad I didn't spend my compensation money like I planned."

"Compensation money?"

"Sure. Didn't Al tell you, or Min? What you think I'm livin' on, honey?"

"Why, you work, Jack. Don't you work?"

"Say, didn't Min tell you? Honest? I just got out of the hospital, baby. I was in for four months, gettin' fixed up inside. Hurt in the mills. I just been out three weeks."

"They gave you money for it?" Fernie released her straw dreamily.

Jack stared fascinated at her lips for a moment.

The
Book-Cadillac
Detroit's Finest Hotel

Moderately Priced Rooms

It costs no more to enjoy the exceptional comfort and luxury of Book-Cadillac rooms, restaurants and social facilities.

Five hundred and sixty of the twelve hundred rooms with bath are priced at four and five dollars.

All are full outside rooms with circulating ice water, individual bed lights and lighted mirrors.

The hotel's central location in the heart of the city's business, theatrical and shopping districts makes it the logical choice for your stay in Detroit.

1200
Outside Rooms with Bath
Rates $4 and up
560 Rooms at $4 and $5
Sample Rooms $5 to $8

Special $1.25 Luncheon and $2.00 Dinner served in English Grill and Blue Room. Sunday Dinner in Venetian Room, $2. Club Breakfast, 85c. and $1. Cafeteria Service in Coffee Shop. Eighteen shops and broker's office in building; Barber Shop and Beauty Parlor operated by Terminal Barber Shop; Private Conference Rooms.

THE BOOK-CADILLAC
HOTEL COMPANY • DETROIT
WASHINGTON BLVD. AT MICHIGAN AVE.
ROY CARRUTHERS, President

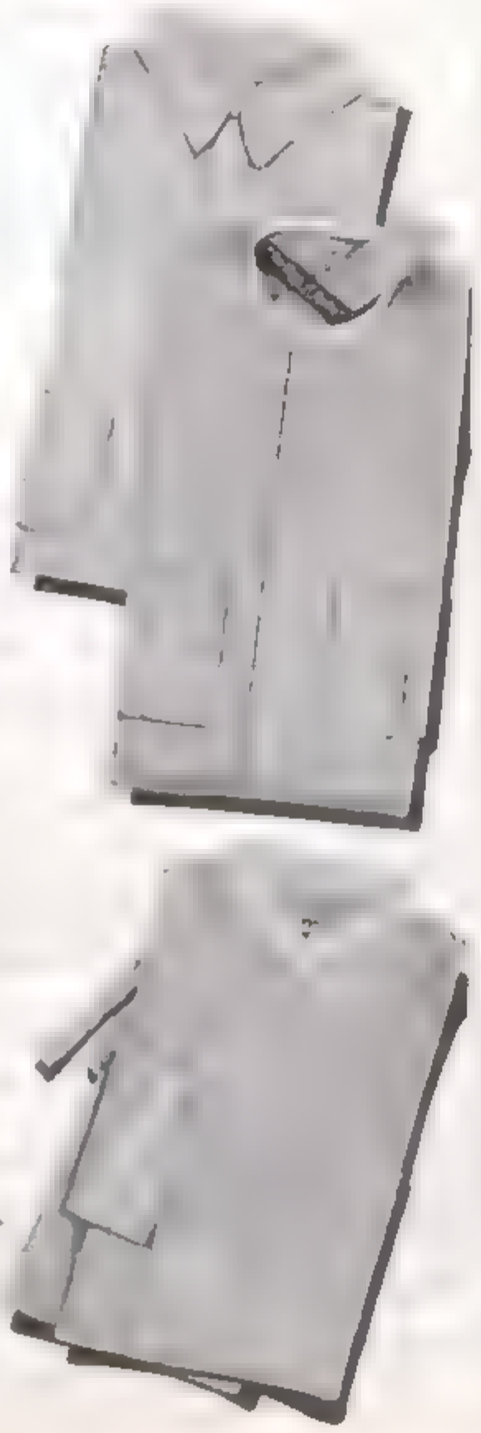
FOREIGN REPRESENTATIVES LIBBEY TOURS INC
LONDON ENGLAND NEW YORK N Y
PARIS, FRANCE
43 Avenue de l'Opera

Whitney DRESMORE
TRADE MARK
THE MARK OF QUALITY
SHIRTS $3.00 & $3.50

The Season's Shirt Surprise

THERE'S a touch of Paris in the pastelled patterns; a hint of London in the fine sturdy weaves of madras and broadcloth. But only New England, with its flair for fine craftsmanship, could create shirts of such custom-character to sell so reasonably.

Forty years of fine-shirt making speak for themselves in the WHITNEY DRESMORE line. And the *distinctive* designs are only a surface indication of the super-quality hidden in every stitch and seam. All the new shades in the most popular styles.



WHITNEY
Pajamas and Nightshirts

WHITNEY *quality* through and through in these fine Pajamas of Flannelet. Striking color combinations; new ideas and design; "custom" cut and finish. And exceptional value in solid comfort and long wear.

Men's Wear stores and departments are now featuring the DRESMORE Line. In fine madras and broadcloth.

WACHUSETT SHIRT COMPANY
Makers of Men's Fine Shirts and Pajamas
Leominster, Mass.
Creators of the famous Whitney **Playmore** Sport Shirt and Junior **Playmore** for Boys.

"Money?" he said then. "Sure. Some. Y' see, I can't work heavy work no more—at least not for a long time. Say, I was goin' to take that money and buy a little car and loaf around and have some fun. Now ——"

"What you goin' to do now, Jack?"

"Maybe I ain't glad I met you when I did. Another month and that roll'd have been shot. No kiddin', Fernie."

"What you goin' to do with it now, Jackie?" Fernie's voice was softly persistent, her lips moist from her drink.

His eyes held hers.

"As if you didn't know, baby! As if you didn't know!"

"What? What, Jack?"

"Never you mind. I'm lookin' around. I'm not sayin' a thing just now, but I'm lookin' around. Not sayin' a word, that's Jack Dugan, baby."

He pressed her arm as they made their way toward the wailing saxophones on the dancing pavilion.

Sunday morning seeped up and up and up in a drowsy maze about the members of the boarding-house family at Young's. Fernie came to the telephone from the depths of a luxurious second sleep.

"Oh, is that you, mom?" There was a trace of disappointment in her voice.

"Gee, I'd like to—wish I could, mom—sure, I like them—yes, I like that too—some feed—say, what you and Henry celebratin'—Christmas?" Fernie's laugh rang through the shabby hall at Young's.

"No, honest, I can't. Y' see, mom, two fellows are hirin' a car to take me and Minnie out for the day—well, you see, they'll want us to go to a restaurant, mom—nice fellows? Sure they're nice fellows—comin' up? Sure I'm comin' up—well, I know I ain't been, but—I don't know what day. Say—sure I'll call you up—now, mom." Impatience flicked Fernie's voice. She twisted her arm to bring her wrist watch into view. "Nothin' for you to worry about, mom. Well, I ain't got all day, mom—sure—all right."

"She says," Annie relayed to Henry with forced cheerfulness—"she says she can't come to dinner today on account of having promised to go on a picnic ——"

"Did you tell her we had ——"

"Yes, I told her all we had, everything she likes. But she had promised to go with Minnie ——"

"Sure, I know," Henry agreed reasonably. His heavy shoulders slumped.

They went in silence about the Sunday morning task of trying to bring order out of chaos in Fenstermacher's Delicatessen.

"I'll stack these cans up now, if you hand them to me, Annie," Henry said at length.

"Just as soon as I finish cleaning out this case," Annie returned. "There." She gave it a final swab.

"Seems like ——"

"Yes, Henry?"

"Seems like she might have come once, Annie."

"Now, you know how time flies."

"Sure, time flies."

"Look, Henry, you're mixing peas with the tomatoes."

Henry righted his cans.

"What do you think, Annie?" He paused with a can in each hand to look down at his wife. His eyes were anxious, uncertain.

"What I think, Henry? Well—well, anyways, she ought maybe to have her own bedroom, Henry. Girls think a lot of things like that. Fernie's eighteen."

"What do you think, Annie?"

"What do you think, Henry?"

"Wait—there's a customer."

"Don't get down. I'll take him ——"

"Something for you?"

Annie smiled her pleasant smile, her hands fluttering about her white apron.

"Gee, it's a peach, Fernie."

Minnie looked enviously at the little stone on Fernie's third finger.

"Ain't it, Min? I've had it three days already."

"Gee, Jack's a peach of a fellow, Fernie."

"I know," said Fernie dreamily. "I know." She gave the swing on Mrs. Young's porch a lazy push with her foot.

"One month," Minnie marveled. "One month! You vamped him, all right. When's it goin' to be?" Minnie's black eyes, luminous, were wide upon her friend.

"Soon." Fernie turned the ring around and around upon her finger. She narrowed her eyes at it. She held it off to one side and tried to catch in it the incongruously delicate colors of a mill-town sunset. "We're just goin' off some evening to Merton," she went on. "Jack says we'll maybe take you and Al for witnesses, if you want."

"I'd love to, Fernie. Say, where you goin' to live?"

"Live? Oh, I d' know." Fernie laughed with happy vagueness. "Say, Jack's funny," she volunteered. She giggled at thinking how funny Jack was. "Gee, isn't he funny though? Full of secrets. As if I didn't know what he's up to." There was fond scorn about her lips. "He's found a place to live and is fixin' it up to surprise me, that's what he's doin'. As if he could fool me! Askin' me if I liked a player piano or a graphophone, Min! Things like that ——"

"What'd you tell him, Fernie—player piano?" Min's eyes glistened at these shared secrets. A marriage was—well, a marriage was a marriage. Fernie and Jack!

"Sure, a player piano," Fernie answered idly, laughter simmering in her eyes. "It'll seem more homelike."

"Jack goin' back into the mills?" Min's curiosity was boundless.

"Oh, Jack's goin' into business," said Fernie importantly. "Into business. With his compensation money, you know. Last week he was lookin' at a garage, but I think he gave it up. He's full of secrets." She giggled. She turned her ring to the light.

"He's a peach, Jack is." Minnie sighed enviously.

The groaning of Mrs. Young's porch swing. Fernie's happiness spilling over into giggles.

"Gee, I often wish I was a blonde," Minnie said absently at length.

"A blonde!" Fernie broke into a cascade of laughter. "Say, Al's crazy about you," she comforted then. "Just crazy about you, Al is."

"Oh, Al—Al, he —— Look, Fernie, here comes your mother."

"Oh!" Fernie slipped the ring from her finger hastily and thrust it into her pocket. "Don't say anything, Min."

"Don't she know?"

"No"—sullenness descended like a cloud over the pink and white gayety of Fernie's face. "We got enough to fight about. She's comin' now to bawl me out for not comin' home, I guess. Mind, don't you say anything, Min."

"Sure not."

Fernie advanced to the edge of the sagging steps.

"H'lo, mom," she called. "Say, I ain't seen you for a week, mom. Where you been? Every time I call up I can't get any answer. Honest. Say, that old phone on the blink again?"

Ten minutes later Annie Fenstermacher was rocking on the porch of the Young boarding house, rocking and laughing her rich laugh and beaming from one girl to another.

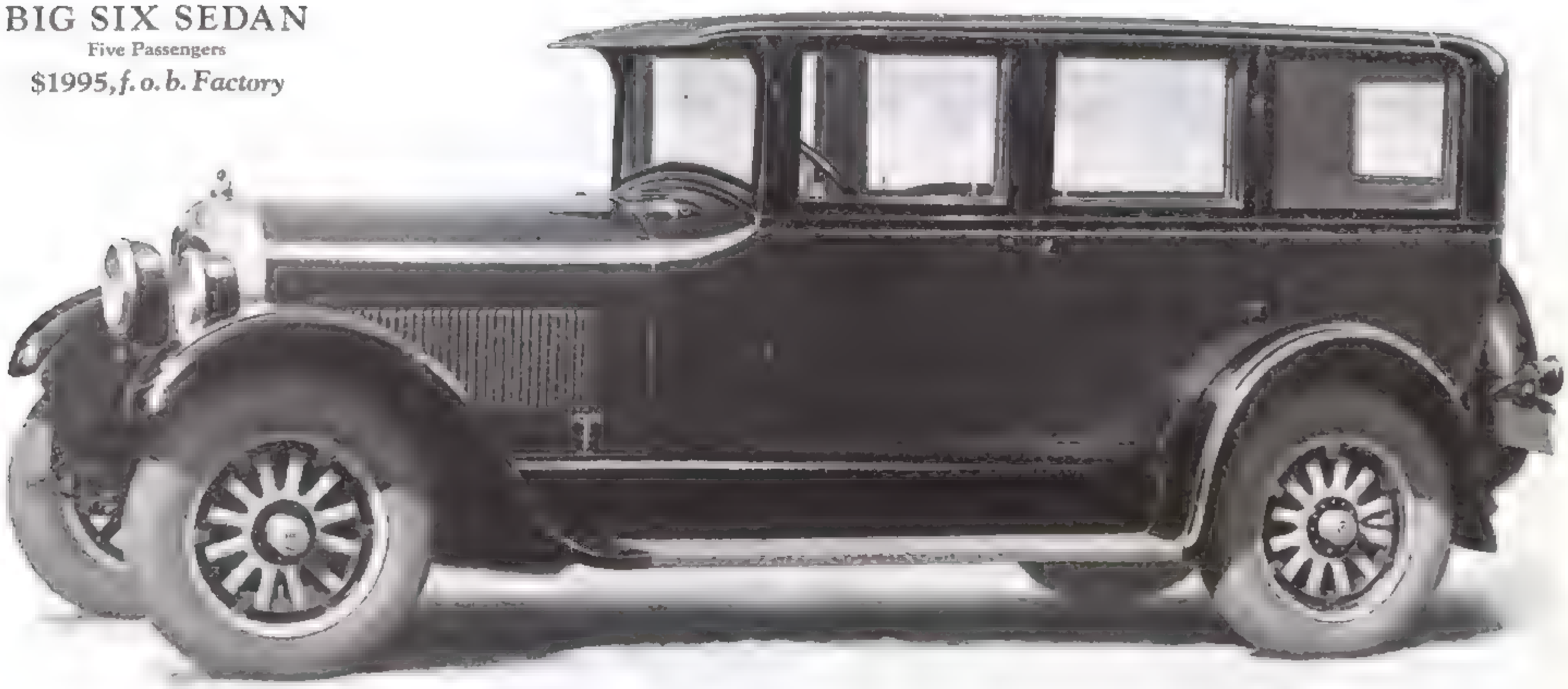
"Look at her, Min," Annie laughed delightedly. "Look at her once, Min! She can't believe it. That's what I said to pop. I said, 'Fernie won't be able to believe it, pop.' It's a surprise all right, ain't it, Fernie? I said to pop, 'Fernie'll never believe it till I put her on the street car and bring her out to see it with her own eyes.' Min, look at her"—Annie gurgled in her happiness—"she can't say a word!"

Annie was right. Fernie couldn't say a word. She looked at Minnie with panic in her eyes.

"It's stucco, you said, didn't you?" Minnie asked faintly. "Stucco's nice, Mrs. Fenstermacher."

(Continued on Page 157)

BIG SIX SEDAN
Five Passengers
$1995, *f. o. b. Factory*



Studebaker Big Six

—Fastest-selling high-powered car in the world*

NO OTHER CAR of equal or greater power (according to the rating of the National Automobile Chamber of Commerce) approaches the Studebaker Big Six in popularity.

The Big Six leads in sales not only in the United States, but also abroad

It leads because one-profit production in vast modern plants enables Studebaker to offer a sturdily built quality car with scores of thousands of miles of excess transportation at prices far below those of competitors.

There are only seven American cars with rated horsepower equal to that of the Big Six and their prices are two to four times that of this famous car.

It is not surprising that the Studebaker Big Six is the fastest-selling high-powered car in the world.

A Better Car at a Lower Price

Tremendous mileage records achieved under gruelling conditions by numerous Big Sixes testify to the rugged durability of this chassis

A Studebaker stands up because it is *manufactured* as a unit in Studebaker plants. Being built as a unit, it functions as a unit and yields scores of thousands of miles of excess transportation.

To the powerful engine and sturdy chassis Studebaker adds a body so staunchly built, so finely finished, that no car at any price excels it. These superiorities are possible at the price for two reasons.

1. *Studebaker is the only manufacturer in the fine car field equipped to make all its own bodies, engines, gear sets, springs, clutches, differentials, steering gears, axles, gray-iron castings and drop forgings. Thus Studebaker eliminates extra profits and overhead from the price you pay.*

2. *Unlike the other high-powered cars listed below, the Studebaker Big Six benefits from the great economies incident to volume production. It is manufactured in company with two other chassis models in the finest plants owned by any individual manufacturer except Ford.*

The only American cars which exceed the Big Six in rated horsepower compare with it in price as follows:

STUDEBAKER BIG SIX
*N. A. C. C. and S. A. E. rating—36.04
Price of 5-Passenger Sedan, f.o.b. factory, $1995

Car A	1%	more power, $2755 higher price
Car B	1%	more power, $2905 higher price
Car C	7%	more power, $4905 higher price
Car D	25%	more power, $5605 higher price
Car E	31%	more power, $7680 higher price
Car F	35%	more power, $4725 higher price
Car G	35%	more power, $8055 higher price

In spite of moderate prices to the purchaser, Studebaker engineering, construction and workmanship are unexcelled.

Superiorities
Both Obvious and Concealed

Rated horsepower is easy to measure and compare—but in hundreds of hidden places throughout this Studebaker 5-Passenger Sedan, you will find standards of quality, comparable only with a few of the very highest priced cars.

It is richly upholstered in genuine mohair. Full-size balloon tires and snubbers add to its ease of riding. Metal hardware is of butler silver finish. Dome light, corner reading lights are included in the appointments.

It has an automatic spark control; safety lighting control; improved one-piece windshield; gasoline gauge on the dash; stop light; locks on ignition, steering gear, door and spare tire carrier all operated by a single key.

Because of its high-rated horsepower, this 5-Passenger Sedan is a car of marvelous performance. It has a wealth of power. Swift pickup. There is a thrill in its eager response to the throttle which cars at double its price cannot equal.

No Yearly Models

The Studebaker policy of "no yearly models" is a further protection to owners. Under this policy Studebaker cars are always up to date. We add improvements from time to time so that Studebaker buyers may have the immediate advantage of our engineering achievements.

Any Studebaker dealer will be glad to demonstrate the inspiring performance of this Big Six 5-Passenger Sedan and finance its purchase on an unusually fair and liberal Budget Payment Plan.

The STUDEBAKER 5-PASSENGER BIG SIX SEDAN, $1995, *f. o. b. Factory*

AT DIZZY HEIGHTS.....

he spreads a coat of red-lead

WHY?

DAILY he dangles in mid-air. The steel skeleton of a building that is to be, or a network of bridge cables, is his only foothold. Where he works, breezes become whistling gales striving to tear him from his precarious perch. Below him move many tiny dots, skeltering about like so many ants, all unaware of one of their kind who works at dizzy heights just to spread a thin red film of lead paint.

"Why," you ask, "must he do it?" Because upon the thoroughness with which he spreads this red film—upon its ability to protect the surface it covers rests, in no small measure, the safety of the structure and the lives of thousands.

Protecting the weak links

You have heard no doubt the old engineering axiom, "A structure is only as strong as its details." It is not enough, however, to design a structure's details with care and precision. Be it bridge, building, ocean greyhound or simple railroad switch, every detail must be kept adequately protected from air and moisture, the two corroding elements that sap the strength of the strongest steel.

The best protector for metal surfaces used by man today is pure red-lead paint, made from the metal lead. When spread over a steel surface, it seals the pores of the metal and forms a hard yet elastic protecting film that resists moisture and keeps out air.

This metal-protecting film of red-lead paint is so important that the hardest-to-get-at places of our tallest skyscrapers receive a thorough red-leading regardless of the fact that they will later be shielded from the weather by walls of brick and mortar. And railroad cars, ships, signal towers, farm machinery, water tanks, filling station pumps, life-boats, tin roofs, gas tanks, coal piers, even the "Iron Policeman" on the corner—these are but a few of thousands of places where red-lead paint is on guard against rust.

Why Dutch Boy red-lead?

The United States Navy, eminent engineers, contractors and builders prefer Dutch Boy red-lead because of its great durability and economy of application. It brushes out so evenly that it makes a superior film which sticks tight to the metal surface. When such a film is properly maintained, it gives complete and lasting protection.

Dutch Boy pure red-lead comes in paste form which, when mixed with pure linseed oil, makes a paint that can be tinted to any desired dark color.

Paint booklet sent free

THE "Handy Book on Painting," a storehouse of general paint facts and formulas, will be sent to anyone free. A section of this handbook is devoted to the protection of metal surfaces. It tells how to prepare the surface for painting, how to mix and how to apply the paint. We shall also be glad to give you any specific information on any particular painting problem you may have.

Other Dutch Boy Products

Besides red-lead, the Dutch Boy line of products includes flatting oil, linseed oil, solder, babbitt metals and white-lead.

In addition to these, National Lead Company makes lead products for practically every purpose to which lead can be put in art, industry and daily life, such as litharge, sheet lead, lead bars, lead cames, lead pipe, and die-castings.

If you would like to know more about any of these or other uses of lead, write to our nearest branch.

NATIONAL LEAD COMPANY

New York (111 Broadway), Boston, Buffalo, Cincinnati, Cleveland, Chicago (900 West 18th Street), St. Louis, San Francisco (Pacific Coast Borax Co., 2 Market Street), Los Angeles (Pacific Coast Borax Co., 420 South San Pedro Street), San Francisco (Pacific Coast Borax Co., 2 Market Street), Los Angeles (Pacific Coast Borax Co., 420 South San Pedro Street), California St., Pittsburgh, National Lead & Oil Co. of Pennsylvania, Fifth Avenue, Philadelphia, John T. Lewis & Bros. Co., Fifth Avenue;

The figure of the Dutch Boy painter shown here is reproduced on every keg of Dutch Boy red-lead and is a guarantee of exceptional purity

Save the surface and you save all

(Continued from Page 154

"So nice and clean," the older woman agreed enthusiastically. "So nice and clean and new, Fernie—you should see —— "

"It's a bungalow, you said, didn't you?" It was Min.

"Yes, a bungalow. All on one floor, convenient, like we're used to it, Fernie. A bedroom for you, Fernie. As soon as you can get an afternoon off we'll go to buy the furniture. So much new furniture we need –my! You wouldn't believe it, Minnie."

Fernie spoke at last. "Pop sold out," she said stupidly. "Pop ——"

"Sure; we're getting too old for that work, your pop and me," Annie explained easily. "Work all the time. Late at night. Sundays. My! Twenty-three years we kept up Fenstermacher's"—there was a trace of regretful pride in her voice. "Now we want you to have things like other girls, Fernie. Pop can have a garden. I ——"

"Pop sold out," Fernie repeated dazedly.

"Look at her, Min." Annie laughed fondly. "I wish pop could see her. Well, here we are wasting time and pop's waiting for us out there." She bustled to her feet and beamed down on them. "Come on! You come along, Min. It's nice for a ride."

Fernie walked to the decrepit railing of Mrs. Young's porch. She slouched against a scroll-decorated post, her back to Annie.

"I can't go," she said slowly. "I got a date. I got a date, mom."

Min stood up suddenly. She began to laugh nervously.

"Well, I got to go now," she began, avoiding Annie's eyes.

"Fernie"—Annie was saying slowly—"don't you want to come out and see, Fernie? Fernie."

Fernie turned. She took her ring from her pocket and slipped it on. She twisted it around and around on her finger.

"Wait, mom," she said. "Wait. I got something to tell you too."

Annie Fenstermacher walked slowly down to the corner for her car. Her limbs were like leaden weights. Let's see—she had meant to walk around by the delicatessen—by Fenstermacher's—no, it wasn't Fenstermacher's now. She had meant to walk around and see what kind of sign the new proprietor had put up. What was it Henry had said? Something about an electric-lighted sign, was it? Annie was thinking with difficulty.

No, she decided—no, she wouldn't walk around that way tonight. She couldn't look at that sign tonight, swinging over Fenstermacher's. No, she'd take her car. She must tell Henry.

The motorman came through the car at the end of the line. He was banging the seats into reverse. He looked curiously at Annie and she changed her seat apathetically.

Back at the town end of the line he looked at her more curiously, but Annie did not change her seat this time. Annie Fenstermacher had been forty years in America and her clothes were good department store ready-mades, but she looked now strangely like a peasant woman, hunched down in her seat. She had that stupid, baffled look. Wrapped up in something.

In town again, while the car waited for the east bound to pass it, the motorman sauntered through with an impulse of kindliness. He leaned over Annie.

"What's your stop, lady?" he asked.

Annie roused herself. With an effort she gave him her pleasant smile. "Pine and Twenty-sixth," she told him.

Then she squared her shoulders, gripped her shabby bag. Of course—of course she must get home, home to that strange, new stucco bungalow, and tell Henry. She must explain things to Henry. She must somehow make things right for him. She summoned her pleasant smile. Their Fernie married—grandchildren, maybe ——

Annie looked about her. Where were they? Why, they were right down below the lumber yards, waiting for the east bound to pass. She winked her eyes rapidly many times. Why, she wasn't a hundred yards from Fenstermacher's! She turned around. She'd see that sign. That sign winked at her from the other side of Donlon's Meat Market.

Jack Dugan's.

Smell of vinegar; smell of spices; dry smell of packing boxes. Red orange mounds of cheese; moist yellow slabs of cheese; red rings of bologna; illustrated color cards.

Fernie Fenstermacher hunched on a cracker box in the center of Fenstermacher's Delicatessen. No, not Fenstermacher's now ——

"Well, say, did I have a surprise or didn't I? Well, say!" Jack Dugan's voice was soaring, Irish, a triumphant harp string. "A business and a place to live! All in one shot! Say, won't I be the lucky bird, my little sweetie right here with me all day? Say, you're not to help though, honey. Sure not." He came over to her seriously. "Well, maybe Saturday nights, just at first, if there's a rush. Well," he looked down at her fondly, "say something, honey. Say something!" He laughed. "Won't it be pretty fine, me workin' right here where you can keep an eye on me"—he went down on his knees beside her—"you singin' in there in that little livin' room or playin' the player piano? Say, will that be pretty fine or won't it, baby?" He caught her exultantly and lifted her up from the cracker box. "What do you think, honey?"

Fernie's sea-blue eyes deepened to ink under his scrutiny.

"Sure. Sure it'll be fine, Jack."

"Say ——"

"Nothin' finer, Jack. Nothin' finer!" She danced away from him. "Look! Say, Jack, look here—say, cans of beans, cans of salmon, cans of peaches!"

He stopped her with a kiss. "Speakin' of peaches," he explained.

She giggled. She danced away again.

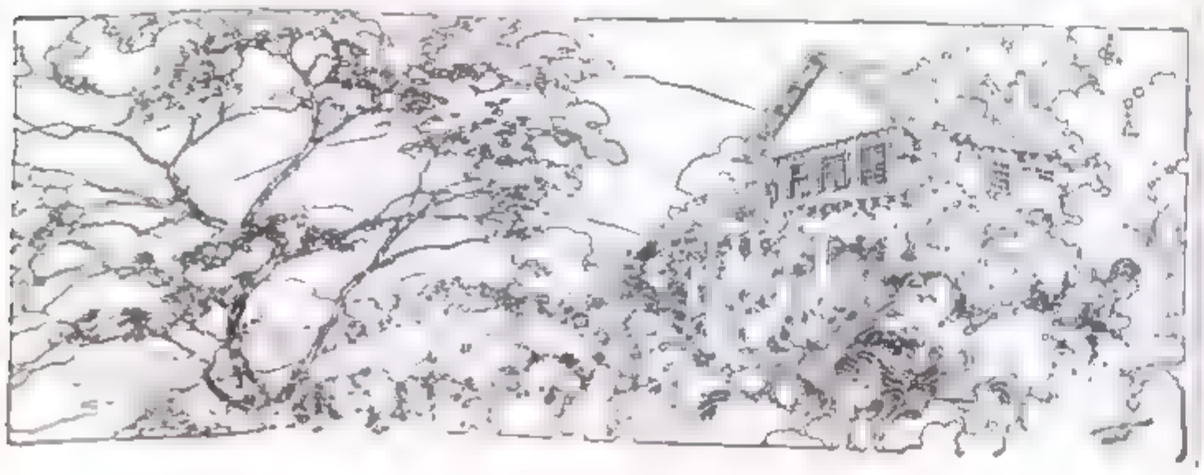
"Say, Jack—look here! That cute bell on the door. Look! I'll yell, 'Mr. Dugan, throw me a can of beans for dinner!' We'll have beans and Swiss cheese and vegetable soup and—say! You'll take a bite and the bell will ring ——"

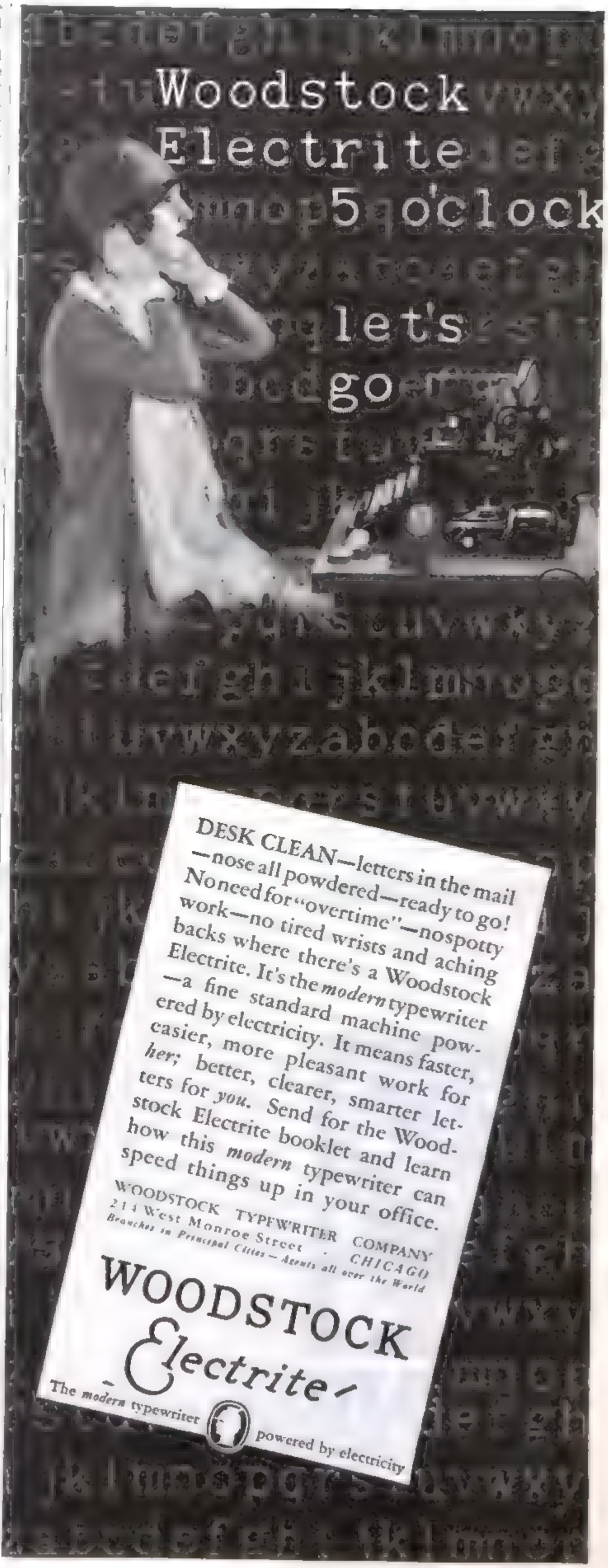
"Say, you—you— Pretty cute! Pretty darn cute! Gee" —— He came close and stilled her dancing and her giggling with one sweep of his arms and lips. "Gee, ain't I the lucky bird though? Say, you do like it here, don't you, Fernie?" He was kissing her lips and eyelashes. "Gee, I was kind of scared," he confessed. "I thought maybe I should've talked to you about it first, but the thing came up. Say, you do like it, don't you? You and me here ——"

"Sure I like it. Sure I do, Jack."

"Say—say, you love me, Fernie?"

"Sure." She kissed his lips flatly and clingingly. "Sure. It must be love. It must be love"—she caught her breath—"Jackie."

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EASY, BOY!

(Continued from Page 14)

horn of the saddle further to accentuate the stiffness of his general poise. There is no grace about any portion of him; he isn't out for grace anyway. He's out to get somewhere and to stand in his stirrups until his horse stops trotting. For that matter, the Westerner, paradoxically, does most of his riding on foot. He stands when his horse is going uphill, raising himself out of the saddle and leaning awkwardly forward to aid his mount as much as possible. He stands when his beast goes pitching downhill, with his hip bones resting against the cantle. He stands when he throws his rope, when his horse makes a turn upon what seems to be a space not larger than a dime, when it lopes or gallops—and when it bucks.

An operation, by the way, which happens much more often in fiction than in fact. It's true that a cow pony will buck now and then, particularly if he has been off the job for a time, or is just being broken to his life work, and is slightly tangled in his mind as to the necessity for going at a lope over country where a hoof may go into a badger hole, of whirling with lightning swiftness at a neck-rein touch when a fractious critter suddenly attempts to dodge and go in a different direction, of stopping as if shot when the rope has swirled through the air and dropped about the horns of a desired cow beast, or any one of the hundred and one other things that any well-informed cow pony should do. And when that happens, the Westerner lugubriously takes the buck out of him, provided he can stick on his back, following which the pony decides to be a good boy and usually stays by his resolve. And sometimes the cow-puncher does it by other means than a succession of buckin'-horse contests.

A Sure Cure for a Bucking Horse

Going over Crede Pass, for instance, Jack Nankervis and myself met another pack outfit, led by a large horse which walked as though he were on the proverbial pins.

His eyes were straight ahead, his gait was mincing. When he reached an obstruction, he didn't leap it; when he hit the bottom of a gully, he did not plow up the other side with the increase of speed so common to the Western animal. The cow-puncher grinned.

"Thet's my Sunday-school hoss," he announced. "Ain't he gentle?"

"But what," asked Jack, "is that gadget you've got on his bridle?"

Again a grin.

"Thet's my gentler," came the announcement. Then, while we stared at the smoothly fashioned little billy, made from a hammer handle and fastened by a small piece of whang leather to the brow strap of the bridle—"Yuh see, thet hoss is one o' th' nicest hosses yuh ever seen—'ceptin' thet he would buck. Jest a buckin' fool. Thet sort o' thing may be all right for these rodeo hands, but it ain't overpleasant to no self-respectin' cow-punch to go gallyvantin' through th' air ever' mornin' when he goes out to step on his hoss. So I thought I'd start packin' him an' see if a few beddin' rolls an' sech wouldn't take it out of him. It never done no sech thing. He bucked 'em off faster'n I could put 'em on. So I went an' got this here idee an' it's worked splendid.

"Yuh see," he explained, "it don't cause no ruction as long's he's actin' fair 'n' square. It won't even raise no rumpus when he's trottin' or runnin'—th' jar ain't enough. But when he goes up in th' air about a yard an' then comes down stiff-legged with his feet bunched, this little thingamajig wallops him on the nose an' it makes him plain uncomf'table. Fack is he ain't bucked for ten days now, an' I've rode him fust thing in th' mornin' a couple o' times. Figgerin' on takin' it off tomorrow—he's shore a sweet hoss when he ain't buckin'."

Which may carry a hint, perhaps, that not all cow ponies are supposed to buck. They're not. In fact none of them are; they're work animals, built to round up stock, buck blizzards, fight trails, go places as swiftly as possible and come back again without leaving their riders behind somewhere with a bruised head or a broken leg, resultant from having failed to stick in the saddle. The bucking horse of the West is an entirely different animal. He's trained, but untamed, as the circus billboards would say, and bucking is his life work, just as being a faithful, dependable mount is the life work of the cow pony.

The bucking horse, as such, never stops. Up on the Chugwater, in Wyoming, for instance, there is Eddie McCarthy, who raises buckin' horses as a part of his livelihood, taking his string from rodeo to rodeo, and the same horses buck as enthusiastically at one place as they do at another. At a dozen places through the West are ranches where the announcement that an outlaw horse which refuses to accept saddle or rider has bobbed up, either in the neighborhood or a hundred miles away, will cause the owner to forget all other engagements and go tearing down the road in his flivver in search of another member to add to the string which he furnishes to the various round-up and cow-hand contest shows which thrive like weeds through every Western state. It's a business now, this furnishing of bucking strings, just the same as the raising of cattle or sheep. But they're bucking horses, and bucking horses only. They don't double at anything else, for they're as mean and cantankerous as the usual Western horse is faithful.

It is that faithfulness, incidentally, whether he be cow pony or mountain-pack plug, which makes the man of the West seethe when he hears all horses west of the Nebraska line described as smoke-blowing beasts of meanness and undependability. They're the opposite. They'll prove a lot more worthy, the Western man will tell you, in a pinch where your life depends upon the sense of the animal under you, than many a beast that travels the bridle paths. And when one hits the pack trail into the wilds, in response to that urge within all of us to get away from the crowd and find the fishing spot where a thousand others haven't whipped the stream or lake before you, the trip isn't to be that of a boulevard.

The Best in Pack Animals

Trails are vagrant things, creatures of fancy. Where they choose, they can be as smooth and pleasant as a ballroom floor, their carpetings of pine needles sinking beneath the hoofs of the horses like well-filled cushions. But as suddenly they can veer forth into the open, where the grass grows green from constant seepage, and where the snowflowers bloom at the edge of drifts which eternally send their moisture to create difficulties for those who would cross that way. Or veer into rock slides, or into willows, or tumbling streams which seem to halt in their plunging course downhill just long enough to create a flattened place at which a sure-footed animal may cross and one less sure-footed go downward. And if there is one thing that a Western horse is above all else, it is sure-footed.

Of course he's not the thing of impossibilities, such as the mule and the burro. But he's more comfortable in his mentality, and he'll get farther in the long run, especially if one merely is assembling animals for a certain trip, and not for a steady diet of packing. For the man who must pack continually, there is, of course, the mule, with his faster stride, his greater strength and doggedness. But a mule possesses something else—stubbornness, and a pack train moves only as swift as its slowest member.

Which was not very fast back in the days when packing from place to place was a more important form of outdoor diversion than it is today. Then it was the burro which formed the means of locomotion, slow, deliberate, with a sure-footedness exceeded only by that of a sheep or a mountain goat, and a temperament equaled only by that of—the burro himself. Many of the trails that exist today in the Rocky Mountains are those which were first created by burro train, as a weird and new country was opened, first by the prospector and then by the heterogeneous mass of hangers-on which followed his discovery. Naturally, in such days, there was no time for the building of a road to a new bonanza. The greatest district in America—they were all the greatest—had just been discovered, and life itself seemed to depend upon getting there quickly. The result was that the packer brought forth his string of burros and put upon them the beginnings of a town. Then over the hills he went to the building of a new community.

In and Out of Bogs

Which way he went made little difference, just so the burros could negotiate it. There are mountain passes in the Rockies today which rise as high as thirteen thousand feet, while within five miles the same range can be crossed at a bare eleven thousand. But the burros could make them, and that was all that was necessary. There wasn't the time in those hectic days to look around for easy modes of travel. Today, for instance, one can reach Leadville upon graveled surfaces, without ever the need of a set of chains, even in rainy weather. But there was a time, during the early days when every saddle of the mountains gave forth its pack string hurrying to the new bonanza, that things were not so good, when animals sank in the mire and died there; when even human beings went down; and when there came into being a story, now a classic in the West—that of the wanderer, floundering along a boggy stretch of the Rockies, mad at the drizzling weather, mad at the country and at himself for ever having penetrated it, only suddenly to see something upon which he could vent his spleen, a hat, lying right side up in the road before him.

Whereupon he kicked, and a voice came from deep in the mire:

"Hey, I don't mind you bustin' that new hat o' mine, but be derned careful of this here hoss an' saddle thet's under me!"

Nor is the story so far-fetched at that. One day Jack Nankervis and I rode through the flat stretches of Taylor Park, on the other side of Grizzly Mountain, on the way to Gunnison. The going had been that of sagebrush, suddenly to end in the black hummocks which denoted bog, and our progress slowed. One comes to hate bog: the urging forward of the horses, their nervous snortings as they pause at the brink, eye every inch of ground before them, and then, in response to the spurs—like a sensible person giving way to the entreaties of an imbecile—go faithfully forward, to plunge, to wallow, and then, as if by some miracle, bring themselves to dry ground before the mire entraps them. The sucking of the hoofs as they are pulled doggedly forth, only to sink deeper; the sway of the bodies, the lurching, the twisting—it is as though the rider himself were there in the bog, fighting it out himself.

So we looked ahead with a thrill of joy. The hummocks had ended; ten feet away was a stretch of grayish sandy soil, which meant a welcome relief after having picked our way for a quarter of a mile. Jack Nankervis pointed and grinned. I nodded. Little Major, Jack's mount, swung through the last of his task with that peculiar rush of a horse at the end of a difficult task, as though he were glad too. The last hummock and the horse edged into a trot. He struck the brown stretch and then ——

(Continued on Page 161)

This illustration shows the Model B-9 Frigidaire, built complete with cabinet. There are eleven other cabinet models, as well as twenty models designed for converting the standard makes of ice-boxes into Frigidaire electric refrigerators.

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TRADE MARK REG U S AND CANADA

STAINED SHINGLES

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Continued from Page 158

Horse and rider were down in an instant, while I, with an instinctive motion, already had loosened the strap which held my rope and was urging my pinto to the very edge of the hummocks that I might toss the lariat to my floundering partner, just swinging himself clear from the saddle and literally throwing himself back to the more secure footing of the black bog. Quicksands! And Little Major lying there quivering, as though he knew that motion was useless, that it would only send him deeper.

Quickly we got a rope around his neck and knotted it that it might not choke him. Then, men and horses straining, we dragged him to firmer footing, while the sands closed behind him, dry-appearing, alluring, in wait for the next victim which might come along. A burro perhaps in a case like that might have been much better. In the first place, he wouldn't have trotted—far be it from a burro to exert himself to that extent—and secondly, a burro seems to have a sixth sense about danger, and an exceeding lack of regard for obliging a master by going where he doesn't care to go.

A Treasure Named Charlie

But the burro as a beast of burden is a disappearing factor of Rocky Mountain life today. Time was when he bloomed as the rose and his angelic hee-haw filled the crisp mountain air as the fabled dew covers Dixie. When every mountain pass was populated with his kind, jogging along upon tiny steps, and carrying everything from furniture to unassembled mining machinery for the newborn camps, that activities might go on in spite of the lack of railroad and the wagon thoroughfare. When the tin-can heaps of the little mining towns needed no wind or rain to rob them of their labels—the burros attended to that as soon as the cans were dumped, vying with the goats as to which could hang up the best record for paper consumption. When every corner store in Colorado carried from one to ten prospectors on its books, taking in payment one-half his claim if he struck it rich.

Then the burro was in his prime; the activeness of a mining camp was gauged by its population of burros, and alarm clocks were not needed. When a burro really settles down to the task of sounding off and puts his soul into a mountain-filling hee-haw, a good steam whistle is necessary to drown him out. But the burro is a departing thing now.

Where he has gone I do not know. Perhaps to the place he came from—which is as vague to the average miner as the region of his exodus. Only sufficient that he is gone. Not entirely, of course, for he still exists in the sheep camps, as they annually invade the sweet-grassed regions of the high country with their blatting charges; or wanders the streets of deserted mining towns; or frequents the summer resorts, where energetic boys rent him out to enthusiastic tourists at fifty cents a day. But where there were fifty there is now one. Sometimes, far away in the hills, one sees the long, waving ears and stubby tail as a burro beast scampers away at his approach, a thing gone wild and taking his living as do the deer and the elk.

With him has departed, too, the man who formed his companion—the professional packer, who, with a cross-sectioned instrument of torture known as a pack saddle and a Chinese puzzle called a diamond hitch, could be depended upon somehow to get over the mountains anything from a sack of flour to a half-sized church organ—and upon the back of a burro. At the very start of our recent pack trip, Jack Nankervis and I lost our horse wrangler. We hardly gave it a thought, save one of sympathy for a man who had attempted to do what he had done easily when twenty years younger, but who had fallen an easy prey to fatigue, to loss of spirit, to depression and to illness when he had attempted to carry age upon his shoulders over a trail which demanded youth. We were in pack country, mining country, timber country, country where the roads were few; where there were isolated settlements and little towns far from the railroad. Certainly there would be no difficulty ——

But before we had finished with our task we had enlisted the services of the entire forest-service division for that district—on the trail one turns to the ever-ready, efficient forest service for aid as an automobilist would hunt a garage—every livery-stable man and half a dozen other sources before finally Smith, the forest ranger, came to us, bearing in his wake a wide-eyed treasure in the form of Charlie.

A treasure in more ways than one. Charlie could pack. Charlie knew horses. But beyond all that, Charlie represented something more—a cross section of a fading existence; that country beyond the railroad where persons live in log houses and let the rest of the world go racing on while they continue to exist according to the traditions of fifty years ago, when the Rockies were new and a pay streak that would run a hundred dollars to the ton for a year or two meant solid comfort for the rest of one's life.

Charlie wanted the job. One could see it by the pop of his eyes, the nervous twitching of the hands, the excited way in which he followed us about—a thin, wiry young fellow, with tremendous boots covering the landscape—number elevens, as he later explained to us, because his big toes had departed a year or so ago under the weight of a falling sheet of steel in the building of a gold dredge—and an expression almost of piteous yearning as he trailed us and told us what a good boy he'd be if we'd only give him the job.

Which was a bit unusual, since he was the only one of his kind that we'd been able to find, and since the job which awaited him wasn't exactly a picnic. For a horse wrangler with a pack outfit has no sweet existence. As an example:

We were camped one morning high upon the Flat Tops, near what is left of the town of Carbonate—now merely so many rotting logs, with the weeds growing within, where once were sheltered human beings bent upon the grubbing of riches—where riches were not to be found. It was cold, in spite of the fact that the month was July. The wind, chill with the breath of the snowdrifts which lay on the ridges behind us, moaned through the misshapen timber-line trees and sent us more than once to the welcome warmth of the fire as we prepared the packs for the move of the day.

Long-Distance Horse Wrangling

But suddenly we halted in our activities. From over the hill, borne upon the shrill wind, had come the sound of a bell, to be followed a moment later by a string of horses moving steadily in single file as they dipped over the ridge, skirted our camp, and at a swift walk went onward into the distance, finally to disappear. A half hour passed, finally to display a speeding figure, coming over the rise on a fast lope and heading for Baldy, one of our string, staked out in the marsh grass.

"Thinks it's his horse," said Jack, and to circumvent a possible argument, I mounted Spot and moved forward. The flying horseman came closer—to pass Baldy and head straight for me.

"Got a cigarette?" he asked.

I replied that I had, and furnished it. Whereupon he puffed feverishly for a full minute. Then ——

"Seen anything of a bunch of horses?"

I had, and told him. He pushed forward a gloved hand.

"Lend me a couple more of them pills, won't you?" he begged. "To last me till I get back. I'm camp mover for the Big Bar sheep outfit, and them hosses fogged out on me during the night. Didn't think they'd be far away an' I left camp without breakfast, smokes or nothin'."

"How far have you come?" I asked.

"Fifteen miles," came the laconic answer as he stuffed half a package of cigarettes into his sheepskin-lined vest and put the spurs to his horse. "Bet I'll stake them babies out after this!"

Then he was gone, to a three-mile ride before he reached his runaways, and eighteen more back to camp, a total jaunt of thirty-six miles—just to bring in the horses!

Which may give a possible idea of the choice little duties of a horse wrangler. All in the world he has to do is to arise at four o'clock in the morning and slide forth into the frosty air of the continental divide, sashay through the high, wet grass, move in a seemingly aimless course here and there for half an hour until he picks up the trail of his animals, and then follow them down until at last he can catch the slight tinkle of the horse bell, attached to the most tractable creature, and finally bring them into camp. For horses will wander in spite of hobbles, in spite of everything.

One may search all afternoon for an ideal place in which to camp—the idealness of which is gauged entirely by water and good feed for the horses, with the humans of the outfit taking second place—one may hobble his horses and lead them into a perfect heaven of feed, with the best bunch grass in the whole Rocky Mountain region, with good dry spots for rolling and resting, and then—chase them five miles in the morning, because during the night they have taken a horse notion to see what is on the other side of the hill.

Why Charlie Wanted the Job

Once in the Rabbit Ear range, Jack and the wrangler and myself lost three hours in evading a tremendous section of tumbled rock which sheered off in precipitous drops, because we felt sure that if we ever attempted to make our objective by that course it would in all surety result in the death of one of our horses. So we made agonizing detours, and encountered stretches of deadfall which hemmed us in time after time until a means of exit seemed impossible. We forded creeks and dropped through long stretches of bog—thankful even for that, since it had saved us the danger of that tremendous stretch of rock. Then at last, congratulating ourselves upon our sagacity, we made camp, hobbled our horses and turned them loose into a perfect Eden of grass.

The next morning our wrangler arose, went whistling forth—and disappeared. An hour passed. Two. Then frantic calls for assistance from far away. He had found the horses, chain hobbles and all, upon the very pinnacle of that stretch of dangerous rock which we had worked the entire afternoon previous to avoid. Which forms one reason why horse wranglers are such excellent cussers, and why anybody, after a pack trip, can give Captain Kidd and all the rest of the pirate outfit cards, spades and big and little casino, and then beat them hands down at the use of staple and fancy cuss words. There is no animal in the world so lovable, so dependable, so faithful—and so downright ornery as a mountain pack horse!

Add to these little details the labor of saddling three or four horses, packing four more, riding twenty-five miles a day—one seldom makes more with a pack string—unpacking, feeding the animals, chopping wood for the camp fire and helping generally with the chores, all for three dollars a day, and one has a good idea of why Jack and myself were a bit surprised at Charlie's mad desire for that "position." Nor did the reason come out until that night, when, tremendous new spurs clanking proudly upon his number eleven boots, in spite of the fact that we had finished our riding some five hours before, Charlie and I went down to Twin Lakes to get some sucker minnows for the Mackinaw trout fishing of the following day.

"Well, I'll tell you," said Charlie as he tripped in the darkness over the three-inch shanks of those proud spurs—"I'll tell you just how it is. It's all right up here in the summertime when the tourists are comin' through an' you can make a few dollars doing chores or sellin' 'em sucker bait; but winter closes down in October and lasts

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until June, and then there ain't much happening except when somebody wants to borrow some wood and comes over to your house for it. And there ain't many jobs that a fellow'd have.

"Last winter I thought I had a good one. A man gave me a job of takin' the pay checks up to the Three Q mine. Well, I got about halfway there and a blizzard set in, and the next thing I knowed, there I was, snowed in, without nothin' to eat and no way to get out or nothin'. Guess I'd of died except that the fellows up at the mine waited three days for the pay checks, and when they didn't come, got sore and quit. Naturally, when they come down they found me and gave me somethin' to eat."

"And what had you done in the meanwhile?" I asked, as Charlie stumbled again over his wonderful spurs.

"Oh, stomped around to keep warm," he answered casually. "But that ain't all the reason I want to get out. I want to see the country!" he announced with a sudden flare of enthusiasm. "I want to get out and see how the other half of the world lives and see these big cities, like Denver. Then when I make enough money I want to take mamma down there to Denver so's she can see a street car!"

The Holding Hills

After that, the clanking of those gigantic spurs—I had given them to him more as a joke than anything else—was not quite so funny. A boy—he was little more—risking his life in a blizzard, subsisting for three days and nights without food, that he might buy a few sticks more of wood with which to resist the terrific winter of the high country. Thrilled with the idea of seeing a big city like Denver, and of living to see the day when he could take his mother there, and, a-thrill with her, in these days of airplanes, of an overabundance of civilization, enjoy the tremendous sight of seeing a tramcar come rumbling down the street!

It sounds impossible. Yet such conditions are not at all unusual in the high stretches of the Rockies, where the same little log cabin often shelters the children and grandchildren of pioneers who fought their way there sixty years ago.

People of the hills seem to care for little but to remain people of the hills. Nor does it always require distance and height and inaccessibility to hold them to that condition.

My little town of Idaho Springs is upon a railroad, only thirty-eight miles from Denver. It is on the Victory Highway, and sometimes during the tourist season as many as six thousand automobiles flood through it in a day. Yet a few years ago, while I was in the throes of putting on a mining celebration, I found one man who had not seen a city larger than this little town of fifteen hundred for more than forty years. As for the children ——

I've a friend, Sam Hamlin, who's one of these busy fellows who can't quit work when the day is done. So, just that he might keep his idle moments occupied, he took upon his shoulders the sweet enjoyment of building a Boy Scout band. He did. Then came Music Week in Denver a few years ago, and he lugged the band down there—to find about a third of it the most wonderful problem that he'd ever struck. They'd never before seen a city. They'd never stayed at a hotel. They'd never crossed a really busy street. They'd never seen a tall building.

And the climax came when one of them asked, as a street car passed, "Say, do you suppose if I went out there and put my foot on that track, it'd burn it?"

Which, however, is not a sign of the backwoods or of ignorance or of lack of educative facilities, for education is a fetish in the hills. It is simply the mountains, the spell of them, the holding power. They shut one in, they grasp one; there is nothing else beyond the steep wall which they throw about one's life. It is the end—that rim in the distance; it is sufficient—the mountains!

And so, knowing what was in his heart, we took Charlie forth into the wide, wide world, in spite of the fact that he had confessed that he really knew only the box hitch and a few other pack ties gained from his work of lugging down wood in the winter. But for that matter, there are many who say that they know the various ties of the old-time pack outfit, but who fail miserably when the time comes for really tying them.

The old-time packer has disappeared with the burro; the diamond hitch—a conglomeration of twists and loops and knots that are not knots at all, which hold steadily tighter with every new strain put upon them, yet which seemingly fall apart with a single yank at the proper spot—is rapidly taking its place in the regions of the extinct. The forest ranger usually knows, for he studies a book which gives him the details; now and then one will find an old prospector or sheepman, or perhaps a cowpuncher, who is up on the various ties, from the simple box tie on through the list to squaw hitch, the half diamond, the full diamond and even that dodo-like thing, the double diamond. But his kind is not cluttering up the trail these days by any means

For that matter, such ties are not needed in these days of packing, for the subject matter is not there to be tied. The greater use of panniers—but the packer calls them panyards—with their boxlike apertures, which hold every conceivable thing that a person can lug along, the flat throw of bedding lying over the horse's back and easily held in place with a simple tie leading to a cinch—these things obviate the necessity of the complicated throws of other days. Far more important that a man know horses, their capacity of accomplishment, and have the faith in them necessary to the negotiation of stretches of mountainous country that to the unpracticed eye would seem impossible.

For what a horse can do—and what a horse will do if he has faith in his master—is almost inconceivable; more when a horse finds the master he's really been waiting for.

When we bought Big Major over at the Evans ranch, the foreman let us set our own price.

"All I want you to do is to take that good-for-nothing bay away from here and never bring him back!" he announced with a disgusted wave of his arms.

"Is he bad?" asked Jack Nankervis, with all the innocence of a seasoned horse trader about to cut his former price in half.

"Bad?" asked the foreman. "He's worse than that. He's spooky, he's an outlaw, he's a horse fighter and everything else. Pay what you please for him. But don't you ever bring that son of a gun back to this ranch!"

The Trouble With Big Major

So Jack cut the price to a third, and someway we got Big Major over to Idaho Springs, where the assembled rodeo hands of the livery stable perched upon the corral fence, watched him chase the rest of the horses away from their food and decided to try him out with a saddle. They did. Some of them landed on their feet. The rest of them landed on other spots of the anatomy less resistive to bumps and bruises. After which Big Major was let alone until the day to pack out.

He bucked off his pack. Then, with the burden replaced, he made one wild sashay—and we caught him down at the ball park, a mile below town. After that, existence was one sweet dream of careening horseflesh—until Big Major met Charlie. It was love at first sight. More than that, it was worship, at least, on the part of the horse wrangler; to be followed by a marvelous discovery.

"Know what's wrong with that horse?" asked Charlie, as he and all his spurs came into camp one evening. "I've just been sittin' out there studyin' it over. And I've

(Continued on Page 164)

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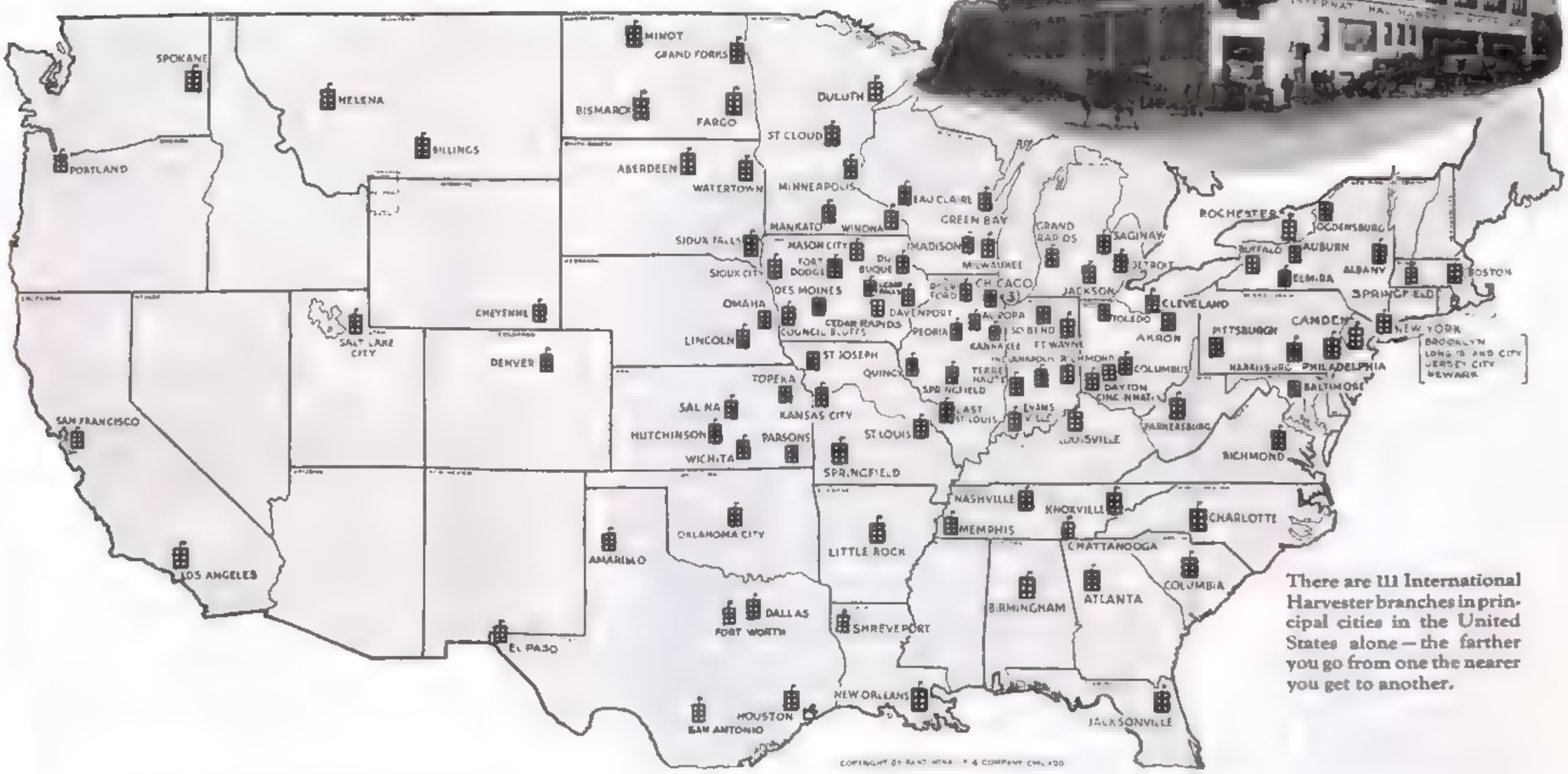

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tried it out too," he added as his eyes popped. "You see, he must have been beaten up awful at some time in his life, before he ever went over there to the ranch. That's why they didn't know what was wrong with him. Somebody must've just tore the daylights out of him around the head. Well, the result is that whenever anybody makes a quick move around him, he thinks he's goin' to get beat up again an' so he just protects himself. What you want to do is that stuff they do in the movies—what you call it?"

"Slow motion?" I asked.

"That's it, slow motion. Then he don't get scared."

"Then you do it," said Jack as he stuck his metal mirror in the loose bark of a near-by spruce in lieu of a nail and prepared to shave. "I've had enough of him. You will, too, the first time we get in trouble."

But Charlie thought otherwise. Day after day he worked with Big Major, always in slow motion. Day after day he reported his progress, while we listened merely for politeness. We knew that the instant the outfit got into difficulty the first horse to go plunging into the free and untamed, leaving his pack behind, would be Big Major. He was just built that way. Then came Lake Pass.

Going Straight Up

The forest service had been frank enough to say that they didn't think we could make it. The one or two mountaineers whom we had met along the way had shaken their heads when we talked of crossing it. At best it was little more than a sheep trail, winding up a sheer, vicious saddle where there was little else but rock, and the snow lay heavy there this year. If the trail should be snowed in ——

But we went on, higher, higher toward Red Mountain, with its bloody crest sticking above the heavy carmine-stained drifts which draped its head. Then to the left, where Grizzly Mountain rose ugly, aloof, menacing, its snow seeming to stand upright in fluted columns, and to the left of that ——

Lake Pass. A mere straight-up-and-down affair it seemed from the distance, a thing of impossibilities, rising out of the willows which, choked with snow themselves, formed the headwaters of a burbling stream. The trail was gone, buried under drifts a good twenty feet deep. But far at one end a rock slide, starting sheer at the top, flattened slightly, losing itself at last in the willows. And for that we headed.

The horses did not rebel. They only snorted their concern, and with mincing, careful steps, slowly began the ascent. Soon we were on our feet, leading them, the ascent taking us now into tangled masses of rock where even we stumbled; but the horses came faithfully on.

Higher, higher, with the slide becoming more precipitous in its grade. Now and then, when we would halt to allow the horses to blow, the three of us would go laboriously ahead, rolling the greater stones out of the means of ascent, then standing and watching them like awe-struck boys, as, crashing their echoes to the snowy hills about, they would go thundering down into the distance-filmy willows; or fill deceptive holes with smaller rocks, or bank a precipitous portion that our mounts might at least have a footing; then the grueling, precarious journey would go slowly onward.

Still higher, until the roughened flat portion of the rock slide which first we had treaded now seemed, from this height, as smooth as a motor highway, until the trail through the willows was a mere ribbon. And before us there loomed the Obstacle.

A drift lay above, a drift lay below, while between them was only a narrow strip of black seepage-moistened soil, its grade almost perpendicular, it seemed, its base treacherous and slimy as we floundered across it, then across again that we might create at least a semblance of a trail for the horses. There was no chance for leading an animal—the stumbling man in front might cause the beast behind him to turn ever so slightly, and that meant disaster. It fell to Spot and myself to try it out; and we went across, while my pack horses came trailing behind. Three were over, and the course free, at least to the tremendous drifts atop the pass itself, where fighting snow blindness from the dazzling sun of late June we might shovel through to the downward trail. Four horses were left. Over went Jack and Little Major, with the black—in all the trip he had no name that could go through the mails—and then Charlie and Barney and Big Major.

We waited, anxious, calling to Charlie meanwhile to keep a loose hold on that pack rope if ——

"Goin' to," came the faint voice of the wrangler. "'Tain't that he's spooked. But his hind legs've been givin' out on him. Them panyards is heavy. On that last stretch there, I thought sure he was goin'. Giddap, Barney!"

And Barney was over, while in the center of the slimy barrier a great bay slipped, struggled heroically for a footing, gained it, slipped again; and then, weakened legs no longer able to obey, swung wide while the pack rope swished from Charlie's hands, and we stood there, watching a magnificent piece of horseflesh go crashing down, turning over and over in the mad descent—down—down ——

We did not cry out. We did not even make a motion. One is too tired, too heartbroken in such times as this to do the ordinary thing. So we merely stood and watched—watched the flying legs of him, the arching of his back as he gained his feet for an instant and struggled with all the desperation of a doomed thing for a secure footing, only that he might swerve again, and then, the loose rocks crashing and screeching on their thousand-foot descent, go tumbling onward. Then suddenly a cry from Charlie—choked; he moved a hand awkwardly as though it could express what his lips had failed to do.

"He's made it!"

For there, far below, upon a ledge that was barely three feet wide, his packs awry, his legs braced, Big Major had come to his feet and was holding his position—for a time at least. But Jack and I could see but little hope in it all. A wrong motion and he would go on again, and this time there would be no stopping until his crushed body should lie motionless a thousand feet below. But even as we watched, a form had started slowly downward. Charlie was on the way to his beloved horse.

The Rescue of Major

"I'll get him," he called. "There's a chute off there to the left; I can work him up it."

"Yeh, if you can hold him long enough to straighten what packs are left," said Jack. "We'll ——"

"No! Don't you come!" Charlie had halted with his hands in the air. "Don't you come! He's liable to spook. Then he'll go on over. But I'll get him." Then slowly he went on, making his pace more and more snail-like as he approached the snorting, quivering beast. "Easy, boy!" he called softly. "Easy, Major, ole boy. It's just Charlie. I ain't goin' to hurt you. Easy, boy!"

His pace became like that of some mechanical thing—a leg moving inch by inch, an arm and body following it. At last he was within five feet of the horse. Then slowly closer—closer ——

A half hour later Jack and I halted in our task of shoveling at the top of Lake Pass and turned our burning, snow-reddened eyes toward welcome figures coming over the brow of the hill, Big Major and Charlie, on the trail once more. And someway it was only fitting when, weeks later, a long, long journey was completed, that Big Major, no longer an outlaw, and Charlie, grinning with happiness in his new possession, should go away together, to work on the Evans Road.

For one does become attached to horses that have been through the mill with him. When, for instance, they have carried him over ledges where the drop is two thousand feet downward, or through deadfall and snow and marsh and bog and rock slide; when the touch of the spur has sent them into swollen torrents, there to fight their way across on insecure footings and, at last on the other side, carry the outfit onward. One even comes to love such animals as the black, even though he hasn't a name for him that can be mentioned in any publication which must submit to postal regulations.

For the black was just one of those things. The first time he deliberately walked out on the side of a mountain with the most valuable pack in the whole outfit on his back, gave a queer little bob of his head, a wave of his tail, tripped over a log and rolled fifty feet down the side, it was serious. When we got him to his feet and he slipped and landed side down with his head under a few logs which necessitated chopping away, we decided that he was just unfortunate. Then when we had got him clear once more and I had moved the deadfall of half a mountain to provide an upward trail for him, and he had taken one look upward, reared and fallen straight backward into the creek, we knew he was our secret sorrow.

A Four-Footed Clown

He was just built for trouble, was the black. By the time he had draped himself on the other side of a few trees and nearly yanked Jack's arm from its socket, we decided to let him run free in his own childish way.

We tried to sell him in Leadville, but nobody seemed anxious. In Glenwood Springs we tried to give him away. No use. Two days later we were high upon the Flat Tops, balked by snow, and working our way down a rock slide to the trail again—a slide where every step must be a careful one, and where there was danger ——

To everyone but the black. He started at the end of the string. He knocked Big Major scrambling as he scraped past him, tangling their packs. He skirted Barney and Little Major and Baldy with the grace and abandon of a stringhalted elephant, skidded on a pile of shale rock, bumped into my pack horse, wound himself in the halter rope, unwound himself as rapidly, reached a spot within three feet of the bottom, stumbled, fell, picked himself up again and then, loping gayly, headed for a spot of green at the edge of the drift there, pack and all, rolled to his heart's content—until I got behind him and shot.

And then we knew his aim in life—to furnish the comedy, and after that the blankety-blank-blank black was not for sale.

For one laughs easily on an expedition where there is hard work and risks and excitement. One laughs as easily as one sleeps or as one eats. Nor is it a laugh to escape seriousness, for, after all, one does little worrying. There's always your horse and your faith in him, and the innate knowledge that somehow he'll get you to where you want to go, even though that going seems impossible. There's not even a qualm, a fear; as long as he's willing to take the chance, someway you feel that everything's all right.

We carried quite a medical kit on our journey off the trail, Jack and Charlie and I. We had everything that a smattering of surgery, gained in police-reporter days and a constant attendance of an emergency hospital, could recommend. We opened that medical kit twice. Once was when the black fell into the euphoniously named Soap Creek, and lay there taking sips of water until we could rope him out, while the packs grew wetter and wetter, which necessitated opening the kit to dry it out. The other was when Charlie came running goggle-eyed into camp, made one fell swoop, grabbed the iodine bottle and disappeared on the run—to kill two wood ticks that he'd discovered on his beloved Big Major!

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But if he should make a mistake, if by lack of skill or carelessness he should lessen her loveliness, then certain penalties, rising even to torture, were to be his. *And if in any way he should injure her hair, then death by various ingenious torments was to be his lot.* The Queen was wise. She knew that the essence of her beauty dwelt in her hair. There we have, without doubt, the first policy of *beauty insurance* ever drawn up.

Throughout the ages smart women, in one way or another, have insured their beauty. Today, at trifling cost, you can insure the one thing which, if it is beautiful, makes you beautiful, and which, if it is not beautiful, makes you plain and unattractive.

That one thing is—*your hair.*

Hair Insurance Is Beauty Insurance

Since history began mankind has realized that beautiful hair makes a woman beautiful and that she cannot be beautiful without it. If she has it, men are drawn to her; if a man has it, women are drawn to him. It is the first thing that snares a woman's fancy. If her hair is beautiful his hand yearns to touch it, just as her hand yearns to stroke his. The caress upon the head is far older than the caress upon the hand, or even that upon the lips.

There is real magic in the hair. Its silken strands trap hearts. Every woman is an enchantress, and her hair is the first and most potent of her charms.

In all books of beauty of all races, the first formulas and recipes are for the care of the hair.

Most important of all is proper shampooing. Nothing else has such real effect on the health and beauty of the hair. *Proper shampooing* brings out all the life and lustre, all the natural wave and color, and leaves it fresh-looking, glossy and bright.

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This cannot be done with ordinary soaps not adapted for the purpose. Besides, the hair cannot stand the *harsh effect of free alkali* which is common in ordinary soaps. The *free alkali* soon dries the scalp, makes the hair brittle and ruins it.

That is why millions of women are *insuring* the beauty of their hair by using Mulsified Cocoanut Oil Shampoo. This clear, pure and entirely greaseless product cannot possibly injure, and it *cannot dry the scalp or make the hair brittle*, no matter how often you use it.

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You will notice the difference *instantly.* Your hair will be brighter, softer, silkier and more fluffy, and you will be delighted to see it sparkle and glow with new life, lustre and loveliness.

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A MAN OF PLOTS

(Continued from Page 27)

He concealed his chagrin. He had no intention of putting his services on a wage basis. "You don't have to pay me anything," he replied. "I'll just see the business goes all right. I can stir things up enough to pay me."

"Any money comes in comes to me," she said stiffly. "If you want to work down there I'll hire you; but I ain't going to pay you for standing around and making talk."

He bit back his rising irritation and smiled. "I'm not asking pay for anything I do for you, ma," he rejoined. She received this in a silence which he found vaguely disquieting. "I'm just aiming to show you the mill can do better than it has been doing; that's all. Time enough to talk about pay afterward." He was anxious to change the subject. "How's the orchard, Sam?" he asked.

Sam said discreetly, "Good shape, Newt."

"I didn't more'n half look it over the other day," Newt explained. "I'm coming over again with you next Sunday."

"Glad to have you any time," Sam agreed.

"We can make that do better than three or four mills," Newt declared.

After supper, and while Mrs. Dunnack cleared away, the two brothers went out-of-doors and walked down to the mill. Sam had filled a pipe and was smoking; they talked for a few moments at random, but Newt, full of the irritation aroused by his mother's attitude, was anxious to sound Sam.

He said at last, upon the heels of a brief silence, "Ma's getting kind of unreasonable, ain't she?"

Sam looked mildly surprised. "I always got along with ma."

Newt laughed. "Oh, get along with her, sure. You have to humor her though. She's old, of course. You can't expect different."

"She was kind of changed the last year or so before pa died," Sam confessed.

Newt nodded. "Yes, I thought so. I can see a big difference in her. Being away long as I have. She don't take hold of things way she used to."

Sam grinned. "Looked to me she brought you up with your toes a-digging about the mill," he remarked.

"She didn't understand," Newt protested. "Idea her thinking I wanted a job as a mill hand. I can earn good money any time. I was just figuring to help her along. We've got to take care of her, Sam."

"Sure," Sam agreed. "Yes, we've got to take care of ma."

"She's old."

"Yeah; yes, she's getting old."

Newt was momentarily silent, busy with his own thoughts. He had a glimpse of some attractive prospect, dimly seen; groped for it without being able to lay his hands upon it. He said thoughtfully, "She's cranky."

"Well, she's just set in her ways, I guess," Sam replied idly.

Newt shook his head, choosing his words. "No, it's more than that. She don't eat hardly a thing; and the way she runs the house you'd think she didn't have any money at all. Won't burn but one lamp, and keeps that so low you can't read. Burns slabs from the mill instead of decent firewood. And she never goes out of the house hardly. There've been times since I come home, Sam, didn't seem to me she was right in her head."

Sam looked at his brother curiously. His reply came in a slow drawl. "That so?"

"She's a little bit off, some ways, Sam," Newt insisted.

Sam knocked out his pipe and stuffed it in his pocket; he turned aside. "Guess I'll walk down to the store, Newt," he said in a final tone. "You want to come along?"

Newt shook his head. "Got some figuring to do," he replied.

His thoughts were ringing with an intangible inspiration; he wished to lay hands on it. So he stayed where he was while Sam strolled slowly away along the road toward the village.

VII

NEWT said no more to Sam at that time about the idiosyncrasies of his mother. There was, he told himself, no hurry; there could be no profit in alarming Sam unnecessarily. If he was wrong in suspecting that Mrs. Dunnack's mind was unhinged, then all the more should he keep that suspicion to himself; if he was right and she was indeed surrendering to her years and the burden of her long life, then there was no cause for haste, no need to distress Sam before it became necessary. Newt did not blink the facts. If Mrs. Dunnack was losing her mind, then something would eventually have to be done about it, some steps taken to protect her from herself. He would cope with that necessity when it arose. For the present he was content to hold his tongue, keep his thoughts to himself, and consider the possibility in all its aspects so that his own course of action should in the end be well devised.

In the meantime there were other matters requiring his attention. He spent a good deal of time with Mrs. Dunnack, doing all in his power to ingratiate himself with his mother and impress her with his wisdom, his good humor and his value to her. In spite of his disappointment in the matter of the mill—he had counted upon taking the reins of that business immediately into his own hands and controlling its finances himself—he did not give over his interest in the establishment. Most of every day he spent in the mill shed, watching the work, talking with Herb Faller, supervising the task of moving an unusually heavy log onto the carriage. Faller remarked that Newt seldom took a hand in this labor, where another man's strength would have been helpful.

"He don't sweat himself none," he commented to one of the other men, and spat sidewise in the sawdust on the floor.

Nevertheless there could be no question that Newt's supervision accomplished some improvement. Slabs, hitherto left almost where they fell, were neatly piled and as occasion offered they were run across the saw, and thus cut into suitable stovewood lengths. The floor was kept free of sawdust; and this accumulation of years, in places inches deep, when it was removed revealed even more serious weaknesses in the floor than Faller himself had suspected. Slabs were nailed here and there in patchwork fashion to hide these wounds. One corner post, which sagged in a particularly distressing way, Newt directed should be jacked up and more flat stones put under it. Within a few days there was apparent a decided improvement in the appearance of the mill, and by the same token a slight increase in the amount of work done each day. Newt did not fail to call this to the attention of his mother, not as one presenting a claim, but rather in a tone of good-humored tolerance of the slackness of Faller and his men.

At the same time Newt's thoughts were busy with the matter of Sam, and the orchard, and Linda Trask; and on Wednesday night Newt remarked to his brother, "I want to go over to the orchard again with you this week, Sam. See what we need to do to get ready for picking."

Sam said mildly, "I figure on going over tomorrow to kill borers. I can use you."

Newt shook his head. "Got to see a couple of men about lumber," he replied. "And I can't be away from the mill."

Mrs. Dunnack, listening, glanced at Newt and then at Sam; and Sam chuckled a little. "Well, it is kind of hard on the knees," he agreed. "Going after borers all day."

Newt laughed. "Oh, I don't pretend to be much for working with my hands," he confessed. "I make my head do the work for me."

"You'd look kind of funny killing borers with your head," Sam said whimsically, and Newt laughed again.

"You kill the borers and I'll run the orchard for you," he promised amiably. "You be the hands, and I'll take the head work as my share."

Sam made no protest at this, good-humoredly retorted, "All right. If I need any head work I'll come to you."

He spent Thursday at the orchard, and Friday and Saturday of that week he was at home, busy with the work always to be done about the house and barn. Newt puttered with him, but indolently; and he talked a great deal, while Sam worked and appeared to listen, answering indifferently when Newt asked him a direct question. But Sunday morning at breakfast, when Sam said he intended to drive over to the orchard that day, Newt announced that he would go along.

"Ma can get along without me today," he explained.

"I don't aim to do any work today," Sam said, in a warning tone and with a grave eye; and Newt laughed aloud.

"Have your fun," he retorted. "I'm not ashamed of dodging work. You can hire plenty of men to do that kind of work, Sam."

"Kind of hard to hire a man to do anything around here," Sam replied. "Most folks got their own chores to keep them busy." He added, more soberly, "I kind of figured on having dinner at Trask's. That'd leave ma alone if you went."

"She won't mind that," Newt replied. "Save her getting dinner."

"Dunno as Mrs. Trask's figuring on you."

Newt laughed. "I'll fix that," he promised. "We'll stop on the way over and see what she says."

Sam said indifferently, "Oh, well."

And an hour later he hitched the horse to the buggy, and Newt joined him in the barnyard, and they drove away toward the village. Mrs. Dunnack, who had been in the kitchen at their departure, went into the front room to watch them drive down to the road. She watched these two sons of hers with a curious attention, as though some anxiety preyed heavily upon her heart; and her hand pressed against her worn old mouth as though to hold back speech, during the long minutes before they went out of sight around the farther curve in the road.

Newt, on that drive, asked questions about the orchard.

"I'd forgot that pa had planted them trees," he confessed. "I remember now, though. That used to be his pa's farm, didn't it?"

Sam nodded. "There was some old trees on it; but they were mostly dying off. Pa had an idea apples would be a good crop up there, so he set out some young trees. Then it was kind of slow business, waiting for them to come to bearing; and I guess he got tired of it. Anyway, he didn't go near the place except to pick what apples there was."

"That was pa, all right. He was always one to have a lot of big plans, and let them lie afterward."

"I kind of like apple trees," Sam explained, his eyes thoughtfully drifting across the countryside ahead of them. "I went up to Monroe one year with the Farm Bureau to see the orchards there. Farmers up there have done pretty well with apples; doing better all the time. It got me started, so I begun to take a day when I could, and work on them trees of pa's."

"An orchard needs a pile of work," Newt prompted.

Sam nodded thoughtful assent. "It does that," he agreed. "The more I studied it, the more I could see to do. Pruning them, and cultivating around them, and grafting them over, and all. They could stand a lot more'n I give them. The old trees is mostly dead, now; but I noticed that shoots would come up from the roots, so I left them and grafted them over, and they've done mighty well. Better than the ones pa planted. And I've bought some young trees."

Newt asked shrewdly, "Done pretty well out of it?"

Sam shook his head. "I ain't figured on that, much. I've took what I made to buy a spraying machine, and things I needed, and new trees, spreading out all I can. There's a nice patch of land down below I want to buy and add on, maybe next year if the crop's good. I get my pay out of watching them grow. An apple tree's mighty near human, when you get to know them."

"Guess you kind of figured you owned the orchard, after a spell, pa letting you do all the work, didn't you?"

"Never thought much about it," Sam replied.

"He give it to you, didn't he?" Newt asked. "Didn't ma say he did?"

The younger brother nodded. "Yes, he give it to me, year or so ago."

"Guess you had to go some to talk him into that," Newt suggested.

Sam shook his head, quite undisturbed. "Huh-uh! It was his idea." He grinned at his brother. "Pa never got over his grudge at you, you know. He always did say you'd skin the gold teeth out of your grandma after she was dead. He used to tell ma and me that soon as he died you'd come home and try to get ahold of things."

Newt felt a very definite concern; he watched Sam closely, trying to discover whether his brother had taken this warning seriously. "Guess you know better than that," he said warmly.

Sam chuckled. "Well," he replied, "you come home."

Newt laughed, a little too loudly. "You and pa always were a lot alike!" he exclaimed. "Great hands for joking a man. I was always kind of sorry about my row with pa."

"I knowed you would be," Sam commented, his tone friendly enough; and Newt was reassured. He had been afraid for a moment that Sam was not so simple as he seemed.

Their way beyond the village led down hill and across a level lowland where young timber stood thick on one side of the road, then up a long and gradual ascent to the orchard. As they climbed they began to catch glimpses of the farther valley to the north, swamp land and heavily wooded, Sebacook Pond lying like a mirror in the center, the pale blue of the hills beyond.

Sam's eyes were often turned that way; he said once, in a thoughtful tone, "I get a pile of comfort out of the country around here. It's right pretty, seems to me."

"That's about all there is to keep a man here," Newt commented unguardedly. "Things to look at."

"Guess you won't be staying long," Sam remarked.

And Newt replied, "Long as I'm needed; that's all."

They came presently before the Trask farmhouse; and Sam turned into the barnyard. "Might as well leave the horse here," he suggested. "It ain't but a little ways to walk up the hill, and I can tell them you want to come to dinner."

"You put the horse in the barn," Newt directed. "I'll talk to Mrs. Trask."

He went toward the kitchen door, where Trask had appeared at the sound of their arrival, and the farmer came out to meet him. Sam saw their encounter before he went into the barn. When he came out Newt and Trask were sitting on the porch steps, and Sam went toward them and Newt rose, with a gesture of farewell toward the farmer.

"Pleased to have you," Trask said in a monotonous tone. "Pleased to have you any time. I'll tell ma you'll be here. Her and Linda have walked down in the field to pick some berries."

(Continued on Page 171)

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With a drink so good, 'tis folly to be thirsty

RE-FRESH YOURSELF! FIVE CENTS IS THE PRICE

Is it a furnace?

NO! For it requires no basement—and fits into the living room like any other good looking piece of furniture

Is it a stove?

NO! For it REPLACES two or three stoves and circulates a volume of fresh warm air that heats the whole home upstairs and down

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CABINET HEATER

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To do the greatest good to the greatest number, hospitals, schools, hotels, factories, stores, public buildings and other properties whose destruction would cause loss or misery to many people are naturally given preference in fire prevention service. But any Hartford agent can apply for fire prevention service in connection with any Hartford policy.

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INSURE IN THE

HARTFORD FIRE INSURANCE COMPANY

HARTFORD, CONNECTICUT

The Hartford Fire Insurance Company and the Hartford Accident and Indemnity Company write practically every form of insurance except life

Continued from Page 166

"I promised Sam I'd show him some things about the orchard," Newt explained, and he went to meet Sam.

Sam called a word of greeting to Trask; then he and his brother turned through the lane and up across the pasture toward where the orchard lay. Down toward the woods below them Newt could see the figures of Linda and her mother stooped over the clumps of berries, but Sam gave them no heed. He walked with a slow stride which nevertheless forced Newt to a puffing pace; and when the two brothers came to the orchard Sam wandered along the rows of trees, eying each one appraisingly, and now and then he reached up to brush off a sucker with his bare hand, and once or twice he took out his knife and did a little pruning. They came to the shed of rough lumber in which Sam kept his spraying machine and other tools, and where he sometimes spent a night when it seemed convenient. The shed was set at the rear of the orchard, in the edge of a clump of black growth where a little trickle of water flowed from some persistent spring; and when the brothers went inside Newt saw that Sam had a stove here, and some canned victuals, and coffee and the like.

"Why, you're all fixed up to start housekeeping here," he chuckled. "Running water at the front door, and all."

Sam nodded. "I stay here sometimes; used to when pa was alive, or Aunt Em to keep ma company."

"If you wanted to get married all you'd have to do would be to put in a double bed," Newt suggested.

There was something in his tone which made Sam uncomfortable.

"I ain't ever figured any on getting married," he replied.

While Newt watched, Sam got out his bit of wire, his cotton wadding, and the bottle of poison with which he was accustomed to plug the holes made by borers; and Newt asked, "Going to put in some work, after all?"

"You can watch and see how it's done," Sam replied amiably. "Set down and rest yourself. I'm always doing more or less when I'm here."

"I'll look around," Newt replied. "Not much excitement in watching you work. If you don't see me I may go on down to the house. Don't forget to come down to dinner."

"I'll be down," Sam assured him.

He moved up the hill and Newt followed and watched him for a while, and then drifted away through the orchard. Sam, moving from tree to tree with an eye for the little heaps of sawdust at the foot of an occasional trunk which showed where a borer had found lodging, nevertheless managed to keep Newt within sight for a time; but at length he lost the other, and thereafter worked with more singleness of mind.

Newt, so soon as he was sure that Sam could no longer see him, left the orchard and started down the hill toward the Trask place. He thought he might discover Linda and her mother still picking berries; but they were nowhere in sight, and he went on to the house and found that they had returned and were at work preparing dinner. Trask was sitting on the porch outside the open kitchen windows. Newt spoke to him, then went to the kitchen door to make his peace with Mrs. Trask.

"Don't know as you think much of me coming in on you without an invitation this way," he suggested apologetically.

"Glad to have you," she replied. "Sam's here a good parcel of the time. I dunno why you shouldn't come too!" There was a suggestion of asperity in her tone.

Newt saw Linda watching him from the table where she was rolling out pie crust. He smiled at her.

"Always like to see a pretty girl making a pie," he declared zestfully. "Pie tastes better every time, when you know the girl that made it. I'm right glad I'm here."

"Ma makes better pies than I do," Linda replied; but he saw her faintly color with embarrassed pleasure.

"I'm a judge of pie," Newt assured her. "You'll have to let me decide, sometime. Mrs. Trask looks as though she could make a fine pie, but I expect she's taught you all she knows."

"I never could cook with a man in the kitchen," Mrs. Trask retorted. "You best set outside with pa."

Newt nodded. "If you want any sampling done, just call on me," he suggested; and took himself out to the porch again.

He sat down beside Trask on the steps and began to talk to the man; and conscious of the fact that the door and the windows behind him were open, he took care to raise his voice sufficiently so that Linda might hear. His talk was commonplace enough; yet he knew that for them it wore a certain glamour. He spoke of work he had done, of positions he had held; he mentioned casually a salary which made Trask gape. He brought in names with which he knew these people, reading a daily paper religiously from front to back, must be familiar; and he spoke these names as though the men who bore them were his intimates. Yet he was shrewd enough to color all his conversation with a becoming modesty, and to avoid any direct statement that might have been controverted.

Once Linda came out to fill a pail of water from the pump in the yard, and Newt rose and laid his hand on the bail and said, "I'll do that."

She shook her head, retaining her hold. "You stay and talk to pa," she urged.

Newt laughed. "Now wouldn't any man rather work for you than sit and loaf with your father? How about it, Mr. Trask?"

He included the farmer in the jest, and Trask grinned, and Linda smiled, and Newt took the bucket from her and went to the pump. He had expected her to follow him, but she stood on the porch and waited, and he had to turn his back toward them while he pumped. He felt momentarily uncomfortable and uneasy, since Newt always liked to have his eye upon things; and he was glad when the bucket was filled and he could return and carry it into the kitchen for her.

She opposed his doing this, would have taken it from him; but here again he overbore her. He reminded himself that women liked such attentions; and he compelled her to let him do as he wished, understanding that a woman can acquire the habit of submitting to a man. To surrender is a trick easily learned and not so easily forgotten.

Sam appeared a little later; and Newt thought there was a suggestion of haste in his stride as he came down the hill; and he wondered if Sam was apprehensive, and chuckled inwardly.

Mrs. Trask heard Sam's arrival and called sharply from the kitchen, "Dinner won't be ready for an hour yet."

Sam replied, in apology, "Guess I lost count of the time. I figured it was later."

He sat down with Trask and Newt; and Newt took up where he had left off the tale of his own greatness. From his position, his shoulders resting against one of the posts that supported the veranda roof, he could watch a window of the kitchen behind Sam's back; and once or twice he saw Linda appear like a shadow in this window and look covertly out at them. Newt pretended not to see.

When at last dinner was ready and they went into the dining room Newt drew out her chair for Mrs. Trask to sit down; and a moment later, Linda returning from the kitchen with a dish of peas, he did like service for her.

She protested, "I've got to fetch the corn."

But he said authoritatively, "You sit down and I'll get it."

"It's all dished up," she uncertainly assented, and found herself sitting down without meaning to do so, while Newt brought the corn from the kitchen.

His place during dinner was at one side of the table, and opposite him Sam and Linda sat. Sam ate silently and with a certain appetite; but Newt saw that Linda was watching him, and he took occasion to praise the victuals set before them, to speak approvingly of this and that, yet refused a second helping.

"I've trained myself to eat sparingly," he explained. "I find I'm better for it."

"A man that does more work needs more victuals," Sam suggested whimsically. "You ought to try it once."

Newt chuckled, and explained to the others. "Sam don't think much of me because I don't like to work with my hands," he told them. "But I'm used to letting my head save my hands. Suits me better that way."

Sam relapsed into silence, and Newt thereafter dominated the conversation. He told a story or two that made them laugh, made Linda laugh immoderately, so that she was covered with a pleasant confusion at her own mirth. The man knew how to be agreeable; he was satisfied with his efforts this day.

After dinner there was another interval during which Sam and Newt and Trask sat on the porch while the two women cleared up the dishes. Sam left them once and went into the kitchen and helped wipe dishes there; and Newt could hear his slow tones as he talked to Linda and her mother. But Newt did not begrudge Sam this opportunity. He preferred for his own operations a more attractive scene.

When by and by the work was done and they all came out on the porch Newt found the chance he sought. Sam had brought out a rocking-chair for Mrs. Trask, and done it so clumsily that he stuck one rocker through the screening on the door. He was confused by this, and went into the shed to get a piece of screen with which to mend the rent.

Trask watched apathetically, not moving from his seat; and while Sam was gone Newt said to Linda, "Isn't that your flower garden down below the house?"

She nodded. "Ma's and mine," she replied.

"I saw it as I came up," he said. "I wanted to take a closer look at it. Come around with me."

She hesitated, looking uncertainly toward the shed, and toward her mother. Newt guessed that she sought some way to evade his request; so instead of waiting for her he himself started toward the corner of the house. She could not well call after him that she was not coming; so she was forced to follow, and when he saw that she would come he waited for her.

They walked together to and fro among the flowers, and he asked questions about them, pretending an interest equal to his ignorance. He said it was a shame so few farmhouses had attractive flowers about them.

"This could be beautiful country if folks took care of things like that," he declared, and she agreed with him warmly.

He led her into talking eagerly about this matter which was evidently dear to her.

"I guess Sam's idea of flowers is apple blossoms," he suggested at length, watching her closely.

And she checked herself, and nodded. "He thinks a lot of a tree," she agreed.

"You and Sam pretty good friends, aren't you?" he asked.

"Why, we've seen him a lot since he started working the orchard," she assented.

"Sam's a nice fellow, and you're a mighty nice girl. It's a wonder you haven't got married long ago," he declared boldly; and he saw the color flood her cheeks, and then she smiled, a faint touch of awkward coquetry in her eyes.

"Why, we never thought of such a thing as that!" she said emphatically.

He chuckled. "Bet he's never asked you?" Before she could answer, however, he turned back toward the house. "He won't like my keeping you around here," he said. "We'd best go back and sit down."

Newt was wise enough to know that she would have been willing to provoke Sam by staying longer; he knew she was not yet ready to return to the others; and he

(Continued on Page 173)

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A BRAND new Peter's five-cent package!

Five croquettes of smooth rich chocolate, each one sealed in its own separate wrapping of silvery foil—kept fresh until you want to eat it.

And in every one the famous Peter's blend of rich milk and choice cocoa beans—perfected by Daniel Peter over half a century ago and kept secret from that day to this. That is why only in Peter's will you find this perfect blend.

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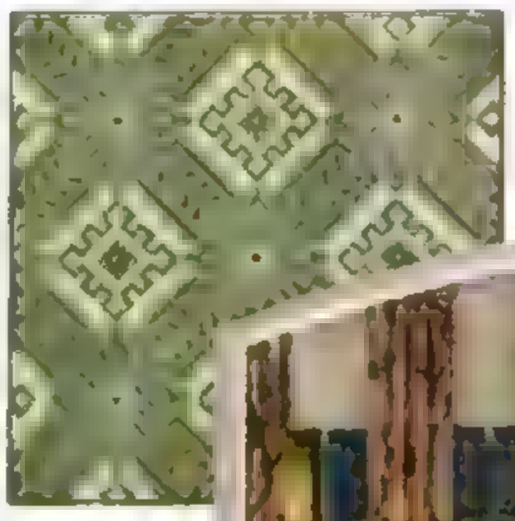
Floors of *New* beauty for floors that are *Old*

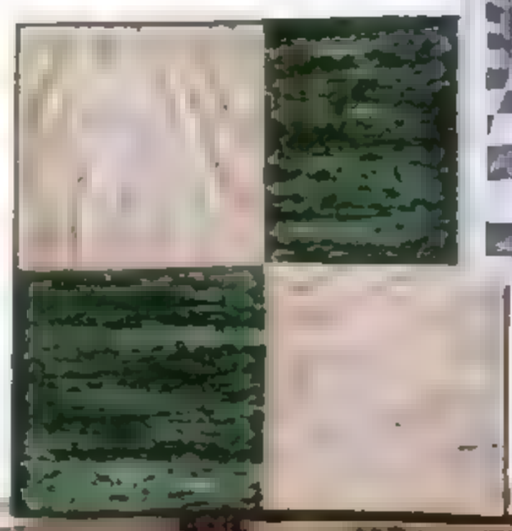
Home decorators find happy inspiration in the new Armstrong pattern floors. Can be laid quickly—no dirt, dust, or bother. Waxed and polished, these floors should last a lifetime of the hardest wear.

A marble inlaid floor of Armstrong's Linoleum adds vigor and interest to this attractive living-room. In the combination living- and dining-room below, a brown Jaspé linoleum floor softens and warms the whole decorative scheme



Right—Inlaid Pattern No. 72

Left—Inlaid Pattern No. 5412.



WHEN you see these new floors—when you learn how quickly they can be installed in your own home—you will say "Good-bye" to the splintery, worn-out wood floors that tire you every cleaning day.

Just think—you can walk on these bright new floors the same day they are laid! No shavings or dust to clean up. No damage to expensive hangings, to fine furniture. In a day's time you can have floors of new beauty for floors that are old.

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Tell the merchant what day you want the floor installed. Expert layers will cement your pretty Armstrong floor in place over a lining of builders' deadening felt. The seams and edges will be tightly joined and sealed with waterproof cement. The whole surface will be rolled smooth and firm.

Beautiful patterns meet every decorative need

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A few of these designs are shown on this page. You can see many more at local stores—all created by expert designers to meet every decorative need. The colorings and patterns will delight you—the moderate cost of a permanent floor of Armstrong's Linoleum will surprise you.

Hazel Dell Brown, in charge of our Bureau of Interior Decoration, will gladly work with you in planning the furnishings and decorations for your home. Merely describe for her the room or group of rooms you intend to redecorate. She will send you complete color schemes with samples of materials and also color reproductions of new pattern floors especially suitable for your home. This service costs you nothing.

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Write for this new book

Agnes Foster Wright's new book, "Floors, Furniture, and Color," contains correct color schemes for all types of homes, all kinds of rooms. Write for it, enclosing 25 cents (60 cents in Canada). Address Armstrong Cork Company, *Linoleum Division*, 857 Liberty St., Lancaster, Pa.

Look for the CIRCLE A *trade-mark on the burlap back*

Ⓐ

Armstrong's Linoleum *for every floor in the house*

(Continued from Page 171)

was secure in the knowledge that by suggesting their return he had provoked and disappointed her.

She would, he felt sure, have him much in her mind hereafter.

VIII

DURING the succeeding days Newt, who felt very well pleased with his small initial success with Linda, transferred his attention to the question of his mother's sanity. He set himself quite deliberately to watch her as she moved about the details of her frugal housekeeping. When she did anything that seemed to him unusual, or open to criticism, he weighed the circumstance in his mind, took it with him in his thoughts, viewed it from every angle, and tried to decide whether it was in fact an indication of a wandering mind. He was not yet committed even in his own thoughts to the proposition that his mother was becoming feeble-minded. He was simply watching her to discover if this was or was not the case, and he supplemented his own observation now and then by casual inquiries here and there about the village.

At Bissell's store, in the evening, he sometimes related a thing she had done; told the tale in a tone of good-humored jest, as though he were merely chronicling the queerness of a person whom everyone knew to be queer. He hoped by this device to bring others to the point of similar narration, but for the most part the cautious taciturnity inherent in these folk, and their distrust of Newt, whose ten years' sojourn elsewhere had made him for all practical purposes a stranger, defeated his purpose. Only Will Belter one night rose to the bait.

Newt had said to Gay Hunt, "Ma tells me you put up the price of milk on her."

Hunt nodded his assent. "I don't see why I shouldn't," he replied. "It costs enough to keep a cow, and if she ain't willing to have one, with you and Sam both round the place to chore up, I don't know why she shouldn't pay a fair price to them as is. If she wants to take a quart I can make her a better price."

Newt laughed and shook his head. "You can't talk ma into taking a quart of milk," he replied. "She always has took a pint since pa quit keeping cows, and that's reason enough for her; but you'd of laughed to hear her take on about that extra cent you charged her."

"She give me a hard look," Gay agreed; "I knowed she was mad. I ain't lived, you might say, right across the road from Abel Mudie and his family for forty year without knowing the way a Mudie takes on over paying out a little money."

"Why, she ripped and tore somethin' scandalous for her," Newt assured him. "She said she guessed you was like everybody else around here, and thought she was made of money, and she'd be beat if she didn't try and get her milk from somebody else." He laughed and clapped his hand upon his knee. "Yes, sir, she was certainly in a way," he said, and laughed again.

None of the others in the store laughed with him; but Will Belter, who had always a genius for discovering the most recent, the most interesting, and the most damaging information about his neighbors, nodded his head eagerly.

"I can imagine it," he declared. "I mind the time when your pa was alive, he dickered with Chet McAusland for two pigs, and they made a trade, and your pa took the pigs home and told her what he paid for them and she wouldn't stand for it. She made him lug them right back up the hill to Chet's."

Chet was in the store at the time and Newt looked across at him and asked, "That so, is it, Chet?"

McAusland, a man not given to speaking ill of his neighbors, said lightly, "Why, I didn't think anything about it. I thought Sam was paying me about all the pigs was worth, and when he said Mrs. Dunnack figured it was too much—why, I made a new trade with him, and sold him the pigs, anyway."

"I remember hearin' Sam tell you she took on, though," Will Belter insisted stubbornly; and Newt chuckled.

"Yes, sir, I guess she would," he agreed. "Pa was no hand at a trade; he never got anything but the worst of it in his life."

With this exception Newt was never able to trap any of the people of the village into a discussion of his mother's idiosyncrasies, and after a time he became satisfied that he could expect nothing from them. Driven thus to rely upon his own resources, he continued to watch her daily movements with a shrewd and attentive eye. He could not fail to understand that if she were indeed lacking in wit, then someone else should be administering her affairs. He was himself quite ready to assume this rôle, and he thought of proposing such an arrangement to his mother; but something forbidding in the attitude toward him of the grim old woman, compelled him for a time to hold his tongue.

Nevertheless, as the days passed and he began to get a more definite idea of the extent of her affairs, his appetite increased. One day she sold, at a good price, the overripe stand of hay upon two or three abandoned farms along the Liberty road, which she had bought at tax sales a few years before. The Mudies were the only people in Fraternity who ever bought any of the farms thus sold. The other local folk, either for fear of giving offense or from a native sympathy for those who had succumbed to the burdens which pressed upon them all so heavily, invariably ignored these sales, so that the town could only take tax deeds to the farms, more and more numerous every year, which were abandoned.

On another day Newt discovered that his mother owned two well-kept houses in the village, from which she collected a respectable rental. One night a chance remark made at Will Bissell's revealed to him the fact that she was also the owner of a small building used as a store in West Fraternity.

As discovery thus piled upon discovery, Newt's eagerness to have some hand in her affairs increased. One day she and Sam drove into town together, and while they were gone he moved restlessly about the house and the mill. Faller and the other men at the mill remarked that his usual effusive good humor was lacking; that he seemed, for the first time in their experience with him, definitely irritable; that once or twice he swore. And when in the late afternoon Sam and his mother came home, and Mrs. Dunnack went immediately about preparing supper, Newt took Sam aside to question him. He asked what they had done in town, and Sam said frankly that his mother had gone to the bank.

"What did she have to do there?" Newt demanded.

Sam said amiably, "Why, she's got some bonds and things in the vault there. Had to cut the coupons."

Newt shook his head. "I tell you, Sam, we've got to look out for ma," he declared.

Sam smiled. "I never heard but what ma could look out for herself," he replied.

"She's getting old," Newt told him; "she ought not to have to bother about things like that. I'm here at home now, and I can stay if I have to, and run things for her. I've had experience that way."

"You better tell her so," Sam suggested.

Newt nodded vigorously. "I'm going to talk to her tonight after supper," he declared. "You back me up, Sam."

Sam shook his head. "You fix it up yourself if you want to," he replied. "I've got enough business of my own to look after."

Newt felt in Sam's manner a more or less indefinite opposition, but he had assured himself a week before that he could always persuade Sam to do as he should choose. So now in his calculations he ignored his brother's attitude, and after supper, while Mrs. Dunnack washed the dishes, Newt went into the dining room and sat down beside the table, preparing what he had to say.

He had been as a boy quite definitely in awe of his mother. She had those qualities of thrift and severity which appealed to him. At the same time, he had been upborne by a feeling that she discovered in him similar qualities, manifested even in his boyhood, and that she was pleased with this discovery. Since his recent homecoming he had found her manner toward him rather more forbidding than he had expected; had an intangible sense that there was in him something which bitterly she disapproved. This now impaired his confidence in his own powers to persuade her.

He was well pleased when Sam decided to walk down to the store. Newt knew that Sam would not return until the lights at the store were extinguished; would be away until nine o'clock or later. If he failed in the attempt he contemplated, Sam would at least not be a witness to his discomfiture.

Mrs. Dunnack, the dishes done, blew out the lamp in the kitchen—there was never any use in wasting oil—and came into the dining room, where Newt was pretending to read an old magazine. She sat down in her chair, erectly as she always sat, her arms folded rigidly across her bosom, and Newt heard her utter something like a little sigh. He was sufficiently quick-witted to seize upon this as offering an opening he had expected to have to contrive.

"Tired, ma?" he asked.

"Kind of," she confessed.

"Long trip to town," he suggested.

"Seems like to me it gets longer all the time," she agreed.

"If I was you I wouldn't go to town only when I had to," Newt told her.

She said indefinitely, "That's the way I aim to do."

"You didn't have anything to do in town today, did you, except just cut some coupons?"

Her head swung a little, and she looked at him, her eyes level and piercing. "That's all," she replied steadily, watching her son.

He turned in his chair, and put his elbows on the table between them, and pushed the lamp a little out of the way, so that they were squarely face to face.

"You ought to let Sam and me look after that sort of thing," he proposed; and even as he spoke, felt a sudden chill in his breast at his own temerity, so that his voice was near failing him.

Mrs. Dunnack seemed to weigh his words attentively. She said in the tone of one calling attention to a not insuperable obstacle, "Sam ain't much of a hand for anything outside of the orchard."

Newt was immensely relieved. He felt that she had received his suggestion in an agreeable spirit. He pressed on more boldly, laughed a little, and made a large gesture with his hand.

"I know, I know," he agreed; "Sam's like pa was. You always had to do the thinking for pa and for yourself, too; but you're getting old, ma. It ain't right you should be bothered this way, and I'm at home now. I've been in business ten years, and you know I always did understand things like that. I never was beat at a trade. You ought to let me take care of things for you."

She sat for a moment, motionless, and then she began to rock in her chair, leaning back from the table, her eyes falling to rest upon her thin knees. She had worn her black silk dress to town, and since their return was late she had not taken time to change it before preparing supper. She saw now that there was a wrinkle in the stiff silk across her right knee, and she smoothed it out with a slow movement of her hand, and then folded her arms across her breast again, before she looked at Newt once more and spoke.

"What things do you mean?" she asked quietly.

Newt smiled serenely. "Why, anything you want," he said. "Of course I don't know much of anything about your business, but I guess there ain't more of it than I can handle. I could collect your rents for you, and I could probably sell the hay and things like that, and get just as good a price

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as you do, or maybe a little better. I can do anything there is to be done."

She considered this, her eyes falling again, then said slowly, "I guess you mean you'd like to have me turn over everything to you?"

Newt was shrewd enough to sense the hardening in her tone. He laughed largely. "Turn over the work of it to me, that's all," he replied. "Just get rid of some of the worry and the fret of it."

She did not answer this, and after the silence had protracted itself to what seemed to him an unendurable extent, he said almost desperately, "I'm just trying to save you a lot of bother, ma."

She nodded, apparently not so much in assent to what he said as in confirmation of some thought of her own. "You take after your Grampa Mudie," she told him.

There was no suggestion of anger in her tones, no particular reason why Newt should have taken this remark as a rebuff. He had, in fact, always been rather pleased at being told that he was like his grandfather, and he smiled a little now, and leaned back in his chair with a gesture suggestive of modest deprecation.

"Well, if I know as much about business as he did, I guess it would pay you to let me handle things," he replied.

He was greatly surprised when, instead of answering, his mother got sharply to her feet. She stood up with a movement so abrupt it was suggestive of flight, and she took a step or two toward the stair hall, then came back and chose her lamp from the mantelshelf and lighted it.

"I'm tireder than I thought," she told him; "I guess I'll go up to bed."

Newt thought swiftly, seeking some word with which to stay her, but none occurred to him. The best that he could do was to say as she reached the door, "You think it over, ma." He saw her head nod a little as though she were agreeing to this; then she had disappeared into the hall.

Newt, left behind in the dining room, was unable to decide whether he had made an impression upon her or not. He was still considering the matter when Sam got home, but he took care not to relate the conversation to his brother, and after a few minutes they also went up to bed.

Newt's ears were perhaps unusually keen, or perhaps it was merely that Sam went more quickly to sleep; at any rate, it was Newt who presently heard, or thought he heard, a sound suggestive of tears from his mother's room in the front of the house. He got up and went into the hall and listened at her door. There could be no question that Mrs. Dunnack was softly and wretchedly weeping, and the smothered sounds were to Newt vaguely appalling, so that at first he was of a mind to go quietly back to bed. Then he became afraid that she might be sick, so at last he awakened Sam, and made Sam understand what it was he had heard. Sam at once got out of bed and lit his lamp and led the way to the door of their mother's room.

He listened for a moment, then quietly opened the door and asked, "Why, ma, what's the matter with you?"

Whatever was the matter with Mrs. Dunnack, she controlled herself upon this entrance of her sons. As Sam went toward the bed, Newt, standing in the door, could see his mother's face in the light of the lamp, and he saw that her withered cheeks were wet with tears, which caught the light and reflected it.

He heard her say in such a tone as he had never heard from her before, "I'm all right, Sammy."

Sam asked anxiously, "You ain't sick?"

Mrs. Dunnack looked toward the doorway. "There's Newt!" she exclaimed in a low voice.

Sam looked at her for a moment, then he turned and came back to the door.

"You go on to bed, Newt," he suggested. "I'll look out for her."

Newt was glad enough to withdraw as Sam shut the door quietly in his face; but he remained for a little while in the hall, trying to hear what it was they said. The murmur of their voices came to him, but their low tones defied his curiosity. So he presently returned to his room, and after a little fell asleep.

The next morning he tried to question Sam, but Sam had nothing to say, and Mrs. Dunnack was as she had always been.

It was that day that Herb Faller hurt his leg at the mill. A board in the worn and rotten floor broke under him, and his right leg went through it, so that the flesh was torn along the shin, and the knee was badly wrenched. Herb went home to repair his wounds, and stayed at home that day to let the knee have a rest. In his absence Newt assumed charge of the mill. It happened that during the afternoon Marny Pendleton came with his team to get a load of lumber which he had brought to be sawed. The charge for this service was small, and Pendleton paid in cash. Newt put the money in his pocket. Herb was accustomed to receive such payments and to hand them to Mrs. Dunnack, but Newt did not do this. There was, perhaps, no conscious intention on his part to keep the money. Nevertheless, he kept it.

Mrs. Dunnack had not seen Pendleton at the mill, and knew nothing about the transaction, but Herb talked with the man at the store that night, and Pendleton spoke of the matter, and said he had paid Newt. So the next day Faller, returning to work, asked Mrs. Dunnack whether Newt had given her the money. Thus she was informed, and at the first opportunity she demanded it of her son. There was in her tone when she spoke to him something rigidly accusing.

"Didn't Marny Pendleton pay you for that job of sawing yesterday?" she asked harshly.

Newt, whose conscience may have accused him, felt the necessity of justifying himself. "I meant to give it to you last night," he said. "I forgot it."

She returned acidly, "There never was a Mudie forgot to pay money, any more than they forgot to collect it."

He felt himself color with guilt, and pretended that this was a flush of anger. "Mean to say I meant to keep it?" he demanded.

"I mean to say—you give it here," his mother told him.

Newt gave it to her. There was nothing else for him to do, but the hostility in her tone awakened in him something like a passion of venomous anger, and in this mood he was ready for any enterprise.

There was, he assured himself, no sense in her making such a fuss. It was a crazy thing for her to do. A crazy thing. The words brought his thoughts to a focus. His anger crystallized his vague plans into a fixed determination; and that night he sat down and wrote a letter to a man he knew and whom he estimated with a shrewd accuracy. This man was a doctor. His name was Cheatley, and he had had some experience as a house officer in a hospital for the insane.

IX

NEWT had come back to Fraternity in a mood of confident anticipation. He was a man quite sure of his own powers and of his own shrewdness of mind, so that he had expected little effective opposition to the designs which were already hastily forming on the homeward journey. But he had found himself held at a distance, hindered, and even actually rebuffed by something unaccountable in his mother's attitude and by Sam's easy good nature. He could not conceal from himself the fact that so far as his mother was concerned he had lost ground rather than gained it. It was equally true that he had made no very tangible progress in his relations with Sam.

The only definite success which he had thus far achieved had been where Linda was concerned. He felt that he had interested the girl; that she would remember him, that he must be more or less constantly in her thoughts. When the incident of his mother's tears revealed to him the very close sympathy which existed between Mrs. Dunnack and Sam, and provoked in him a mean and unscrupulous resentment, his first move was an attempt to bring the matter of the orchard to an issue between himself and his brother.

The occasion came a day or two later, when after the noon meal one day Sam announced that he intended to drive over to the orchard that afternoon. Newt had been at the mill all morning.

He said now, "I've nothing particular to do around here. Guess I'll go with you."

Sam nodded. "Glad to have you," he replied. "I want to look over the trees on the uphill side. There's been some tent caterpillars trying to get a start up there."

"Did you burn them off?" Newt asked.

"It don't hardly pay to bother to do that," Sam told him. "I usually catch them before they get much of a start and cut the branch right off. I cleaned them out pretty good last time I was over."

Mrs. Dunnack asked quietly, "You coming home to supper?"

Sam nodded. "Guess we will," he replied. "I was figuring I might stay over there till tomorrow, but if Newt's going along we better come back."

Newt might have offered, upon this, to stay at home, but he did not do so. If Sam were to spend the night at the orchard he would be sure to see Linda, and Newt meant to follow up the beginning he had already made with the girl. So a little after dinner the two brothers drove away toward the village.

As they crossed the bridge beyond the last house in the village and started up the hill, Newt, who had been, since they left home, silent, broached the matter which he had in mind.

"You know, Sam," he said in a meditative tone, "I've been thinking about this orchard."

Sam looked at him slowly as though a little surprised.

"What about it?" he inquired.

"Well," said Newt, "I've been thinking that pa didn't do just right by me, giving it to you the way he did." He looked sidewise at his brother, but Sam seemed to be absorbed in contemplation of the bobbing ears and ambling feet of the horse. He moved the reins and clucked in an automatic fashion, and Newt asked, "Don't it hit you that way?"

Sam seemed to give the matter sober consideration. "I don't know as I've thought much about it," he replied.

His tone was so mild and friendly that Newt was emboldened. He warmed to his subject.

"You know," he said argumentatively, "this is a pretty good-sized orchard; there's more work than one man can do."

"I get along pretty well," Sam told him.

Newt nodded. "You can do all right through the summer," he agreed. "But you can't spray all them trees alone, and you wouldn't have a chance to pick all them apples by yourself, take it when the trees are loaded."

"I can always hire help," Sam replied.

Newt shook his head. "I tell you, there's mighty little money in farming or in running an orchard either when you have to hire the work done; but you and me between us, we could pretty near swing the whole thing."

Sam chuckled. "I don't know as I've seen any signs in you that would recommend you very high as a hired hand," he replied good-humoredly.

Newt grinned. "I don't claim to be a hired man," he returned. "But I can work as well as anybody when I'm working for myself. What I say is, the two of us together could make a lot more out of that orchard than you could alone."

Sam made no reply to this, and Newt waited for a considerable time, hoping that he would; but when Sam persisted in his silence, Newt at last said, "After all, you know, we're brothers. We're kind of entitled to share and share alike in whatever there is."

Sam said with a mild smile, "I ain't noticed you around here sharing the work the last ten years."

"You know why that was," Newt returned. "Pa gave me a kick in the pants and started me out and told me not to come back. That's all there was to that."

"Done pretty well for yourself, ain't you?" Sam inquired.

"I'm not complaining," Newt agreed.

"Well," said Sam, "I don't notice you offering to share up what you've got with me."

Newt chuckled. "Why, Sam," he said, "I've done pretty well, but I ain't saved nothing, not to amount to anything. It costs higher to live in Boston. You can have half of anything I've got any time."

"I don't know," said Sam whimsically. "I suppose living on here the way I have all my life, having a pretty narrow time getting along at all, a man kind of gets into the habit of holding on to what he's got. I guess you're just naturally generous, Newt. Perhaps there's something wrong with me that way."

Newt shook his head. "I don't pretend to be generous, Sam. I'm as close a hand at a trade as you'll find anywhere. But I can't help thinkin' that I've got a right to share in that orchard; and I know mighty well that I can make money for you selling the apples and all."

Sam nodded. "I wouldn't wonder, Newt," he replied, a suggestion of weariness in his tone. "But I've got into the habit of thinking of it as mine. It don't seem to me that I could get used to sharing it with anybody."

Newt perceived a certain finality in Sam's tone, and for a moment he was overwhelmed with blind and unreasoning anger. He felt himself defrauded. He had convinced himself that the orchard, in point of fact, was their joint property, and it was not hard for him now to believe that Sam was cheating him. He was on the point of saying bitterly, "Well, if that's the way you feel about it, I don't know why I should be any more considerate of you." But he checked himself. After all, there was no occasion for putting Sam on his guard, and quiet words always served his ends better than open hostility. So he held silence while they plodded up the long hill toward where the orchard lay.

They passed the Trask farm, and Newt looked to see if there was anyone about, but the kitchen porch where Luke Trask liked to sit was deserted, and no face appeared at the kitchen window. Up the hill a little farther Sam turned the horse into the wood road which led along the border of the orchard. He was accustomed to tie the horse, when his stay was to be a short one, under an elm tree at the corner of a ruined stone wall which marked the boundary between his lot and the Trask farm. Below the wall, and in the angle which it formed, there was an open slope of rocky land overgrown with raspberry bushes, thorn-apple trees and young spruce and pine.

Here in the fall Sam not infrequently shot a partridge or two, and a year or so before, a pair of foxes had denned in one of the low mounds among the raspberry bushes.

Here today, when the two brothers arrived, they discovered Mrs. Trask and Linda picking berries. While Sam tied the horse Newt climbed over the wall and went down to speak to them. Linda was between him and her mother, so that he came first to her. Her head was bare, and the sun warmed her fair hair. She watched him approach, and he saw a little doubtful smile on her lips.

He spoke to her and Mrs. Trask together in a tone of loud cordiality. "Berrying?" he asked.

Linda nodded slowly. "I should think you could see that much," she said with a little smile, and he thought she smiled as though doubtful of the propriety of her conduct in jesting with him.

A ten-quart pail was set on a bowlder between Linda and where Mrs. Trask stood, and even from his point of view a little way up the hill he could see that it was more than half full of berries. He laughed aloud.

(Continued on Page 179)

The LATCH-STRING'S OUT

—come and see us!

NEXT week, October 26 to 31, a huge "Laundry Party" will be given. Not just in one laundry, but in every modern laundry in the country. It will be a different kind of party, a unique party, and it's all in your honor!

You see, the laundries have been performing for some 2,000,000 of you one of the most important, one of the most personal of services. They want you to come and see how it is done. To see clothes washed fragrantly clean in tumbling billows of crystal suds; to see them rinsed in change after change of rainsoft water; to see the water squeezed out in magic spinning baskets; to see—but you never dreamed there were so many interesting things to see in a laundry. In the last few years, there have been improvements in laundry service undreamed of twenty years ago.

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Agents: British-American Laundry Machinery Co., Ltd., Underhill St., Camden Town, London, N. W. 1, England

61 years

LONG years ago, pioneers in the West relied on the enduring quality of Jacobs Oregon City woolens. Rapidly this reputation spread eastward. Soon these fabrics were widely used by custom tailors of that day. At the first great world's fair, Philadelphia, 1876, Oregon City looms were awarded first prize. Thirty-nine years later at San Francisco, 1915, they again won first place. Today, after another ten years, Jacobs Oregon City clothes and fine woolen goods are proudly shown by over 5,000 merchants in every state of the Union

# of woolen-craft!

Boys' suits from Oregon City have lustre, strength and wear which only virgin wool can give. Style like dad's. Vests. Long pants, even for little fellows as small as three. Two pairs of trousers with every suit.

FEW clothing makers weave their own woolens. But at Oregon City we have been weaving fabrics for 61 years. From the backs of Western sheep virgin fleece in all its unused vitality comes to our looms. Washed in the soft, mountain water without the aid of chemicals; dyed fast in colors that survive a seven-way test the cloth takes shape.

With such fabrics as an inspiration, Oregon City woolens emerge from our sunny tailoring shops, as smart, long wearing garments for men and boys.

Here is style in its utmost meaning—style inbuilt of virgin wool. Fine tailoring sustained by fine fabric. Garments of noticeable character. Observe the graceful hang, the form and fit. All the life and newness lasts. *It's in the fabric!* Oregon City Woolen Mills, established in 1864 by I. and R. Jacobs, Oregon City, Oregon.

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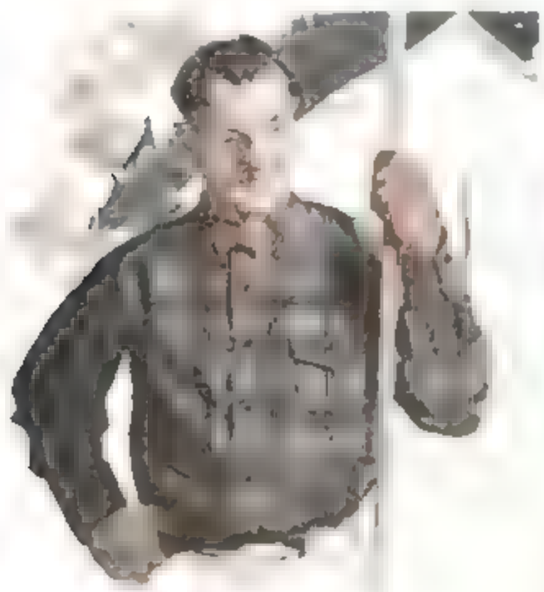

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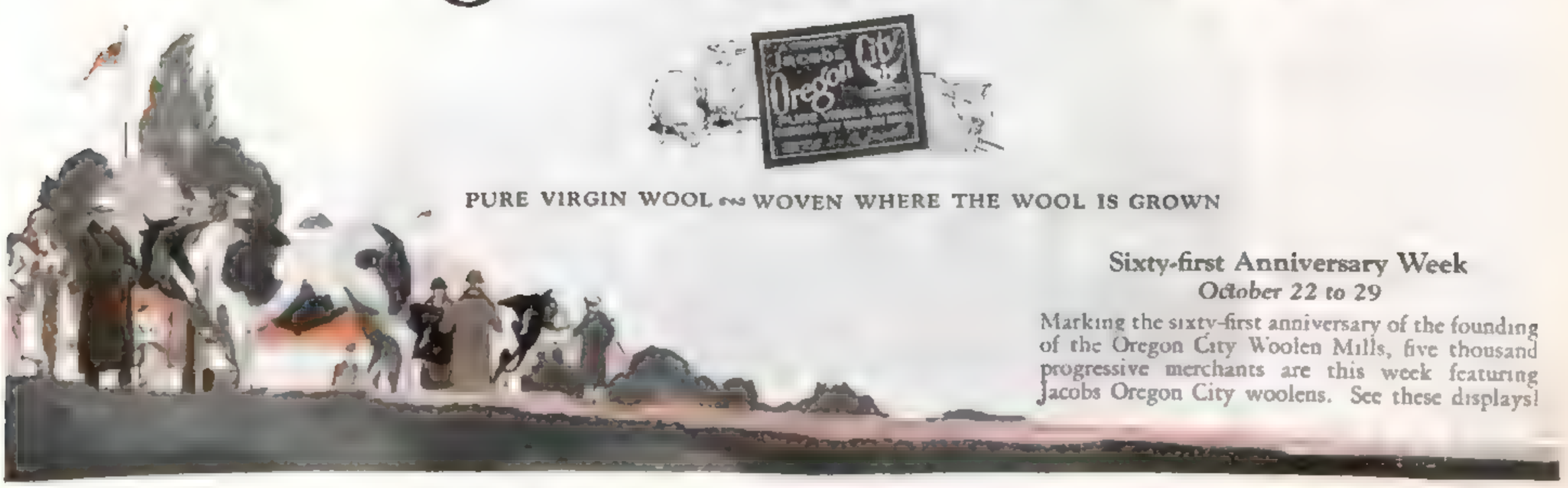

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October 22 to 29

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"'We rolled a big touring car up onto the machine, adjusted the measuring devices, speeded the car up to fifty miles an hour, and read the power gain and loss as easily as you read these lines.

"We watched the power drop off under brake load when the speed passed forty miles an hour. Bad condition for hill climbing! The car was not right; horse-power was being lost somewhere! But the Motor Check was on the job; it accounted for that loss by catching and measuring the vapors that slipped past the pistons.

"We drained the crank case. We substituted a different oil, *and the power stepped up steadily*, until at forty miles an hour it showed a gain of ten horse-power—and still going up.

"Ten horse-power—by a simple change of oil! Imagine how that car owner felt!

'First time I ever got a thrill out of oil. Never knew before what a whale of a difference it makes.'

"Not one motorist in a hundred realizes that today. Here we have the first practical demonstration, and it's going to change the whole point of view toward motor oil: 'oil is more than oil—it is power!'" *(Quoted from original announcement, April 5, 1924.)*

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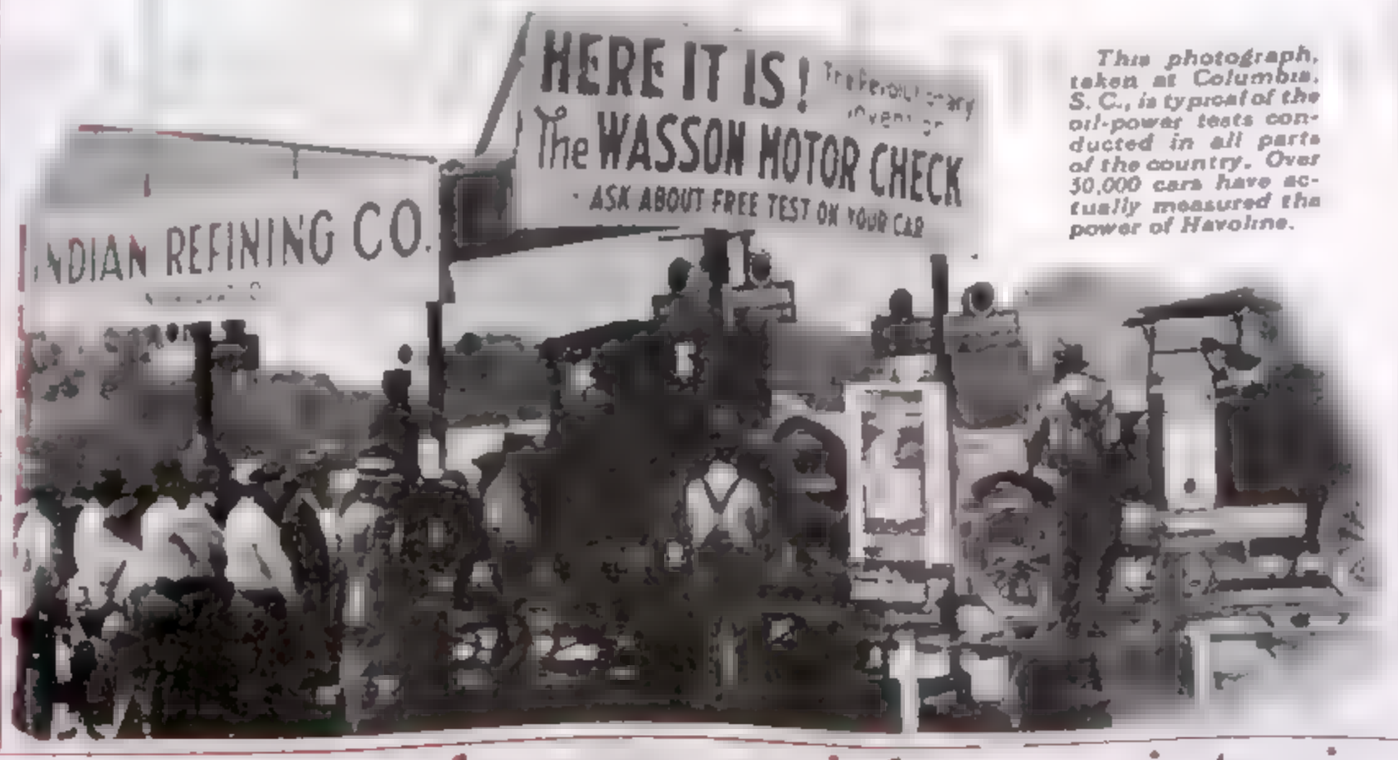
And today Havoline is known everywhere as the *power oil*. Prove it for yourself. Fill up with Havoline. You'll never know the power of your engine until you try it.

INDIAN REFINING COMPANY, Inc., *Lawrenceville, Illinois*



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"I want 4 quarts of Havoline Oil and it may interest you to know that I have driven eleven miles to get it It's the power oil for me and has been for 10 years. She won't run right on anything else and believe me I'll need that extra punch to get back up the mountains tonight."

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U-Drive-It System, Inc.
Columbia, S. C.

"We have had two Federal-Knight trucks in service the past year. They have labored twelve hours a day, under heavy loads over any and all kinds of roads. The only oil we use in them is Havoline B. We would not think of taking chances with other oils. Power to spare. I can tell the world 'Havoline Oil is more than oil, it is power.'"

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the dealer says

"I had one of my new Auburn 8 Sedans that I use as a demonstrator tested on the Wasson Motor Check so that I would actually know the power performance the Auburn 8 had at the rear wheels.

"I had driven this Auburn 2[illegible] miles up to the time of the first test and had previously changed my oil every 250 miles using the so-called oil that I had been paying a good price for. But after driving my Auburn 2[illegible] miles with your Havoline at which time I made the second test, I found out that your Havoline Oil increased the power in my motor 40% or an actual increase of 10 H.P. at thirty-five miles per hour at the rear wheels.

"I can actually feel the difference myself in the motor's performance . . . I have found all these statements you claim for Havoline Oil to be true."

W. K. Archer, President
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Madden-Copple Co., Inc.,
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The crowd around the Motor Check says

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Oil is more than oil — it is power

(Continued from Page 174)

"I ought to; that's so," he agreed. "You certainly have got a pile of them. What do you do, make pies? If you do, I'm coming to supper."

Mrs. Trask said sharply, "We ain't got time to get supper for anybody tonight."

And Linda added, "You don't make pies out of raspberries anyway. Least, we never do. We're going to put them up."

Sam, after securing the horse, had waited for a moment a little uncertainly. Now he came down the hill toward them, and stopped near Newt, and said slowly, "Hello, Linda!"

The girl looked from him to Newt and back again. "Hello, Sam!" she replied. "You going over the trees?"

"Thought I would," he assented. "You ready, Newt?"

But Newt was not willing to be drawn away. "I'm glad to see somebody round here puts up things," he told Linda approvingly. "By the looks of the shelves over at Will Bissell's store, you'd think people lived out of a can. That's the trouble with this town, I guess. Folks buy, where they could just as well raise."

Linda nodded. "Yes, I guess so," she agreed.

And Newt warmed to his subject. "Why, Will told me he sells a pile of condensed milk," he declared. "Anybody can keep a cow. All you need is a barn and a pasture and to cut a little hay."

Linda smiled. "You don't keep a cow, do you, Sam?"

Sam shook his head. "We don't use but mighty little milk," he declared. "We get along on about a pint a day. There ain't any more sense in keeping a cow for the milk we need than there would be in cutting down a tree to make a toothpick."

Newt, who had moved nearer where Linda stood, laughed and touched her arm in a familiar way. "That's Sam for you," he declared. "He always could figure out some good reason for not doing a little work. Sam's the best hand I ever saw to talk himself out of work, unless it was pa. He don't even make a garden big enough to amount to anything. I suppose his idea would be to buy his vegetables in cans, the way the rest of these folks do. Will Bissell said the bulk of his trade is in canned beans, and corn and peas and stuff like that; stuff you can raise around here by just throwing a handful of seed out of the window."

"Anyway," Linda said a little defensively, "ma and me put up all the vegetables we use all winter long. Pa has a right good garden."

"I raise my vegetables on the apple trees," Sam remarked whimsically. "A couple of them trees up the hill here will buy about all the stuff we use."

Mrs. Trask, who, save for her one remark, had taken no part in this conversation, was still busily at work a rod or two away. She called now to her daughter.

"Linda!"

And Linda answered, "Yes, ma."

"We're not going to get that pail filled a-talking all the time."

The girl, with an apologetic smile, bent to her work again, and Sam said, "Come on, Newt, we've a chore to do too."

But Newt objected. "I don't feel right," he replied. "We've bothered these folks. I'm going to help Linda pick for a spell, to make up for it."

"Oh, I'll get along all right," she assured him.

He shook his head. "Sam don't want me trailing him around the orchard, anyway," he told her. "I'm going to stay and help you."

Sam hesitated, as though he were reluctant to leave Linda and his brother together, and Linda watched him covertly, curious to see what he would do. But Newt was already at work, bending beside her, and he spoke to her, attracting her attention away from Sam, so that the younger man was left standing irresolutely watching them. After a moment he turned away and went slowly up the hill

Newt, left with Linda and her mother, made the most of his opportunity. He so contrived it that they worked in the opposite direction from that taken by Mrs. Trask, and only when their picking pail was full did he find it necessary to return toward her. The larger pail was by this time heaping, and Newt said that he would take it down to the house and empty it. But Mrs. Trask told him there was another pail under the old hemlock which stood in the border of the woods at the edge of the berry patch. He took the full pail down and left it there and returned with the empty one; and when a half hour later this also was filled, he insisted on Linda and her mother sitting down in the shade and resting while he went down the hill to the farmhouse to empty the pails. Mrs. Trask, in spite of her protests, was overruled, and surrendered at last.

"You can just pour the berries into a dishpan," she told Newt. "And don't crush them any more'n you have to."

"You leave it to me," Newt told her reassuringly. "I'll handle them like they was eggs."

When he came back up the hill Linda and Mrs. Trask were at work again, but after they had filled one bucket Mrs. Trask said, "I don't know but what we've got as many as we can take care of today. We ought to go down and pick them over, Linda."

"You go ahead," Newt directed. "Start on what are already down there. Linda and I'll fill this other pail, and I'll carry it down."

Linda said in a tone that invited him to oppose her, "I ought to go along with ma."

He laughed at her. "You don't need to be afraid of me," he assured her in a loud and hearty tone. "I ain't a bit dangerous, am I, Mrs. Trask?"

Mrs. Trask said doubtfully, "Well, I don't know but what we can use another bucket, if you want to fill it."

"You go ahead," he told her again. And the older woman went slowly through the fringe of trees, and down the hill. Newt and Linda were thus left alone, and he had an opportunity which no contrivance of his own could have bettered. Sam was out of sight among the trees up the hill, and Newt proceeded to make himself agreeable to Linda, using every device at his command. He made Linda laugh, and he made her listen; her mouth parted with the intensity of her attention to the tales he told. She said little; he gave her no occasion to speak, but poured upon her such a flood of conversation that she could only attend his words. Now and then in the course of his talk while they worked side by side, he spoke of himself, and he also spoke of Sam. Once he saw her eyes turn up the hill toward the orchard as though she were a little fearful lest Sam should discover them here together. And once he said in a tone that was half jest, that he had not remembered that there were any girls in Fraternity so pretty as she was, and before she could reply, either to protest or to express the pleasure which she must have felt, he was talking of other things. His wit was so rapid that she found herself more and more bewildered by the effort to follow what he said.

They finished, by and by, filling the pail, and she reluctantly suggested that she had better start for home, but he shook his head at this.

"You've done a good afternoon's work," he told her. "I expect you're tired. Sit down and talk to me for a spell."

She said uncertainly, "Ma'll be looking for me."

"She's got all she can do," he assured her. "She won't miss you." He himself, without waiting for her assent, sat down in the shade of the elm tree to which the horse was tied, and she could not very well walk away and leave him sitting there. The two pails full of berries stood beside him, and Newt's hand rested on one of them, so that she would have had to pull it away from him. She made some small attempt to do so, but he held to it good-humoredly, and in the end she yielded and sat down on a bowlder a little to one side.

He turned to rest his shoulders against the bole of the tree. She was a little below him, and where he sat he could look down at her or he could look up toward the orchard in the direction from which Sam would come. He was studying the girl attentively. There was no doubt in his mind that she was a little disturbed for fear Sam would return and find them there. Newt, for his part, wanted Sam to appear. He had a very definite understanding of some aspects of his brother's character, and it was upon this understanding that he based his calculations.

So now he held Linda in conversation, leading her at last to talk about herself, her life here at the farm and the small world in which she lived. He proved to be as good a listener as he was a talker, and when at times she faltered he prompted her, so that without realizing it she found herself offering him confidences, telling him things which the reticence habitual to country folk had prevented her from telling Sam. It is a universal human trait to find a certain pleasant satisfaction in talking about yourself, and Linda was human. It is also true that to confide to another one's own secret thoughts is to come to feel for that other person a certain very definite liking.

Linda had been interested in Newt from the beginning. She had liked Sam for a long time, for so long that this liking had become habitual and almost monotonous. There was a novelty in her present talk with Newt, and a certain charm in being thus alone with him upon the sunny hillside through the long afternoon. Also, he understood or seemed to understand all that she said, and all the things she did not say, but which, nevertheless, lay as a background behind the words she actually uttered. She forgot her surroundings, lost herself in this pleasant talk with a person whom she felt to be sympathetic. But Newt was not so oblivious of his surroundings, and though he gave Linda close attention and a sympathetic ear he was alert for any sign of Sam. So at last, up the hillside above them, and beneath the low branches of the thickly planted apple trees, he saw Sam's feet and then his legs as the other came down the hill toward where they sat.

Newt waited, judging his time, and at what he judged to be the proper moment he got quickly to his feet and started toward the girl, passing her and standing below her, so that when she should rise and turn to face him, her back would be toward the orchard through which Sam approached.

At his movement she did rise, and came out of her absorption and forgetfulness into a bewildered sense of her surroundings; and she said hurriedly, "I've got to go."

He held her eyes with his, and told her in a low tone, "You're sweet. You're awfully sweet. You're a mighty sweet girl!"

Color flooded her cheeks, she tried to look away from him, and her voice failed her. "Ma'll be up after me," she half whispered.

Newt, looking past her, saw Sam emerge from the cover of the apple trees. He put his arm about Linda's shoulders, and when she did not move, but stood so tall and still, neither denying nor assenting to his embrace, he stepped up until he stood level with her and kissed her. Her lips were a little parted when he pressed them, and her breath was warm, and she uttered a low sound of consternation and dismay.

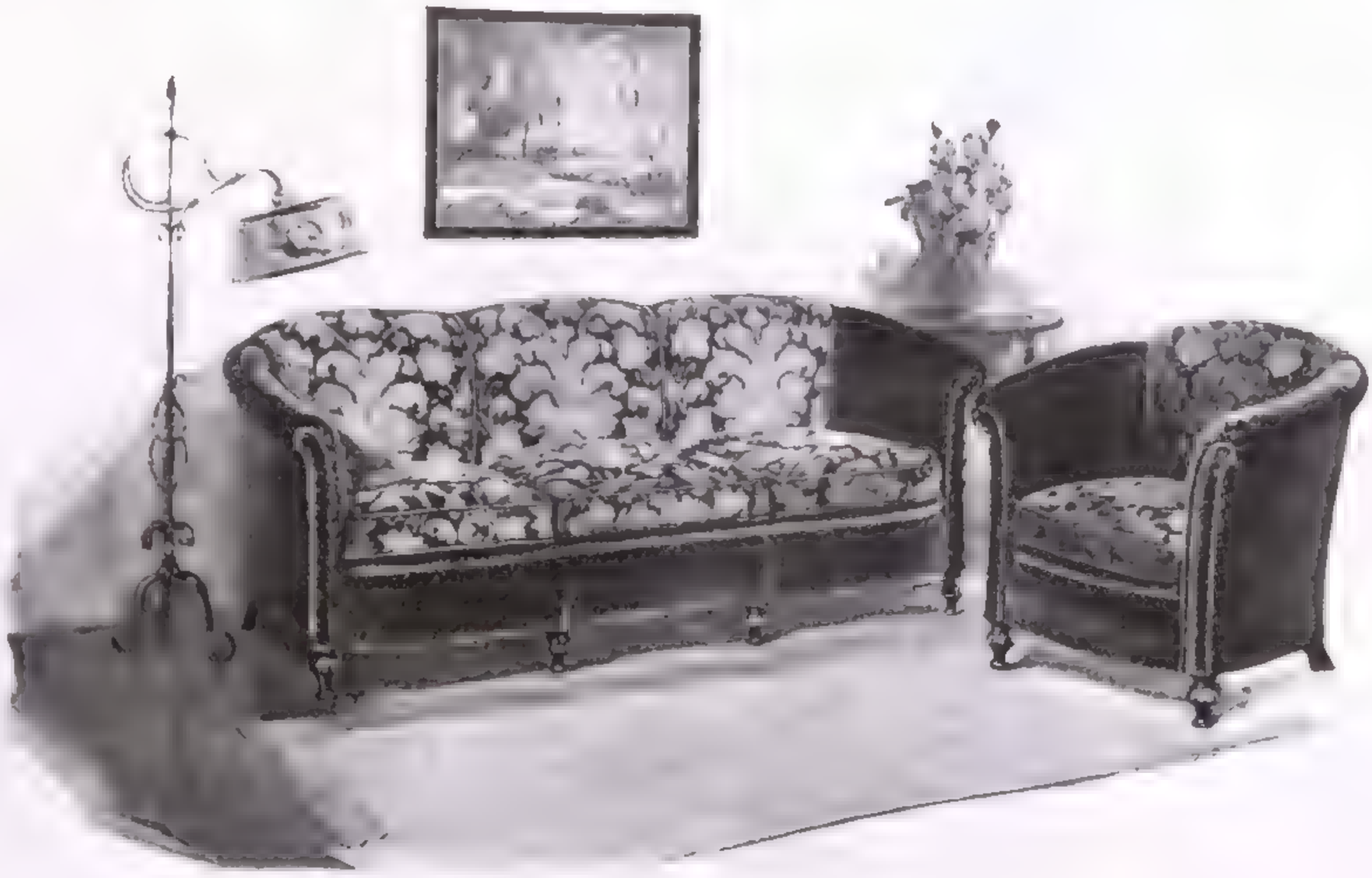
Newt saw that Sam had stopped and was watching them, and he said suddenly, "There's Sam!"

The girl turned at that, and looked up the hill, and perceived the other man. Her hands flew to her face; she rubbed at her cheeks vigorously for a moment, and Newt could see that she was trembling. Then, so quickly he had not time to intercept her, she turned and hurried away down the hill. Newt looked after her, and then he looked again to where Sam remained motionless; and after a moment he called to his brother.

"I've got to carry this pail down to the house for Linda." Sam made no reply, and Newt picked up the brimming buckets. "You can stop for me down there," he directed; and with a pail in either hand he followed Linda quickly down the hill.

(TO BE CONTINUED)

Point Defiance Park, Tacoma, Washington. This Park Has been Left as Nature Intended, and is Said to be the Largest Park of its Kind



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HIGH TILLAGE

(Continued from Page 6)

In hay time I passed many minutes in pleasurable suspense watching high steep haymakers and speculating as to how soon they would fall off. The high patches will almost always be hay in the German-speaking cantons; but in the French and Italian speaking districts vineyards are cultivated in situations about as high and quite as steep. Often the vine-bearing ground is built up in a series of narrow terraces to keep it from washing away.

Cultivating very small tracts that are often sharply inclined, this mountain agriculture is carried on mainly by hand. As a rule, the grain is sown by hand, reaped with a scythe, and then sometimes carried to the barn to be threshed with a simple, hand-wielded implement. The harrowing is quite often done with a homemade, wooden-toothed instrument. Hay is by far the most important Swiss crop, but probably two-thirds of it, the country over, is hand cut with a scythe, hand raked and gathered into three-bushel haystacks until it is carried to the barn. In some cases, in the south, transportation to the barn is effected by means of a big pack on a human back; and in such cases, according to my observation, the back is generally of the feminine gender.

In half an hour toward the close of an afternoon, south of St. Gotthard, we passed five women trudging along the roadside, each with a large homemade hamper strapped to her back, that contained a bulk of mown grass larger than herself. Even on the northern side of the mountains you will see quite as many women and girls in the hay fields as men and boys. That same afternoon we passed several bulging hay carts, each drawn by a big dun ox; but we did not pass a larger, one-horse wagon that four men were loading from the near-by field.

There was no room to pass it on the narrow road, and the men laughed at us in humorous appreciation of the situation as they went on completing their load, while our car waited. When the job was finished to their satisfaction, they pulled over to one side, still laughing at us as we maneuvered by.

Perpendicular Pastures

For an example farther north, we may take the canton of Uri. A map of Switzerland will show the Lake of Lucerne about in the center. Uri begins at the eastern end of the lake, running south up the valley of the Reuss River and over the high Alps which the railroad pierces by way of St. Gotthard tunnel. It is splendid scenery. Probably there is no finer automobile trip anywhere than that up the valley and over the pass. But for agricultural purposes, I suspect that a farmer used to our Middle Western prairie would hesitate to offer $100 for the entire canton.

Land placed in a perpendicular position makes grand scenery, but is not very suitable for tillage An inconveniently large part of Uri is as nearly perpendicular as could well be arranged. Yet it is predominantly an agricultural canton. Even its pertinacious farmers give up on grain, however. Almost none is raised there. Agriculture is devoted almost exclusively to grass and milch cows.

If you happen to visit Uri early in July, knowing beforehand that it is not only a farming country, but one where farming is practically confined to milk, two things will immediately strike you. First, there are no farmers; second, there are no cows. In the valleys and on the lower slopes you see many small isolated houses, almost always of wood, that are evidently farm dwellings and barns. But nobody is about. And you may fairly drive through the canton from end to end without seeing a cow.

In the Haying Season

The first person of whom you inquire will solve that mystery. In summer, the farmers and the cattle are up in the mountains, where there is excellent pasture. Far up you will see a cabin every now and then, but so far up that an ordinary unaided eye could not detect a human figure if one was there. A landowner is entitled to mountain pasturage upon paying the commune $1.60 for each cow for the summer. That cheap grazing privilege, they say, is why farm land is high in Uri, although it looks so unpromising to an American, and why sales of agricultural real estate are rare. As a rule, farmers come down out of the mountains in summer only to make hay on their valley land. Out of haying season they are mostly out of sight.

I spent the whole haying season in the mountain cantons and happened to see only four small mowing machines and one hay tedder. Of course, there are more, but not a great many. In the mountains, a Swiss farm will perhaps be a matter of eight or ten acres. The average for the whole country is said to be under fifteen acres, but I find no precise statistics. Small fields and heavy grades make farm machinery impracticable as a pretty general rule. Except for hay and its derivative, milk, the agricultural output is meager.

With a population of 4,000,000 on an area twice the size of New Jersey, 65 per cent of which is cluttered up with the high

Hauling Wood to Town Near the Italian Border

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Alps, Switzerland is very far from independence in the matter of food. Of the wheat consumed in the country, 75 per cent is imported; of the oats, 68 per cent; of the corn, 95 per cent. More than a third of the total productive area is in meadow, and the Swiss properly include their forests in the productive area. This is one of the few countries in the world which, by intelligent forethought, has maintained its standing timber supply. About two-thirds of the forest area is owned by the cantons and communes. The remainder is supervised. Fifty years ago, a policy of timber maintenance was adopted. Every year expert foresters designate the timber to be cut, and new growth makes good the depletion. Under the exigencies of the World War this system was suspended or modified; but vigorous measures to redress the balance have been taken since.

While milk is far and away the most important farm product, comparatively few cream separators are in use. Most often, where the milk is not used whole, it is set in shallow pans and the cream is skimmed off by hand, in the old-fashioned way.

But if their agricultural methods seem antiquated, these mountaineers might give us valuable lessons in another direction. For example, on the first Sunday in May, some 700 or 800 farmers, with, perhaps, a third as many townsmen, gathered in a meadow outside of Altdorf to elect a governor of the canton of Uri for the ensuing year and to enact such laws as might be deemed necessary.

Some boards were laid on the ground and on them were placed a plain chair and a plain table for the chairman. The voters stood in a many-ranked circle around that central spot. Where the slope of the ground did not afford sufficient elevation so that those in the rear ranks could see and hear, planks were laid on stools for them to stand on. The inner ring stood back to allow a clear space of fifteen or twenty feet about the chairman.

Some laws were proposed, and adopted or rejected by a show of hands. Two nominations for governor were made and the vote taken by a show of hands. The outgoing governor administered the oath of office to his newly elected successor, who made a brief inaugural address, and the meeting adjourned. The voters went back to their respective homes, and all of Uri's voting, electing and law-making were done for a whole year. Nobody is elected to anything in the canton except at this annual open-air mass meeting of voters, and no laws are passed except at that meeting. Once in four years, the canton chooses seven representatives to the federal parliament at Bern; but they are chosen at the yearly mass meeting. Except on the executive and judicial sides, that one meeting constitutes the whole of Uri's political machinery. There is, of course, no presidential election in Switzerland. The federal parliament chooses the cabinet, and the cabinet picks a chairman who bears the honorary title of president.

Politics Without Palaver

In the Swiss scheme, a canton corresponds to one of our states, bearing pretty much the same relation to the federal government at Bern that one of our states bears to the Government at Washington. But in some respects, as will soon appear, the Swiss canton is decidedly more independent of the central government.

By immemorable rule any voter is entitled to speak on any or every question before the yearly mass meeting. There is no cloture. Yet the year's political business is always transacted in one Sunday afternoon. Commonly, I am told, two hours sees it finished. The point for Americans is that the men of Uri have been doing this, in form at least, for more than 600 years, making this the oldest existing democracy in the world by some centuries.

This would seem to disprove the American theory that infinite palaver is necessary for the preservation of democracy. Try to imagine ninety-six American senators disposing of any question whatsoever in only two hours. By that time the first speaker would not have reached secondly. Try also to calculate how long one of the more gabby members of Congress would escape lynching if his constituents had to stand up in a circle around him every time he made a speech. Probably the medieval Swiss democrats were providentially inspired when they adopted the custom of standing up at their political gatherings. Naturally they got through the business as soon as possible.

Uri has 22,000 inhabitants—ladies not voting—and the attendance at the yearly mass meeting runs from 1000 to 2000, depending, just as voting with us depends, on how exciting the issues are. Two years ago, the meeting was the largest in recent years, for the principal issue provoked a keener interest than any other that has been presented to the people in a good while.

Uri's Objection to Motors

The question was: Shall the canton be closed to automobiles? Probably that will strike any rural constituency in America as an odd issue for the year of grace 1923; but a little examination will show how naturally it arose, and incidentally illustrate living conditions among these mountain tillers of the soil.

The canton is long and narrow, and, as I have mentioned, mostly grand scenery. Yearly thousands of Germans, Americans, British and other foreigners motor through it—to the profit of Switzerland as a whole, but also to the grievous damage of Uri's chief highways. It is well to remember here that making roads for motor traffic is a new American invention. Twenty years ago, we were properly reprobated for the scandalous state of many of our public roads. The splendid highways of Western Europe, especially of France, were held up as an example for our emulation.

But in the matter of highways twenty years takes you back into ancient history, for automobiles have completely changed the stress to which roads are subjected. Now the United States has the best roads in the world, and France, the once-boasted example, shows many miles of main highway that have been pounded by self-propelled vehicles into very indifferent condition.

Digressing on this subject, I may mention that last June the King of England, with much pomp and ceremony, snipped a pretty ribbon and thus opened to traffic a new highway. Every London newspaper featured the affair largely. It was, indeed, a national event. So far as a layman may judge by merely looking at it, this new road is a first-class piece of construction, probably as good as any in the United States. But it is only eight miles long.

Uri, then, had some first-class roads; but it was clear to the anxious taxpayers that automobiles were playing hob with it. Building and repairing roads in the high Alps is no joke for any community; and every candid observer must say for the Swiss generally that they have an inveterate passion for keeping everything in repair and apple-pie order. Uri kept her highways in repair, but the bill ran to the dismal total of $72,000 a year—all, as many of the voters saw it, for somebody else's benefit. I believe there was no question as to the canton's power to exclude automobiles if it chose, for they have no supreme court to enforce national views of interstate commerce.

This present year's registration shows that sixty-four passenger automobiles are owned in the canton. Altdorf, the capital, has 4000 inhabitants. There are various hotels and there is quite a tourist trade. In short, it is safe to say that many of these sixty-four cars are kept for hire and profit, rather than for the mere pleasure of their owners. It is also safe to say that none of them is owned by a farmer. Therefore, to a great majority of the voters of Uri, automobiles were simply a costly nuisance.

In judging their attitude, I can very well remember when a majority of Middle-Western American farmers regarded automobiles with very decided disfavor; and somewhat further back when sage authorities prohibited the noisome, self-propelled, horse-frightening vehicles in public parks of Chicago. Uri farmers were in much that frame of mind. It was proposed to solve the problem once for all by excluding autos from the canton.

But to no other country is the tourist trade relatively anywhere near as important as it is to Switzerland, and with steadily increasing use of motors for all purposes, barring them from Uri would have been like setting up a Chinese wall in the heart of the nation. In a prairie country it wouldn't have much mattered, for cars could go around; but in the high Alps there is no going around except for goats and airplanes. Other Swiss communities appealed to Uri's patriotism and carried the day, autos now being admitted on payment of a small tax.

A Historic Center

In the main street of Altdorf, which is the only practicable through route for a motor, hangs a red triangular sign that reads, "Autos Halt!" At the door beneath it a polite Swiss policeman examines your motor license, relieves you of ten francs, and gives you any road directions you may ask for.

It would have been rather a pity if an appeal to Uri's patriotism had failed, for from the meadow outside of Altdorf where the voters meet annually, fifteen minutes' walk takes you to the spot, now marked by a monument, where, according to tradition, William Tell shot the apple from his son's head. Going from Altdorf to Lucerne by motor you will pass through the hollow way in the woods where, also according to tradition, Tell shot Gessler, the steward of the celebrated Hapsburg family, who appears to have taken a leading hand, by his exactions, in stirring the ancestors of the farmers of Uri to revolt.

A few miles from Altdorf, on the south shore of Lake Lucerne, is the small plateau called Rütli where, in 1291, thirty-three men representing the cantons of Uri, Schwyz and Unterwalden met and swore to drive the Hapsburgs out of their country or die trying. From that meeting Swiss independence is commonly dated, as ours is from July 4, 1776. By modern means of conveyance it is but a short distance to the mountain defile where Swiss farmers surprised and obliterated an Austrian army in the Battle of Morgarten, in 1315. Arnold von Winkelried, who opened a way through the Austrian spears with his body and so made possible the memorable victory of Sempach, seventy-one years later, lived but fifteen miles away.

The Swiss Language

In short, this region is the particular birthplace and battle ground of Swiss independence, so an appeal to Uri's patriotism should not have failed. The canton of Schwyz is just north of Uri, taking in part of the north shore of the lake, though Unterwalden borders the lake on the south. Unterwalden also maintains the ancient custom of disposing of all political business in a yearly open-air mass meeting of voters. So do the neighboring cantons of Glarus and Appenzell. All of these cantons are strongly conservative in politics, which facilitates the simple method of voting.

The canton of Lucerne, at the west end of the lake, soon joined the original federation for freedom, and in Switzerland today the body of water which we call Lake Lucerne is always called by the ponderous German word which means Lake of the Four Forest Cantons. Every year a patriotic pilgrimage is made to the spot on its shore where William of the crossbow is said to have escaped from his captors.

The textbooks say that 69 per cent of the inhabitants of Switzerland are German-speaking, 22 per cent are French-speaking, about 7 per cent are Italian-speaking and approximately 2 per cent use as their mother tongue an old language called Romansch.

But when I carelessly remarked to a Swiss lady of Zurich that she spoke German, the answer came promptly and with spirit, "Indeed, no! It is not the German language. It is the Swiss language."

Philologists may say that it is a dialect of the German tongue, but since Swiss men and women have spoken it time out of mind they are doubtless entitled to consider it their own. They may be many tongued, but, by and large, they are of one mind in the matter of national feeling.

In the southernmost canton of Ticino, where all the signs are in Italian, I had the foolish idea of hooking a smile from a superfluously pretty salesgirl in a shop by saying, "You are Italian."

In that case, also, the answer came promptly and with spirit, "No, sir, I am Swiss." By and large, they are Swiss first of all. And while they are behindhand in farm machinery, some of them beat us a long way in political machinery. In this connection it should be remembered that Switzerland has long held very high rank in the matter of public education. Her voters may meet in the open, but they are not illiterate.

A farm in the mountains may mean eight or ten acres and four or five cows, although some farmers, I am told, own twenty or thirty. At this writing the current price of milk to the producer is five and a half cents a quart. I will leave any American dairyman to figure out what that comes to

A Fish Market in a Swiss Village

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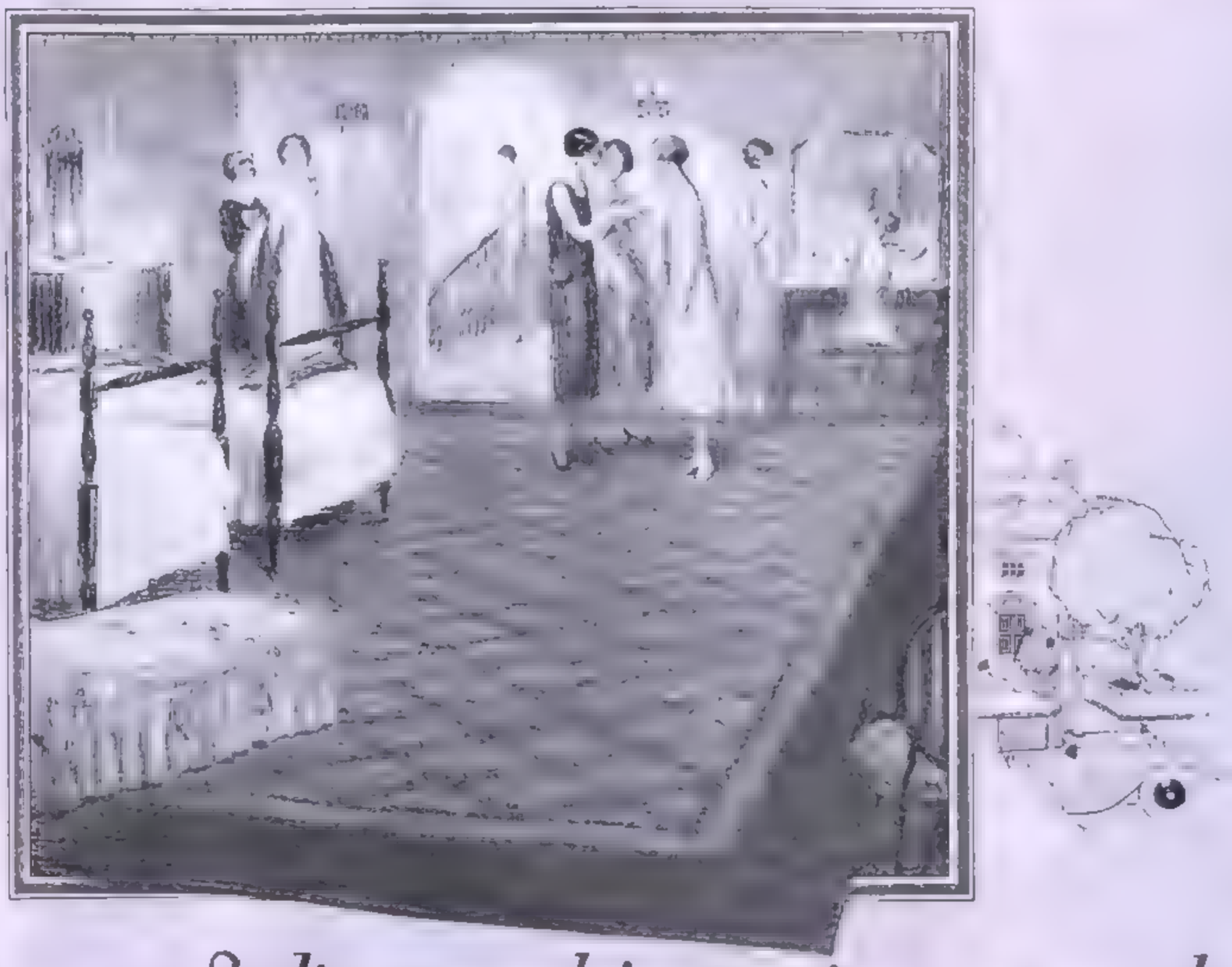
THE RUG YOU WANT IS MOHAWK WOVEN



Where guests linger and impressions are made

WHAT room deserves more consideration than the one where visitors assemble? And what rug could bear exacting glances better than a Mohawk Chenille?

A seamless expanse of rich, pure color, a deep soft surface of the finest selected wool, a size and shape that fit the room exactly—these are the qualities which make them expressions of good taste.

There are plain rugs of any color or shade, with band borders of darker hues; round rugs, ovals—rugs with special indentations or extensions for alcoves or bookcases—all without a seam—and all in an endless variety of grades, styles and prices.

Mohawk Chenille Rugs and Carpets are selected by leading decorators for their adaptability to the most difficult of interiors. Woven by the makers of Karnak Worsted Wiltons and the largest producers of Chenilles in the world, Mohawk Chenilles can be bought with full confidence of lasting beauty and constant satisfaction.

The better dealers can show you Mohawk Chenille Rugs and Carpets in a number of styles and colorings and also take care of any special requirements. Names of Mohawk dealers near you on request.

"Rugs and their Decorative Possibilities," our comprehensive booklet on the correct use of rugs in the home, is free on request. Send 25c for miniature Karnak Rug 9 ins. x 12 ins., on either juvenile or Oriental design. Address our selling agents, W. & J. Sloane, Mohawk Adv. Dept., 577 Fifth Avenue, New York City.

MOHAWK CARPET MILLS INC.

Amsterdam, New York

CHENILLES, WILTONS, AXMINSTERS, VELVETS, TAPESTRIES

In a variety of patterns, colors and all standard sizes

THOR Cylinder Washer

THOR Has Banished Washday From a Million Homes

THE Thor Cylinder Washer makes laundering one of the easiest of weekly tasks. In two hours all the clothes can be washed spotlessly clean and hung on the lines to dry. The electricity costs about five cents.

It is gentler than hand washing. Even dry cleaners now use Thor's cylinder washing method—because it thoroughly cleans, and is gentlest for delicate chiffons, silks and laces, as well as for heavier pieces. *Thor makes all clothes last longer.*

In a Thor the dirt washed out settles in a dirt trap at the bottom and does not again come in contact with the clothes. The *Luminoid* cylinder is as smooth as glass. Dirt, soap or grease cannot cling to it. When the washing has been finished it is rinsed immaculately clean in 30 seconds. It never need be taken out.

Thors made 17 years ago are still washing every week. No other electric washer has this enviable record. The present Thor, built of copper, steel and patented Luminoid metal, has been improved and perfected by all these years of experience. With ordinary care it will last a lifetime. It is far cheaper in the end to buy a washer that will *last* and that will make clothes last longer. Yet Thor costs no more than most ordinary machines.

Send for literature giving complete information and Thor's easy payment plan. Address 1900 South 54th Avenue, Chicago, Ill.

HURLEY MACHINE COMPANY

New THOR Folding Ironer

When through ironing it folds to about the size of a kitchen chair and easily rolls into a closet or corner until needed again

Banish Ironing Day Too! Save Another Day Each Week

THE new Thor Folding Ironer is a marvel of simplicity. You merely sit in a comfortable chair and guide the pieces through. It makes ironing a pleasure. The Thor Ironer easily does an ordinary day's work in two hours, leaving the rest of the day free. It is as economical as hand ironing.

It is so compact that it fits even the smallest apartment kitchen—or it can be rolled to the most cheerful, sunshiny room, or on a porch. It is so convenient it can be rolled out and used whenever wanted as easily as getting out a hand iron. Any baseboard electric outlet in your home furnishes current for the small motor and for heat. (May be had for gas heat if preferred.)

The ironing roll is open for its full length so that you can put a dress completely over it to iron or press—much more conveniently than on an ironing board and in a fraction of the time. It irons shirts, collars, ruffles and *everything*. The uniform pressure gives a lustrous sheen impossible to obtain by hand.

Half a million American women are saving time and strength with electric ironing machines. The new Thor Folding Ironer now brings this convenience to every woman. Send for literature giving complete information and Thor's easy payment plan. You'll be thankful for many years to come. Address 1900 South 54th Avenue, Chicago, Ill.

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BIRD'S *Neponset* Products

A ROOF for every building

BIRD NEPONSET PRODUCTS

ESTABLISHED 1795

BIRD'S roofings and floor coverings are thrift products, made of wear- and water-resisting materials, for the hundred million men and women who wish to furnish and safeguard their homes economically.

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EAST WALPOLE, MASSACHUSETTS
Manufacturers of
Asphalt Shingles — Roll Roofings
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Corrugated and Solid Fibre Cases
CHICAGO — NEW YORK
Warehouses in principal cities

A RUG for every room

Only Bird's *Neponset* Rugs have the genuine *waxed back!*

Bird's *Neponset* Rugs are quickly and easily cleaned with a light mopping

DEFY WATER AND WEAR

(Continued from Page 182)

in net yearly income. They all tell you that the farmers of Uri are poor; the canton has no rich ones. It has no paupers either.

The early part of the war hit the canton hard. Normally it cannot support the natural increase of its population; surplus sons and daughters must emigrate to find jobs. At the outbreak of war many of these were driven back home, and there was the inevitable trade dislocation that affected milk and cheese. Lucerne and some other more fortunate districts offered to lend Uri assistance in this plight. The offer was considered and declined. Uri would paddle her own canoe.

A woman who knows the farm population well assures me that a very earnest piety is an important element in the lives of most of them. They rejected the offer of aid partly in a firm belief that the more staunchly they endured hardship here the greater their reward hereafter would be. Of course, pious Americans must not misjudge them from the fact that they hold their annual elections on Sunday. They would be astonished at the suggestion that any other day could be more appropriate.

Many an agricultural income is eked out from other sources, and many an income from other sources is eked out by farming. In short, cultivation of the ground and other occupations are mixed up in a manner that makes Swiss agriculture a confusing subject to an outsider. Zurich is the chief industrial and commercial city, but even there many factory workmen live in the suburbs, where they own a house and a small plot of ground that is assiduously cultivated. On the other hand, many factories are located in the country in order that the workmen may be house owners and ground tillers. A good many men farm in summer and work in the forests or on the railroads in the winter. Hard and fast lines and precise mathematical statements are largely out of the question.

I have mentioned Uri's sixty-four passenger cars. The number of such vehicles of all descriptions in the whole of Switzerland is 24,752. If you spend a few hours in one of the most popular tourist centers, like Lucerne or Interlaken, you will jump to the conclusion that at least 90 per cent of them are hotel motorbusses and sight-seeing chars-à-bancs. But while jumping to conclusions you will not jump out of the way of the machines, if you are Swiss. You cannot ride very long anywhere in the interior without being struck by the inhabitants' general attitude of fine and fearless independence when an auto attempts to honk them out of the road. An American who has driven his own car there for a number of years tells me that he is far more nervous about pedestrians than they are about him, for he has a strong suspicion that if he should, by any mischance, happen to kill one of them, especially in the mountain cantons, he would probably spend most of the remainder of his natural life in jail.

Plenty of Wealth But Few Cars

Even Zurich, the biggest and richest city, has only 3832 passenger cars, including the usual equipment of taxicabs, motorbusses, and so on. Yet it is obviously a rich city, notably well built, with fine streets and fine shops. For one item, I think no American town of 200,000 can show handsomer bank buildings, and that means wealth. Shop windows in the chief retail district make a display of articles of luxury, such as jewelry, paintings, sculptures, which, in proportion to the respective number of inhabitants, decidedly outdoes Fifth Avenue. Zurich is not a tourist town, either. These articles are for home consumption. In fact, there is much wealth in the city, but there are comparatively few so-called pleasure cars.

Several good authorities tell me that this is mainly a matter of sentiment. A great many Swiss who, by our standards, could well afford several cars and who buy ornaments for their homes, feel that it would be in bad taste to flaunt an automobile in the faces of their fellow citizens. Which is quite in contrast to so many Americans who, as soon as they can borrow the price, feel it would be in bad taste not to flaunt one. At any rate, very well-to-do Swiss citizens walk or use the street cars.

In another respect, also, they are far behindhand. Bahnhofstrasse, a smart, spick-and-span, tree-lined boulevard, is the Fifth Avenue of Zurich. Walking up it on my first morning in the city, I saw a crowd that overflowed the sidewalk on the opposite corner. The attraction was evidently in a big plate-glass show window. "No doubt," thought I, "a prize offer or a mechanical advertising device," and walked on. Rather late that afternoon, passing opposite the same corner, I again noticed a curious crowd, quite choking the sidewalk. And next morning, when that bit of sidewalk was still packed with breathless spectators, I crossed the street to find out what it was about. All I could see, after worming a way to the front row, was the usual show window of a city jewelry shop. There was nothing to explain the crowd—unless half the population had decided of a sudden to buy its wife a diamond bar pin. So I went inside to inquire.

A Five Days' Wonder

This jewelry shop, it transpired, followed the leisurely Continental custom of shutting up an hour and a half in the middle of the day so that all hands might enjoy an ample and unhurried luncheon. For that matter, many smart shops on the grand boulevards in Paris have a little sign on the door reading, "Closed from 12:30 to 2." During this noon closing a sneak thief, who must have got possession of a key to the front door, slipped inside, emptied the choicest jewelry trays and slipped out again.

On looking it up, I found that the local newspapers gave prominent space and large headlines to this exploit. This second day after the robbery the shop was still sensibly pervaded by an air of tragedy; and on three succeeding days there was always a crowd at that corner—dwindling day by day, but still a crowd. When I tried to console a saleswoman in the shop by remarking that a mere sly robbery was not regarded as an extraordinary event in the United States, she answered with a shocked and grieved air, "Oh, but in Switzerland! It is terrible!"

A couple of days later I read that a casual band of cutthroats had held up one of Chicago's largest hotels in broad daylight, with three fatalities. Undoubtedly that adventure created much less sensation in Chicago than the jewelry-shop robbery did in Zurich. It all depends on getting used to it. In fact, the Swiss get through the year on an allowance of crime that would hardly last an enterprising American city over the week-end.

As to not flaunting automobiles, there is a pretty good reason. Nature's bounty to Switzerland almost begins and ends with scenery. The country is full of mountains, but has no coal, almost no iron, no minerals of any sort in quantities worth mentioning. The arable land will not feed the population. There are no navigable rivers. Transportation in the mountains is difficult and costly. Not only coal and iron, but nearly all other raw materials for industry must be bought outside the country and imported. To buy these materials, and to buy food, Switzerland must produce a large surplus of manufactured articles and sell them abroad in competition with all the world—especially in competition with countries that are rich in natural resources and have direct access to the sea.

A theoretical economist, without having the facts to the contrary before him, might say it couldn't be done, or that it could be done only by very cheap labor. But the latter has, very decidedly, not been Switzerland's answer to the problem. In Swiss cities the current rate of wages for skilled workmen in the building trades, such as bricklayers, carpenters and plumbers, runs from thirty-two to thirty-seven cents an hour in our money—which, on a gold basis, is more than half again as much as the Paris rate. Italian labor to the south and labor in the old Austrian domains to the east is even cheaper. In short, with the possible exception of Germany, Switzerland maintains a much higher wage scale than any of her neighbors and, I think it is fair to say, a higher standard of living.

Cheap labor has not been the answer to the problem. So far as I can make out, Switzerland has nothing extraordinary to show in the way of mechanical equipment. It should be said that in endowing the country with scenery Nature threw in innumerable waterfalls, and in recent years there has been a great development of hydroelectric power which partly offsets the lack of coal. But the Swiss answer to the problem with which Nature presented her seems to consist mostly just of very good, careful management all along the line—plus industry and thrift.

A Load of Hay in the Canton of Ticino

For example, in the matter of selling goods an admiring American who knows them pretty well declared to me, "They are the best shopkeepers in the world."

The World's Best Shopkeepers

Seeing a package of cigarettes that I wanted in the window of a very modest, one-man tobacco shop on a side street in Interlaken, I stepped inside. An Englishman was ahead of me, asking in unmistakable English for a British brand of tobacco that I never had happened to hear of. The shopkeeper had it, however. The customer apologized for having no Swiss money and laid a one-pound Bank of England note on the counter. Without comment, the shopkeeper turned to his morning newspaper, quickly looked up the London rate of exchange, and handed the customer the number of Swiss francs and centimes to which he was entitled as change.

An American woman's fancy was taken by several small scarfs in a show window. None of them, however, was of the shade to match a somewhat peculiar color scheme of her dress. Inside, a saleswoman produced many other scarfs, but none matched the dress. The American took it for granted that settled the matter, but the Swiss saleswoman did not so take it for granted. She asked the customer to wait a moment while she summoned the manager. The manager promptly offered to have a scarf colored by hand the required shade.

"But I'm leaving in the morning," said the American.

"It will be ready for you at six o'clock this evening," the manager replied—the hour then being about half-past ten.

The price of the scarf was six dollars. Such things are what my American acquaintance had in mind when he called them the best shopkeepers in the world.

To support her present population, Switzerland is greatly dependent on exports. She has no natural products like our cotton, copper, grain and petroleum to export. On the contrary, most of the raw materials for Swiss manufacture must be imported. But last year Swiss exports, mostly manufactures, came to $100 a head of the whole population. On that basis our exports would exceed $10,000,000,000.

That, I should say, requires pretty good management, industry, thrift and considerable cooperation. Perhaps well-to-do Swiss citizens who walk or use street cars instead of riding in limousines think that in preaching thrift to their less fortunate fellow citizens it would be as well to set them a good example.

Selling Swiss Scenery

But Switzerland has a natural resource not mentioned in the economic textbooks, which comes to much the same thing as our cotton and copper in that it brings foreign money with which to pay for imported food, coal and iron. You usually hear watchmaking and embroidery mentioned as Switzerland's two leading industries. They are important, and alike in that they depend on skill rather than on easy access to raw materials. But neither of them is the chief industry of the country.

The latest census shows that the watch industry employs 34,983 hands, the embroidery industry employs 28,606 and the hotel industry 43,136. That is 886 more than the railways employ, and if it were not for tourists many a railroad hand would be out of a job. According to the census classification only two industries—textiles, including embroidery, and machinery—employ more hands than the hotels do.

So it may be said that the tourist trade ranks third in order of national importance, but a great many collateral employments and profits hinge upon it. Since Nature endowed the Swiss with scenery and not much else, they proceeded in a businesslike manner to get as much as possible out of the scenery. The tourist business is nationally organized and on the whole, I should say, very well managed.

As one illustration: A distinguished Philadelphian saw an article that he coveted in the show window of a Paris shop. The window bore the usual sign, English Spoken, so he stepped inside confidently and began asking questions about the article in his native tongue. When the saleslady listened in blank bewilderment, the American pointed an accusing finger at the sign on the window. The saleslady brightened up then and replied in good French, "Oh, certainly, if you speak English!" Every American or Englishman who attempts to use his own language in France on the strength of window signs will sooner or later have a similar experience.

But in Switzerland they do really speak English—not only in hotels, tourist offices and a few shops that cater especially to tourists, but in the railroad stations, on the trains, in the post offices. In cities, cab

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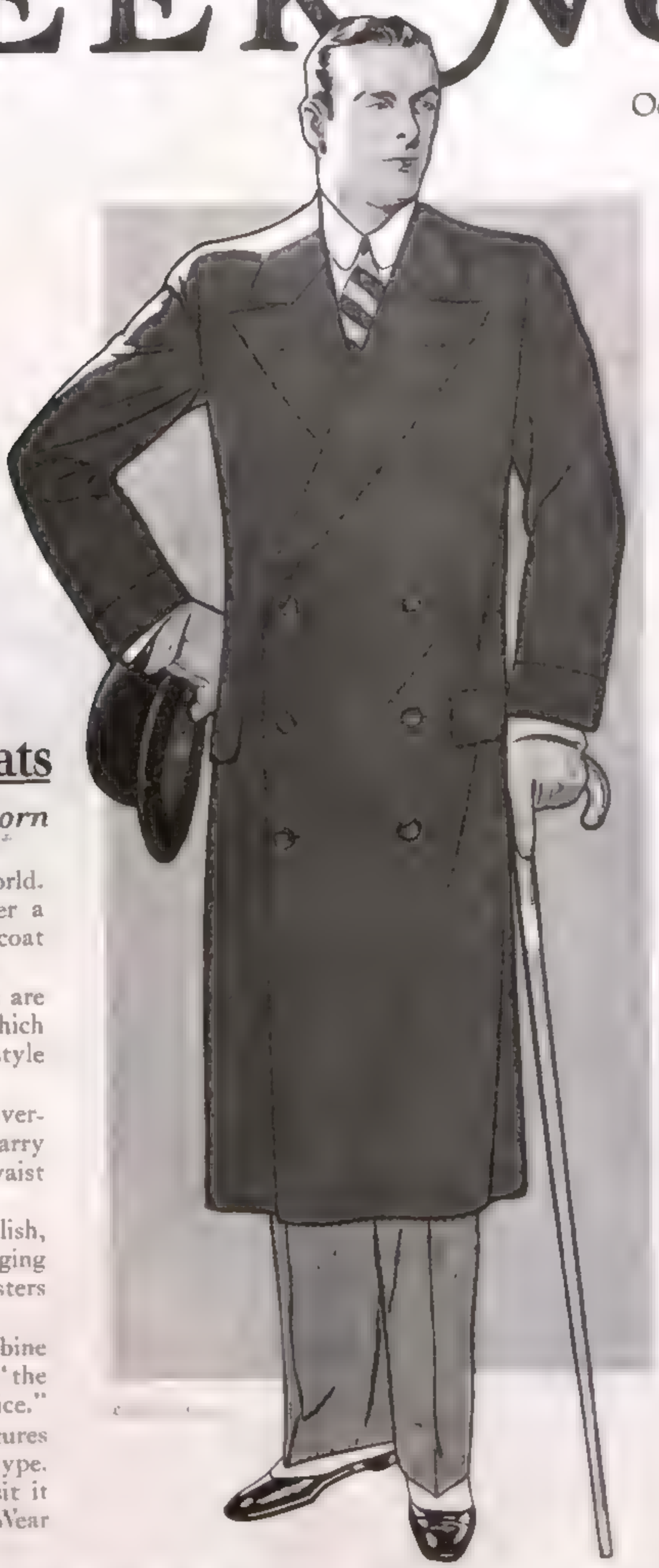
STYLEPLUS WEEK NOW

October 22 to 31



Styleplus Dunberry Overcoats

of the stylish manner born

An overcoat has to face the world. You can hide an old suit under a good overcoat. But the overcoat that feels ashamed has no cover.

Styleplus Dunberry Overcoats are one of the special features which make Styleplus sought out for style regardless of price.

The Styleplus Dunberrys are overcoats de luxe—silk lined. They carry a full silk yoke almost to the waist and satin sleeve linings.

The models are smart and stylish, including the new straight hanging effects, the box backs and the ulsters for warmth and hard weather.

The fabrics and colorings combine to make a Styleplus Dunberry "the overcoat supreme at popular price."

Other Styleplus special features for Fall are described in small type. Know the Styleplus Store. Visit it *this* week—Styleplus Week! Wear Styleplus Clothes.

Styleplus Windsor Cheviots and Supermixtures

Special features—new fabric developments widely in vogue among stylish dressers in the fashionable broadwale and herringbone diamond weaves including blue, tan, Collegiate grey, Delft blue, Burgundy, and bronze shades

Styleplus Fieldbrook Cheviots

A worsted cheviot of style and character that can be bought at an extremely popular price. Made in plain diagonal and herringbone weaves—and in the newest shades.

Styleplus Holbrooks

A fine quality unfinished worsted fabric that appeals especially to men and young men who wish to dress in quiet elegance. A weight suitable for year around wear.

Styleplus Sahara Tans

This is one of the new shades for Fall, and we are showing it in a variety of patterns and in the wanted weights. The Styleplus Sahara Tan suit has character because we are sure that every fabric is cut in the proper young men's model so that the fabric and the model are in complete harmony

Styleplus Platinum Stripes

These are all high quality soft finish worsteds in blue and black background, with the famous platinum stripe. They are cut in our special models for young men and in our less extreme, more dignified models for older men

Styleplus Tuxedos

The Tuxedo suit is no longer a luxury but a style necessity. Styleplus Tuxedos are made in several models, offering young men the very latest thing in style, and giving older men the gentility they seek in evening clothes. The stylish appearance and all around quality of Styleplus Tuxedos have made them popular with men who want their evening clothes at a fair price.

Our 75th Anniversary

In November we will celebrate our 75th anniversary. We are one of the two oldest men's clothing makers in the United States our house was established by Mr. Henry Sonneborn in 1849.

Styleplus Clothes will be displayed the nation over Styleplus Week

Trade Mark Reg

Henry Sonneborn Co., Inc., Baltimore

(Continued from Page 187)

drivers, street-car conductors and policemen quite commonly understand it. Knowing English is part of their job of getting the utmost out of the scenery. Perhaps, having three tongues of their own, adding a fourth is no trouble. Many Swiss business men who never come in direct contact with tourists speak four languages. Neither Americans nor English, by the way, are the leading patrons. More tourists come from Germany than from anywhere else.

As an indication of the importance of travel, 35 per cent of the total receipts of Swiss railways come from passengers. It is only fair to add that the Swiss cheerfully take their own medicine in large doses. In summer, traveling somewhere in order to climb a large, rough mountain is surely the great national pastime. At Interlaken, it will be a dull midsummer hour that passes without a procession of genuine Swiss citizens, embellished with banners and a band, on its way up a mountain, or triumphantly returning to the railroad station after an ascent. There may be only one banner, and the band may consist of only a couple of accordions; but there is always a martial air about it. If you do your mountain climbing conservatively, in an automobile or on a cogwheel railroad, you will meet troupes of natives of various ages scrambling up or down on foot. They seem to like it.

But the tourist trade is not invited on a cheap-labor basis. The Swiss will do their best to give you what you want, and charge you a good round price for it. Motoring with a hired car and driver, for example, is dearer than in any part of the United States with which I am acquainted. Good hotels are cheaper than corresponding establishments in the United States, but running tourist hotels is as much a Swiss specialty as making watches.

Of course, the tourist is welcome everywhere, and for a long while Switzerland has enjoyed the reputation of being a haven of refuge for oppressed philosophers, and the like. Everyone will recall that the latest world-renowned philosopher who kept out of jail by fleeing to her hospitable bosom was Nicolai Lenin. But there is no sloppy and suicidal sentiment in Switzerland's hospitality. Her wage scale, on a gold basis, is more than half again as high as those of her neighbors to the south and east who have a large surplus of hands looking for jobs. That wage scale would not be maintained on the principle of a universal asylum for the oppressed and unemployed.

The Price of Neutrality

Last spring a citizen of the United States was detected holding a Swiss job and invited to leave. He appealed to the American consul; but under Swiss law he was as clearly contraband as a Chinaman on our Mexican border. He had to get out. Again, this summer an American official in Switzerland heard of the fabulous being that haunts every housewife's dreams—a perfect cook who was open for engagement. This particular marvel, however, was an Austrian subject living in Vienna. By exerting his influence and eloquence, the American secured special permission to import her; but only as a special favor could she have been brought across the border. I grieve to add that, like most other pots of gold at the rainbow's end, the culinary wonder turned out to be a complete delusion and was soon shipped home.

In a word, if you are going to Switzerland to spend money, you are heartily welcome, but if you are going to take a Swiss job that would otherwise be filled by a Swiss citizen, you can't get in. Some seasonal labor is admitted from Italy at harvest; also some Italians are admitted for pick-and-shovel work on the railroads. But Swiss jobs are for the Swiss.

In considering that hard-boiled but long-headed policy, it should be remembered that much of the time since August 1, 1914, this mountain republic has been like a tight but tiny craft in a raging sea. Switzerland not only declared neutrality at the beginning of the war, but by way of suggesting that she meant to maintain it, mobilized her entire citizen militia of 200,000 men. That, of course, dislocated industry and involved a staggering cost. In brief, while she did no fighting, the war multiplied her national debt twelvefold—which included advances of 340,000,000 francs to the Allies and 248,000,000 francs to Germany.

Switzerland had to be accommodating to both sides. Probably there was never any danger of an actual invasion, but the economic pressure from both sides was tremendous. For one item, Switzerland was then almost wholly dependent on Germany for coal; and the country with its present population can live only by exporting manufactures. Not only was the national debt multiplied twelve times, but governmental expenditures in the several cantons rose hand over hand. The nationally owned railways that had shown a profit before, began returning large deficits. The financial scene seemed mostly deficit.

After the war came that disastrous boom and inflation of 1919 and the early part of 1920. It affected Switzerland along with the rest of the Western World. But when all Swiss industries were working at top speed, came the world-wide slump of 1920 midsummer. Factory after factory shut down. Unemployment rose until the number on the registers was 156,301. Various radical expedients were proposed, but on the whole the government sat tight.

Swiss Money at Par

At present, Switzerland is one of the very few countries in the world that is talking seriously of paying off its national debt. A scheme of taxation and expenditure has been provisionally worked out which, it is predicted, will accomplish that result at the end of the next generation. The railroads are again earning a profit; the budget is balanced; labor in the greater part of the country is fully employed and the condition is one of prosperity.

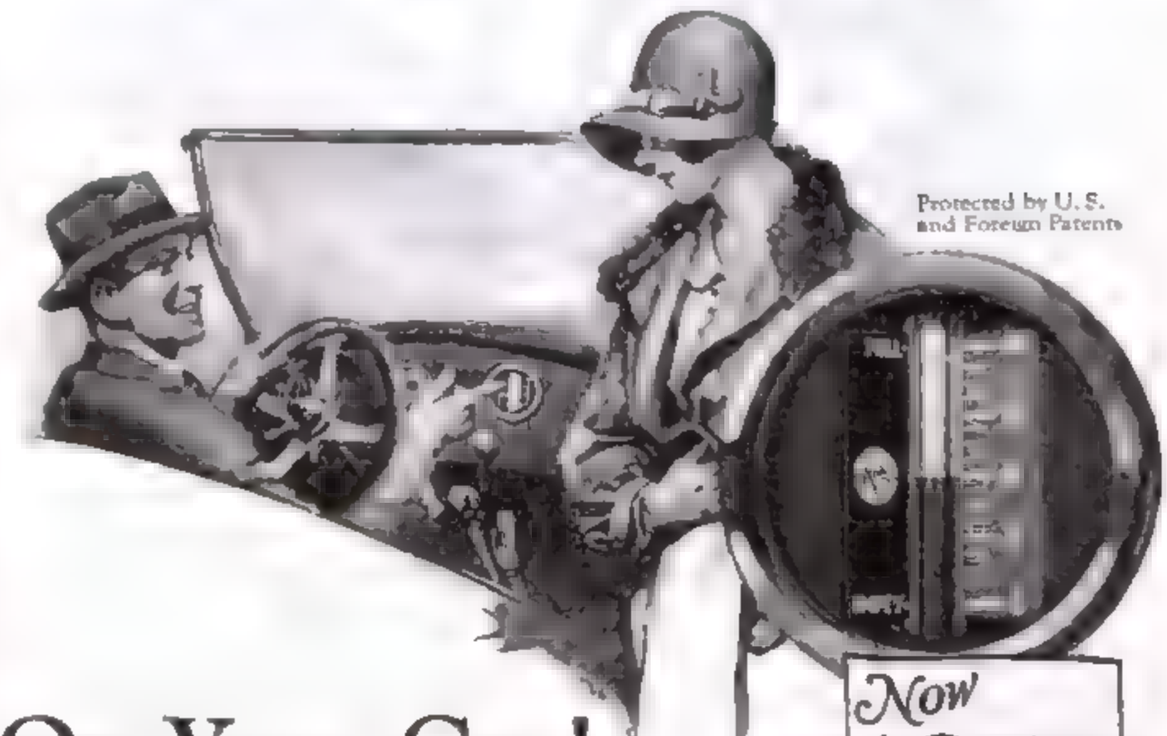
The Swiss five-franc silver piece, the size of our silver dollar, is an admirable piece of money. It was originally designed, long ago, as part of a Latin monetary union scheme by which the French franc, the Swiss franc and the Italian lira were to be of exactly the same value, and interchangeable. At present, one Swiss franc will buy, in round figures, four French francs and five Italian lira. Swiss money, in short, is at par. At its worst, in the slump of 1920, it showed a depreciation of 20 per cent as measured in American money; but at times in the last year and a half it has sold at a slight premium over the American dollar.

French gold pieces no longer circulate in France, but they still circulate in Switzerland on even terms with Swiss paper money. The till of an office in Zurich that was examined for my benefit contained three French gold coins that had been taken in during the day. Of course, Switzerland was not a participant in the war; but in view of all the vicissitudes which war thrust upon the country, maintaining the currency at par shows pretty good management.

Back in 1870, a little more than 1,000,000 Swiss citizens drew their livelihood from manufacturing and commerce, broadly defined, and a little more than 1,000,000 from agriculture. The two figures nearly balanced, but agriculture had a shade the best of it. At present, 2,000,000 Swiss, in round figures, depend on manufacturing and commerce and 1,000,000 on agriculture. In fifty years, the agricultural population has shown a small positive decrease, and a big relative decrease, while the manufacturing and commercial population has doubled. Although the use of farm machinery is still very limited, enough machines and improved methods generally have been introduced to maintain the farm output, or even to increase it somewhat, with a positively smaller number of hands.

Apparently 1,000,000 people, in round numbers, are as many as can make a living tilling Swiss soil, but the population has

Stop GASOLINE GUESSING



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On Your Car!

Demand This Protection That Thousands Now Enjoy

THOUSANDS of motorists have found that, so far as protection goes, the ordinary gasoline gauge on the tank in the rear is inadequate. If you don't know, positively, at all times, the exact number of gallons in your fuel tank, you are running a dangerous risk.

Now you can be free from this dangerous game of "gasoline guessing." You can be free from worry—safe from stalling miles from home, with an empty gas tank. With the K-S Telegage, right on the dash in front of your eyes, you can tell at a glance, exactly, to a fraction of a gallon, how your gasoline supply stands.

Leading automotive engineers have tried and tested the K-S Telegage in every conceivable way, and today you will find it as standard equipment on 12 famous cars—on one out of three cars selling for $1,000 or over. Yet if you do not own one of these cars you can still have this protection. The K-S Telegage can be installed on many well-known cars as listed on the coupon below.

A Dependable, Scientifically Exact Instrument

The K-S Telegage is exact and dependable. A glance at its faithful red column gives you the exact number of gallons in the tank, down to a fraction. It has a score of uses. Use it to check full measure when you buy gasoline. Use it to check fuel consumption against motor mileage. Above all, use it to feel safe when you drive.

Have the K-S Telegage put on your car without delay. It will save you many hours of worry—and perhaps from disaster.

Increased production, due to rapidly growing demand, has reduced the price of the Telegage to $8 50. It can be quickly and easily installed on many well-known cars by your garage or accessory dealer. Or fill out the coupon below, with name of your car checked, and enclose with money order. The Telegage will then be mailed complete with directions for installing. Mail the coupon today.

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Now $8.50 FORMERLY $10.00

Automotive engineers endorse the K-S Telegage. It is now included as standard equipment on the following well-known cars:

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Reo Sedan Bus
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*Standard equipment on de luxe models, optional equipment on other models.

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BE CERTAIN WITH THE K-S TELEGAGE

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BUICK Standard 6	ALL
REO	1923—26
NASH Special 6	ALL
OVERLAND 6	ALL
BUICK Master Sedan, Coach and Open Models	1924—26
FLINT 40	ALL

King-Seeley Corporation, Accessory Division, Ann Arbor, Mich.

Gentlemen: I enclose check money order for which please send me K-S Telegage, with complete directions for installing on my car, checked on list herewith.

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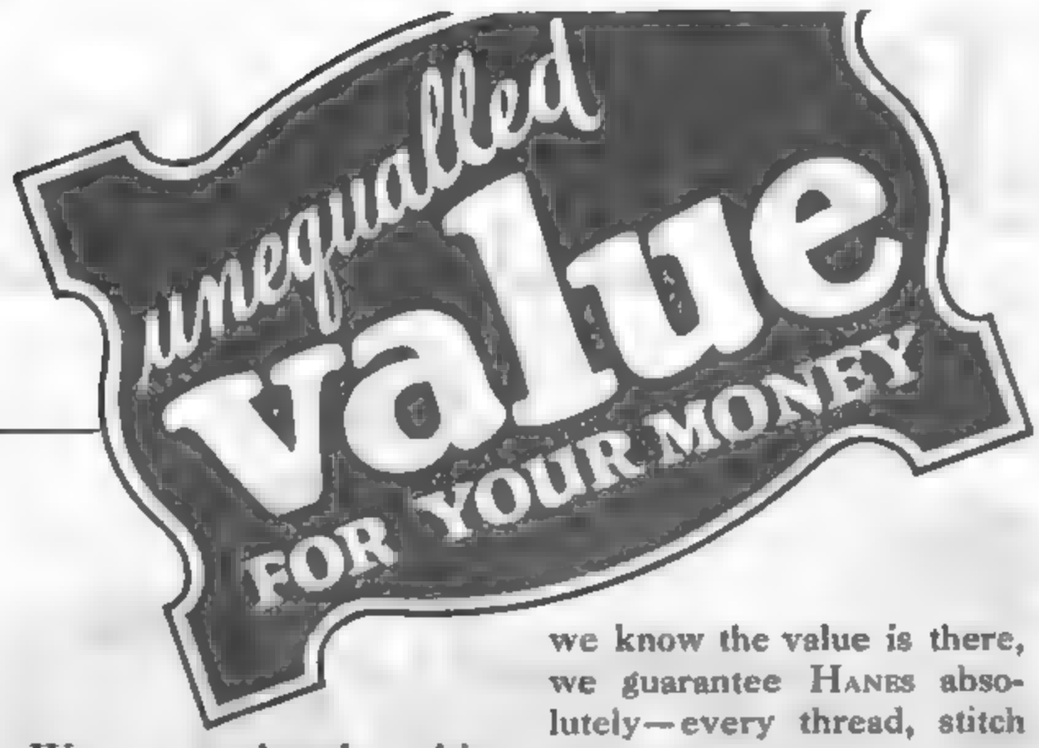


WE KNOW there's a bigger value for the money in HANES Winter Underwear because we have always conscientiously put that utmost in value into it.

You'll know it the first time you slip into a suit of HANES.

It will fit you perfectly because it's made that way.

And it will give you the kind of satisfying bodily comfort—indoors or out—that you've always wanted in your winter underwear.

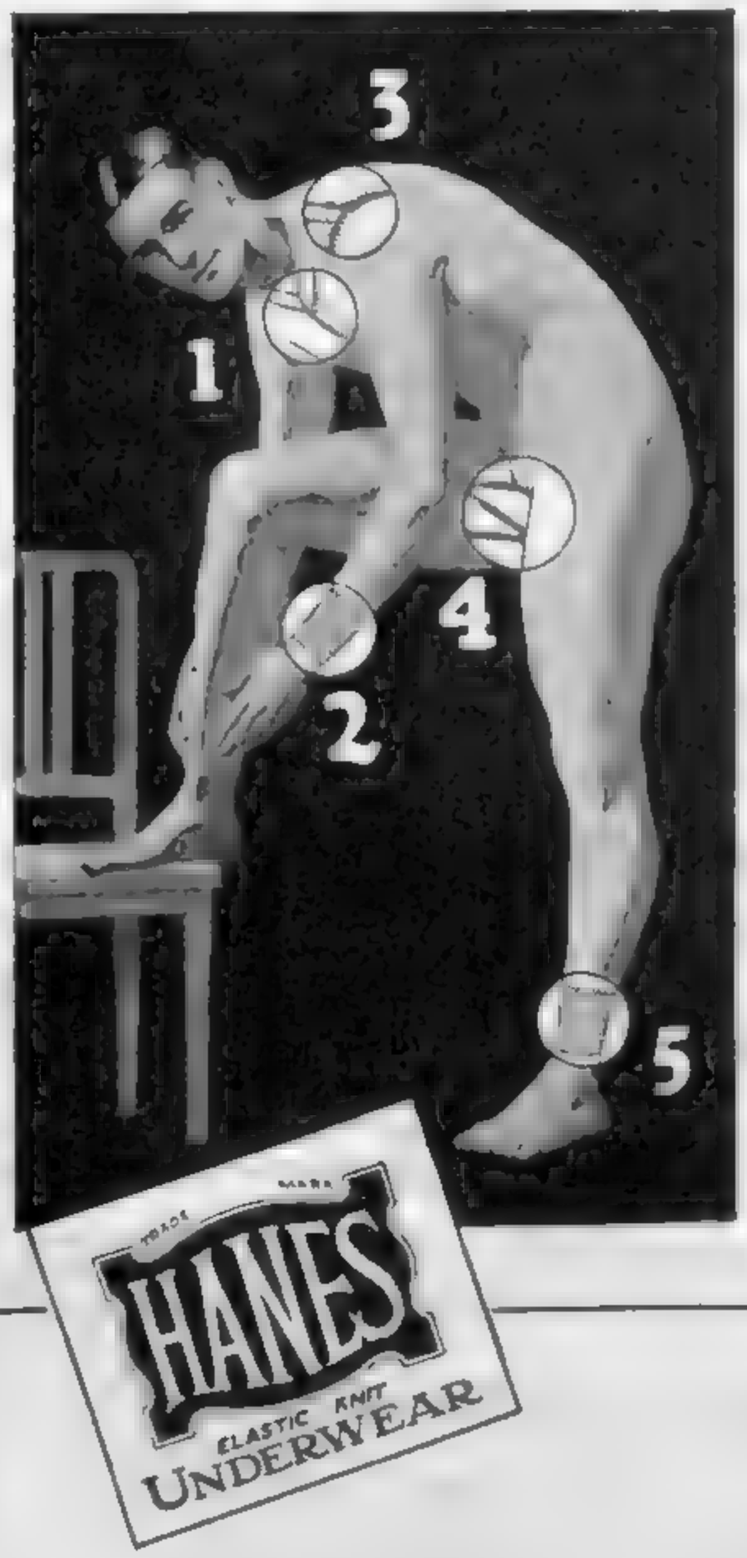
We put more wear into HANES too; wear that means real economy. And because we know the value is there, we guarantee HANES absolutely—every thread, stitch and button.

Ask for HANES at your regular store. If you can't get it, write us. We'll see that you are supplied.

HANES in three weights for men; union suits and shirts and drawers. You'll recognize it at once by the famous HANES red label. And you can bank on the accuracy of HANES' sizes. They are right every time.

HANES Winter Underwear is made for the boys too. Made with the same painstaking workmanship and the same high quality materials. Union suits only, in two weights, heavy and extra heavy. Sizes 2 to 16 years. 2 to 4 year sizes with drop seats. Also knee lengths and short sleeves.

P. H. HANES KNITTING CO.
Winston-Salem, N. C.



Hanes Five Famous Points

1 HANES *Collarettes are cut to size. A 40 suit has a 40 collarette. Won't roll or pucker. Protects the chest from cold draughts and lets the top-shirt lie smooth.*

2 HANES *Cuffs won't pull off. They snug the wrist. Reinforced on the end to prevent raveling and gaping. Sleeves are exact length—not uneven.*

3 HANES *Elastic Shoulders give with every movement, because they're made with a service-doubling lap seam. Comfortable. Strong.*

4 HANES *Closed Crotch really STAYS closed. Double gusset in thigh another comfort feature. Crotch can't bind, for HANES is fitted by TRUNK measurement, as well as chest.*

5 HANES *Elastic Ankles never bunch over the shoe-tops. No ugly bucker showing under the socks. One leg is exactly the same length as the other. They're mates!*

increased steadily by an excess of births over deaths. By all accounts the surplus hands have been drawn into manufacturing and commerce gradually as they appeared and Swiss industry has expanded just about in proportion to the natural increase of population. So, by and large, there have been no violent adjustments. All competent observers, so far as I can discover, agree that Switzerland, on a broad view, has no pauper population and no floating factory population such as is found in most other industrial countries. The turnover of labor is relatively small. In good part, the factory hands are as settled as the farmers. There are labor disputes, of course, but the record of strikes and lockouts will compare most favorably with that of any other Western European country.

It would be flattering to ourselves to attribute Switzerland's survival and prosperity to her democratic institutions, but the plain fact is that for a long while the Swiss themselves cared very little for those institutions—or, rather, for the spirit that is supposed to lie behind them. The mountaineers fought intermittently, and with many inspiring examples of heroism, for nearly 100 years to establish their independence. And there, for romantic purposes, the record ought to end, because for some centuries Switzerland was, in fact, pretty thoroughly involved in royal and imperial European politics and pretty well subjugated by European political ideas. Louis XIV was only one of many foreign lords who, at one time or another, practically bossed all or some part of the country. There was no end of bossing and of usurpations within the country.

Some of the people still voted, but aristocracies overruled popular parliaments, cities subjugated contiguous rural districts, castes appeared. In short, seventeenth-and-eighteenth-century Switzerland was merely a piece of seventeenth-and-eighteenth-century Europe, in spite of the brave democratic beginning. So, on a long view, Swiss political history presents pretty much the same blend of grandeur and imbecility that is found in the political record of every other country, including our own. Only since 1815 has the real independence of the country in its present extent been firmly established. Beginning as democrats gets you nowhere, any more than any beginning gets you anywhere.

I admire prodigiously the simple political machinery of Uri, Unterwalden, Glarus and Appenzell; yet there is a lot of government in the country. You will not be settled long as a resident before you are visited by an inquisitive inspector who wants to know if you have children of school age and what school they attend. He will presently be followed by another representative of the government who is anxious to know whether your servants have proper sleeping quarters, proper food and the hours of leisure to which they are entitled. On the whole they go at the government business with German thoroughness.

I regret that Swiss Bell Ringers seem to have disappeared from the United States. As an intellectual stimulation for the young, I prefer them to the movies.

ODD TRICK—AND ODDEST TRICK

(Continued from Page 23)

bum conjurer I used to see you with at the county fairs. I hear he fired you because you were picking up his sleight-of-hand tricks too fast. Well, at last those tricks are paying you dividends."

"I ——" Blackie begins; but I cut him short and I go on:

"There's been quite a lot in the papers about that big mascot whip of Spike's. And there is due to be something more when I carry my story to the stewards and then to the press box. Spike gets weighed in, carrying that whip and his saddle and bridle. For all the careless way he twiddles it, it is chockful of lead. It must weigh anywhere from ten pounds up. That adds ten pounds or more to the weight the horse has to carry. The scales steward thinks it is Spike's own weight, and he regulates the weight cloths accordingly.

"Then, while you're saddling, Spike drops the whip. You give it back to him. But you don't really give it back. You slip it under that blanket on your arm and you give him another great big whip that looks just like it, but doesn't weigh much more than a feather. So Fiery Maid goes into her race at least ten pounds light. No wonder she wins so steady.

"Well, coon, that's fraud. There's a prison penalty for fraud. You're due for a spell in the coop. So is Spike. Kenny will swear he knows nothing about it. So he'll probably get off. But I'm sorry for you. The rock pile is a tough summer resort."

A little more of that genial encouragement and I had Blackie where I needed him. On my promise to keep my mouth shut, he comes through with the whole confession; much about as I had doped it out.

He comes through with a couple more things. One of them is that Fiery Maid is one of those rather frequent race horses that simply crumple up under weight. Ride her light and she'll go like a bird. Weight her down and she'll crawl. Kenny was wise to that. So he invents the whip trick.

Another of the things I sweated out of Blackie was that Fiery Maid was what used to be called a "follow horse."

That means, if she was a human, she'd remain a second shipping clerk all her days. She hasn't a spark of initiative or aggressiveness. Put her behind some horse that is making the pace and she'll travel like the wind. But she's got to have a pacemaker. She won't forge ahead unless the jockey uses the whip hard enough to make the pain outbalance her dislike for taking the lead.

So now I saw why Spike Raegan always came under the wire flogging a seemingly willing mare half to death. Blackie says spurs drive her frantic and make her buck. They daren't use spurs on her even in training. Nothing but a heavy dose of whip will make her win.

I stowed this sweet handful of knowledge in my head for future reference, not knowing for sure whether or not it will ever come handy. Try as I would I couldn't seem to figure out any way I could profit by it. And I had promised Blackie not to tell.

Well, Fiery Maid won the handicap that afternoon by a head. They didn't run her again till the match race with Invictus. The story got around that Stubby Panden was really going to start his Methuselah badge horse, Childe Roland, in the match, and it gave lots of folks a pleasant laugh, including the newspapers. But Stubby and Fay didn't mind. They just went around looking like they had bought the only two front-row seats to a revelation.

I was in the paddock as usual, while Invictus and Fiery Maid and poor old Childe Roland were saddled for the race. I wanted to watch the whip trick worked again. A crowd of folks were there. Most of them were grinning at Childe Roland.

The poor sway-backed bag of bones, with the white hairs over his eyesockets and around his nose, stood as proud as Punch. He loved being back in the thick of it all again. His rheumatism wasn't bothering him much this hot day. He acted like a ninety-year-old ex-tenor might if he was asked to sing at a gala opera performance.

A hostler of Biggs' was sponging off Invictus' head and face. Blackie was busy saddling Fiery Maid. Spike Raegan stood twiddling his whip. Stubby and Fay, arm in arm, were giving last instructions to Benny Gring, the frightened Biggs stable boy, who was going to ride Childe Roland.

Then, as usual, Spike drops his whip. As usual, Blackie stoops, respectful-like, to pick it up. But he never gets to it.

(Continued on Page 193)

1875 1925

The Wonder Years

IN all history there is no fifty-year period in which human welfare has made an advance comparable to that of the last half century.

As the result of a wizardry of discoveries and inventions and a tremendous leap in knowledge and material progress, the average man, woman and child in the United States today gets so much more out of life that a sudden reversal to 1875 would seem like the end of all human happiness.

These thoughts are raised by the Semi-Centennial of The Prudential, which was organized October 13, 1875. Not the least of the benefits acquired by mankind in these fifty years has been a knowledge and appreciation of life insurance.

In fifty years The Prudential has paid out more than $1,150,000,000 to policyholders and their beneficiaries. When The Prudential came into being, all the life insurance policies held in the United States numbered only 800,000. Today The Prudential alone has 28,000,000 policies in force.

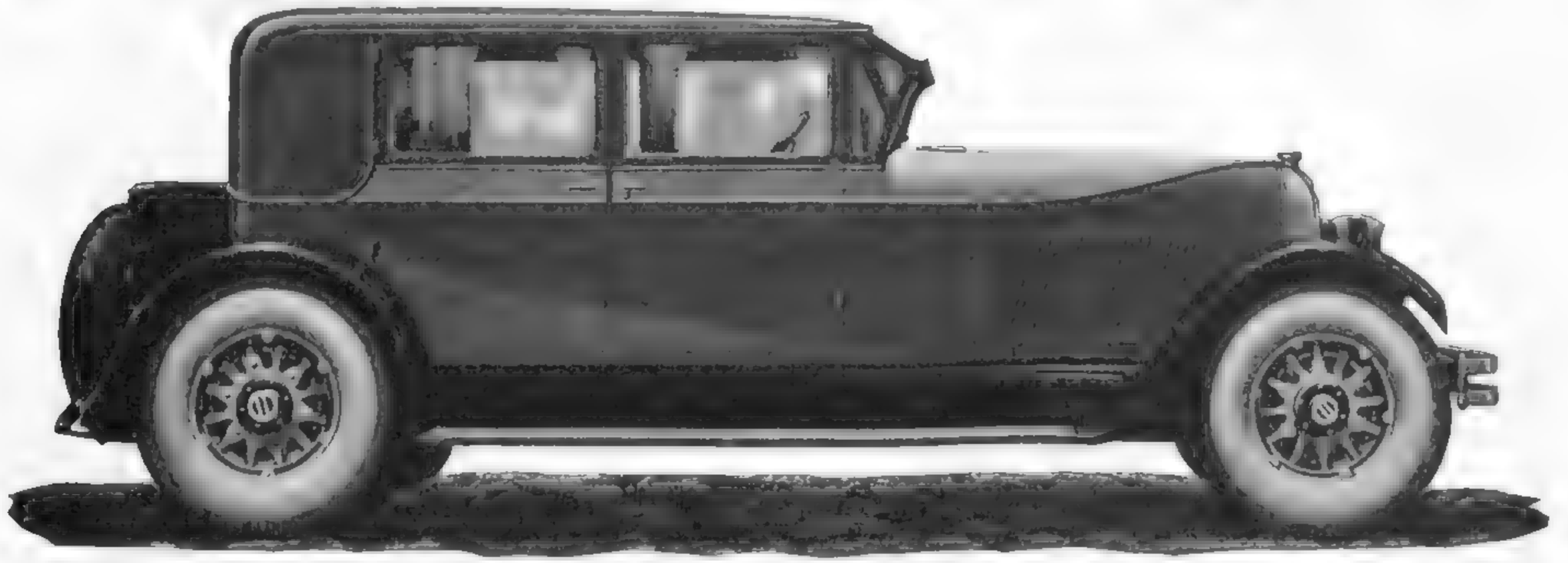
The Prudential Man who calls on you has a message that is in accord with these times of great progress in human welfare.

THE PRUDENTIAL INSURANCE CO. OF AMERICA

EDWARD D. DUFFIELD, *President* HOME OFFICE, NEWARK, N. J.

AUBURN

EIGHTY EIGHT



The New Auburn Brougham 8-88, $2250. Freight and tax extra.

Although the Auburn Eight is Most Advanced in Beautiful Design, Any Car's Appearance is Only Incidental to Its Real Purpose

The aim of our engineering and production departments was to create a new design so conspicuously ahead of the times that it would take two years or more for others to catch up.

There were two purposes in so doing:

Obviously, in order to meet the public demand for new improvements.

Also, because used car valuation is largely determined by the oldness of your car's design and appearance. No matter how good care you have taken of the mechanical parts of your car it is almost impossible to trade it in if it has an old-style, obsolete body design. So, aside from the enjoyment you get from the distinction of having the most up-to-date design in the Auburn you buy today, when you come to trade it in *it will still be new.*

And Auburn beauty solidly rests upon a superabundance of strength and durability.

No other type of Eight can possess the advantages and give the fine results that are inherent in the design, engineering, materials and workmanship of the Auburn Straight Eight.

The Auburn factory is a different kind of factory with different ideals and methods. The Auburn car is *not* built to "compete" with any other car. It is built to *stand out from all others*—to have an identity of its own—to enable discriminating people to escape sameness and mediocrity—to give something finer and more gratifying than simply transportation. It would not be a distinction to own an Auburn except for the exclusive advantages not found in any other car.

The proof of all our claims is found in the unprecedented enthusiasm of owners of the new Auburn Eight, *among whom are many who have previously owned every make of high priced car.*

See for yourself! Get an expert mechanic to go over the Auburn for you, put it to any and every test, compare it with any other car, and *if the Auburn Eight does not sell itself, we will not ask you to buy.*

Dealers everywhere report unheard-of performance feats. Former records are daily smashed by the Auburn Eight. And these records include hill climbing, long distance at sustained speed, gasoline economy, freedom from attention and repairs—but above all, a totally new sense of ease and comfort in handling.

It is not only *what* the Auburn Eight does, but more important *how* it does it that has caused Auburn sales to break all records and make it the outstanding value of the fine car market today.

E. L. CORD SAYS:

The day will never come when a few large quantity production factories will build all the cars—not until everybody is willing to wear clothes exactly alike and live in houses exactly alike.

• • • •

Our aim is to originate and build improved fine cars better than any car has ever been built before and sell it for a great deal less commensurate price than quality cars have ever been sold.

• • • •

Select any make of car today and compare its quality with the quality of that same make five or ten years ago. Has it come down? Auburn has gone up!

• • • •

Auburn is not trading on its past reputation.

• • • •

What the automobile industry needs most of all is not lower prices but better built automobiles.

• • • •

It might be more profitable for a quantity factory to continue its old models but it cannot stop progress and improvements in other factories.

• • • •

What's wrong with this picture? Collect several automobile advertisements and note how the same words, the same adjectives and the same claims are made for cars that vary in price from $500 to $5000.

• • • •

Price cutting does not save you any money if you own a car.

• • • •

Auburn dealers are making money. Our policy is to *make* them, not "break" them. It is easier to compete *with* the Auburn than *against* it. Write us.

8-88 Sedan $2350; 8-88 Wanderer $2400; 8-88 Brougham $2250; 8-88 Touring $1995; 8-88 Sport Roadster $1975. 6-66 Sedan $1795; 6-66 Wanderer $1845; 6-66 Brougham $1595; 6-66 Touring $1395; 6-66 Sport Roadster $1495. Freight and tax extra.

AUBURN AUTOMOBILE COMPANY, AUBURN, INDIANA

(Continued from Page 190)

As quick as a flash, Fay Biggs swoops down and catches the whip off the ground. Her white little fingers close around it a fraction of a second before Blackie's colorado-maduro hand can grab it.

She picked up the whip, and she never gave a sign that it weighed a million tons. She holds it as quiet as if it was a feather. I told you she was no fool, that girl, except in her racing ideas.

"I've seen you drop this whip so many times!" she says to Spike, smiling friendlily into his panic-blank face. "It's ever so awkward of you to do that. Suppose it should break! And it's your mascot whip too. I ——"

"Gimme my whip, Miss!" sputters the scared jock, while Blackie turns battleship color. "Gimme ——"

"No, Spike," she answers, soothing like, and smiling at him without batting an eye. "I've always wanted to handle this mascot whip. Especially since I've seen it fall out of your hand so often. I'll give it to you as you start for the track. That will be time enough. I ——"

"Gimme my whip, you!" pants Spike, all greenish and sweating. "You got no right to ——"

"I told you," says Fay sweetly, "I told you I'd give it to you as you start out. That is, if this stable boy isn't too close to you at the time. If you want it sooner, I'll hand it to the weight steward and let him give it to you."

She didn't say it as if it was a threat. But Spike shut up like a basketful of clams.

The thing hadn't been noticed by more than half a dozen people. And none of them, but me, got the point of it. The rest of them must have thought that a silly girl was just acting fresh.

I took my hat off mentally to her. It seems she had used her eyes just as well as I had used mine, all those times she was in the paddock watching Fiery Maid get saddled.

As Spike sets off for the track Fay hands him the whip. It was too late then to work the change, even if I hadn't accidentally strolled between him and the chattering Blackie. So he takes it all trembling like, and he rides off.

"The mare won't forge ahead of the front horse without heavy punishment," thinks I, "and she can't carry weight. If he hangs onto the whip there's an added ten pounds or more to the weight she has to carry. That'll make her sulk and loaf. If he throws away the whip he'll have no way of forcing her to the front. It's a mighty pretty problem as it lays."

I hustled to the nearest bookmaker and I bet every cent in my pocket on Invictus. I borrowed more from a chum of mine and I bet it all. Then I made my way to the grand stand and watched the parade.

Invictus and Fiery Maid walked past the judges in a businesslike way, with no frills. It was an everyday story to them. But Childe Roland fairly pranced on his twisted rheumatic old legs; and he carried his grizzled head like the war horse in Holy Writ.

It wasn't funny. It was fine. The crowd gave him a cheer such as it was, and I felt a kind of a lump in my throat.

But I was sore at myself that I hadn't brought ten times as much money along with me that day, to bet on Invictus. Such a cinch doesn't happen twice in a century. The English horse couldn't possibly lose. With Childe Roland falling to pieces in the first hundred yards of the seven furlongs, and with Fiery Maid either crumpling under the extra weight, or else refusing to go ahead without the whip, it was due to be a solo for Lyman Biggs' gelding.

There wasn't a single false start. They were off like a patent toy. I sat back to watch the fun.

Invictus and Fiery Maid were close together for the first furlong or more at a hot clip. Childe Roland was left behind, of course, at the first jump.

But the good old-timer didn't flinch. He galloped on with his snail-like rheumatic gait as gamely as ever he had done in the days, twenty years earlier, when he had been a king of the Eastern turf.

The Biggs stable boy on his back didn't urge him. He didn't have to. The gallant old fellow was doing his very best, even if that best was not so very much faster than a street-car horse could trot. His rickety legs flew out in grand form and his brave old head was stretched forward the way racing horses' heads are in pictures. Oh, but he was a pathetic sight—a beautiful sight!

The other horses were nearly a furlong ahead of him. But he wouldn't give up. He was putting every atom of his wasted old strength and speedless speed into that race. The stable boy was sitting still in the saddle with the whip in his boot. He didn't draw it once. He just let the broken veteran travel as he wanted to. And Childe Roland was traveling for everything there was in him. The only trouble was that there was nothing in him.

I could have kicked that fool girl and Stubby for putting the grandfather horse to such terrific effort and to such humiliation just for the sake of a silly dream.

Then I centered on the two other horses. Things were beginning to happen out forward. Things that made me forget Childe Roland.

For the first three furlongs, Invictus and Fiery Maid had stayed close enough together for a blanket to cover the two of them. Fiery Maid hung a quarter length behind. That was her way. She was letting the other horse make the pace.

Then she begins to flag. That whip's extra ten or eleven pounds of weight was troubling her. It was bothering her cowardly heart more than her muscles. She began to slow down.

Invictus went a couple of lengths ahead. I saw Spike Raegan drop his whip. I knew the idea. He was figuring that she might possibly get ahead without punishment, but that she wouldn't get anywhere with that weight holding her in.

Sure enough, the instant the whip fell, she darted forward. Presently she was at Invictus' quarter again. There she nestled, and all Spike's frantic riding couldn't budge her faster. As usual, she was letting the front horse make the pace for her. And now there was no whip to scourge her past him.

It would have been an easy enough thing to pass Invictus, at that. For by the end of the fourth furlong he dropped all at once from his sweeping run to a shambling sort of canter. He tossed his head and his mouth was open.

The jockey poured leather into him. But nothing could make him speed up. His canter was getting slower and more and more like a hobby-horse's. Nothing could hurry him.

He wasn't sulking, so far as I could see. But he had lost every bit of his speed. And all his jock's skill and hammering punishment couldn't make him go faster. All it could do was to keep him moving at all.

Now here was the time for Fiery Maid to breeze ahead and win in a walk. Did she do it? She did not. She ran true to form. I mean, she let the front horse make the pace just as she had done all her life. It was part of her mentality—if she had any, which I doubt.

She kept in the same relation to Invictus as she had been keeping—as always she kept to any leading horse, unless she was flogged ahead. But there was nothing now to flog her with.

Spike could only yell at her, and hunch himself forward in the saddle and slap at her neck with the reins.

The slower the other horse cantered the slower cantered Fiery Maid. She and Invictus jogged down into the stretch like a couple of ancient cows who haven't any fear of the barefoot boy who is driving them. It was an awesome sight.

The grand stand stared, goggle-eyed. Then a big guffaw went up. Lyman Biggs and Ham Kenny glowered at each other in dumb horror.

The HEMCO Cord Set
-keeps appliances in service

The Hemco Cord Set is sold complete ready for use. However, the Hemco Pul Cord Attachment Plug and the Hemco Heater Plug may be purchased separately if desired. The features are worth demanding by name.

Hemco Heater Plug (unattached) . . 45c
Hemco Attachment Plug (unattached) 25c

How are your appliances behaving today? Some of them idle waiting for the cord to be repaired?

The Hemco Cord Set is built to keep appliances working all the time. The heater plug is moulded of a special material known for its mechanical strength. It will withstand many strains and abuses of regular home use. Its self-locating terminals grip standard lugs on all appliances firmly—regardless of their shape. The attachment plug is similarly moulded. It, too, is practically unbreakable.

Both the lustrous black heater plug and attachment plug have many features worth demanding. Snubbing devices prevent cord strains from failing on the terminal screws. The attachment plug has self-locating slots, and the heater plug is provided with non-slip finger grips. The Hemco Cord Set is designed throughout for utility and convenience.

Keep one on the shelf as a "spare"—its handy box will keep it clean and neat. It is low cost insurance of having unfailing electrical convenience.

Ask for the Genuine HEMCO CORD SET *in the Orange and Black Box*

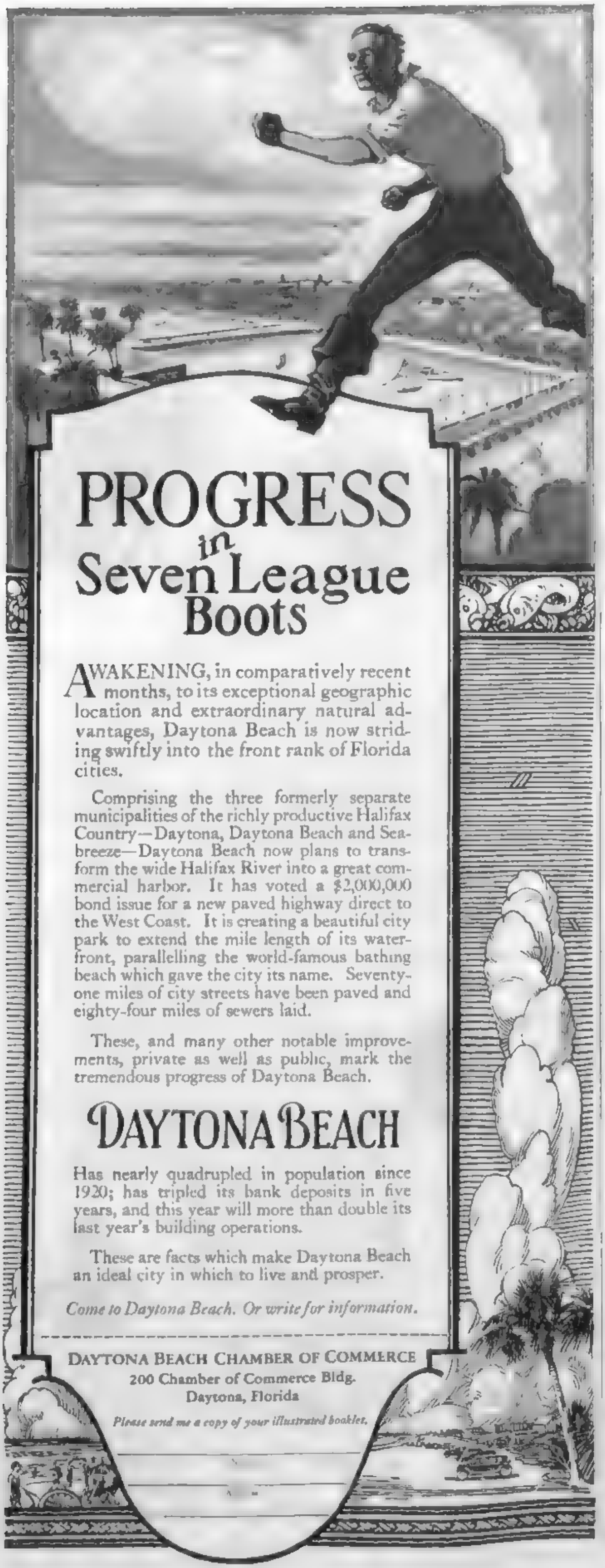
All Hemco Products like the Hemco Cord Set are packed in distinctive orange and black boxes for your protection. Your dealer, too, undoubtedly carries the famous line of Hemco Plural Plugs—they make every room more convenient by providing additional outlets for lamps and appliances. They are moulded in one piece of Bakelite—heatproof, shockproof and moistureproof. Will not mar or crush if dropped. HEMCO TACH-LITE provides vertical outlet threaded to take standard screw or clamp type shade holder, and a side outlet for appliance cord attachment. Formerly retailed at 75c—Now 60c. HEMCO TRIP LITE, the triple outlet plug: Center outlet threaded to take shade holder. Side outlets for appliance cord attachment. Formerly retailed at $1.10—Now $1.00. HEMCO TEE PRONG fits any standard flush (wall) receptacles, providing two slotted outlets to take attachment caps. Very small size, neat and unobtrusive. Sold every where at 50c. HEMCO TEE LITE, similar to the TEE PRONG except that two screw shell type receptacles are provided to take any standard attachment plugs. Formerly sold at 75c—now 60c.

Hemco Twin-Lite

Largest selling plural plug in the world. Light weight—and of small size to fit under lamp shades. Formerly sold at 75c—Now 60c.

HEMCO ELECTRICAL CONVENIENCES FOR EVERYBODY

George Richards & Co., 557 West Monroe Street, Chicago


PROGRESS
in
Seven League
Boots
AWAKENING, in comparatively recent months, to its exceptional geographic location and extraordinary natural advantages, Daytona Beach is now striding swiftly into the front rank of Florida cities.
Comprising the three formerly separate municipalities of the richly productive Halifax Country—Daytona, Daytona Beach and Seabreeze—Daytona Beach now plans to transform the wide Halifax River into a great commercial harbor. It has voted a $2,000,000 bond issue for a new paved highway direct to the West Coast. It is creating a beautiful city park to extend the mile length of its waterfront, parallelling the world-famous bathing beach which gave the city its name. Seventy-one miles of city streets have been paved and eighty-four miles of sewers laid.
These, and many other notable improvements, private as well as public, mark the tremendous progress of Daytona Beach.
DAYTONA BEACH
Has nearly quadrupled in population since 1920; has tripled its bank deposits in five years, and this year will more than double its last year's building operations.
These are facts which make Daytona Beach an ideal city in which to live and prosper.
Come to Daytona Beach. Or write for information.
DAYTONA BEACH CHAMBER OF COMMERCE
200 Chamber of Commerce Bldg.
Daytona, Florida
Please send me a copy of your illustrated booklet.

On surged the two fleet steeds—at a pace of about six miles or less an hour. Their jocks went insane with helpless fury. But that was all the good it did.

All the leathering on earth could only keep Invictus in that ever slower open-mouthed hobby-horse canter. With no fear of whip, Fiery Maid hung to his quarter at a pace that accommodated itself to his. 'Twas a noble sight, the sport of kings, as exemplified by those two flyers.

Nobody had seen the like. Nobody will see the like again. Never before or since has a widely advertised match race on an authorized track been run at a gait that two snails would blush for.

Ham Kenny was the only man on the grand stand who knew pretty near the whole reason. Even I didn't know it till afterward. Ham knew, of course, why Fiery Maid held back. He was a wise horseman. But he had never been able to break her of that trick of holding back and letting the leader set the pace. The whip was always the only cure. He supposed the whip had fallen by accident from Spike Raegan's fist and he was yearning to slam its weighted butt against the jock's head.

And he knew why Invictus lagged so. With much wile and with a $500 bribe he had gotten Lyman Biggs' new hostler to slip a round little sponge up the English horse's left nostril while he was washing the racer's head and mouth in the paddock, just after the weighing in.

That is an old, old trick. It was old in the days the English Jockey Club was new. It's so old and it's been so often exposed that it is almost never worked or even looked out for in these modern times. Kenny had heard of it and he had taken a chance on its success.

A horse breathes through his nostrils. Stop up one or both of his nostrils and you cut off his breathing power to an extent that will keep him from running.

Before the race was half finished, Invictus had been in a torment of breathlessness. With his mouth wide open and trying to pump air into his laboring lungs with his one remaining nostril, he had been kept in any sort of motion at all by his jock's cruel drubbing. On crept the two in that shameful comic-opera race. Then suddenly Fiery Maid forsook her lumbering pacemaker and flashed ahead at express-train speed. She had found a new leader.

Into the stretch had crawled the two matched racers. And now into the stretch galloped old Childe Roland. Slow as he was, yet his stiff legs had gotten him over the ground faster than the two loiterers were creeping.

Past them he swung. Old and rickety as he was, his eye was ablaze. Once more, after nearly a fifth of a century, he was distancing competitors.

It woke all his gorgeous spirit into life. It even lent a sort of semblance of speed to his tired-out legs. He was sprinting. It was not much of a sprint, yet compared with the rest of his pitiful run it was a strong finish.

Fiery Maid saw him lumber past her and past Invictus. Gayly she rushed after. For an instant Spike Raegan's dazed brain must have registered an ounce of hope. He fairly lifted her onward toward the wire.

Like an arrow she flew—until her nose touched the shoulder of Childe Roland. Then, just as always, she accommodated her gait politely to her new pacemaker, ambling a quarter length behind him.

The crowd bellowed with Homeric laughter. The grand stand rocked. The sound was too much for Spike Raegan. He went daffy with rage. He yanked ferociously at the right rein to swing his mount farther away from Childe Roland.

The jerk caught her off balance as she snuggled down to the new slow pace. Her head went sidewise under the force of it, and she fell. She fell not ten yards from the finish line; while Childe Roland clattered under the wire.

The old hero had won. And he knew it. I never saw such a proud look on any human winner as that exhausted old chap wore.

Fiery Maid struggled up to her feet. Raegan looked back. Invictus was standing, with his head swaying, in the middle of the stretch. As Fiery Maid had rushed ahead, Invictus' jockey had let up on the useless punishment that had kept his horse going. Right off, the half-strangled Invictus had lurched to a standstill.

Yes, the loaded whip was found and brought to the stewards. And the hostler who worked the sponge trick was bullied into confessing it to Lyman Biggs. Kenny and Spike Raegan were both ruled off the turf. But that's no part of this yarn.

Childe Roland had won the race. That was all that counted. He was the only contender to finish. And there, in the presence of any and all who cared to see, Fay Biggs flung her arms about his sweating neck and kissed him.

Then—well, maybe her eyes were so tear-blurred she couldn't see which was horse and which was man—she flung her arms around Stubby Panden's neck and kissed him too.

Lyman Biggs bore down on them. Before he could thunder any of the awful things filling his throat and his roomy mouth, the crazy girl shrilled at him:

"Oh, daddy, isn't it too wonderful! My dream came true. It came true! Besides, we bet three dollars on him and ——"

"Three dollars!" gargles Lyman, who had put up something like twelve thousand on Invictus in the stake and side bets. "Three—three ——"

"Yes, sir!" sniggers Stubby Panden, as Biggs chokes with rush of words to the mouth. "Three dollars. We were going to bet five, but we decided not to plunge so deep. So we only bet three. We held out the other two dollars for a marriage license."

Little Grandson (From the City): "Look, Grandpa! I Got All Your Pumpkins Ready for Halloween!"

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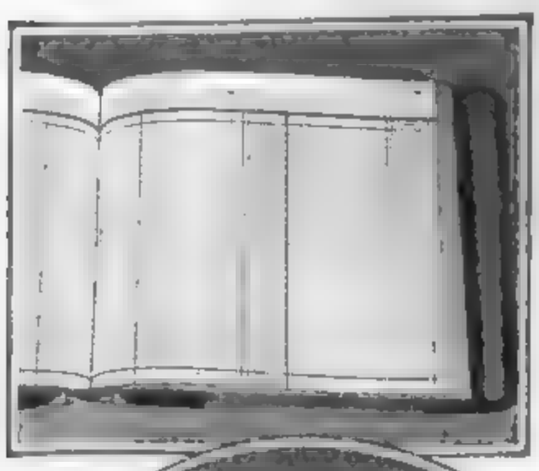

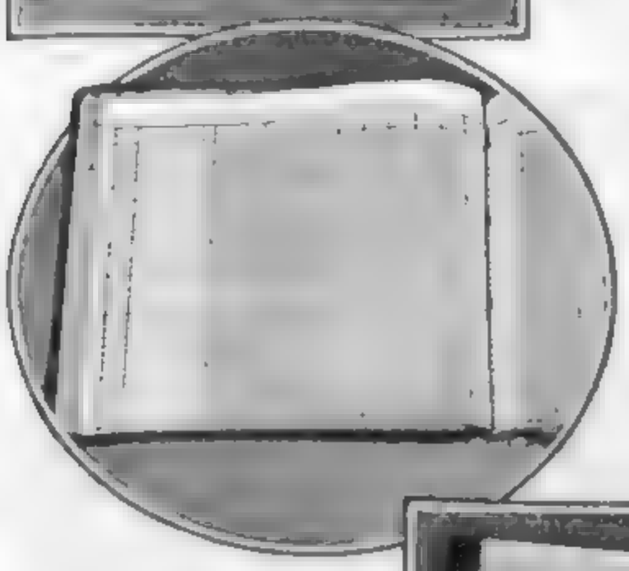

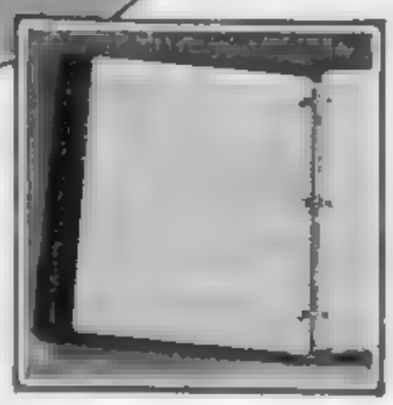

National Sectional Post Binder No. 9678 filled with No. 7078-24 columnar sheets of Hammermill Ledger, ruled 24 columns, size 11 x 14". Seven other sizes, ruled two to any number of cols.

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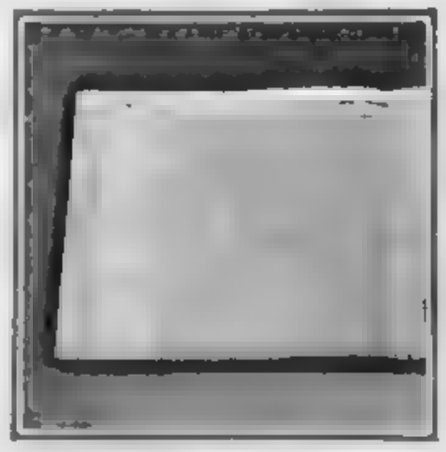

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LET every Harlequin go armed this Hallowe'en to bewitch his Columbine with love's true talisman—a Norris Variety Box.

Where else than in the Variety Box will you find candies made with such consummate skill? Delightful, captivating pieces such as Almond Truffles, Grape Mallows, Chocolate Sirrons, Almond Butter Brittle, Apricot Souffle, Lemon Roll, Bitter Sweet Mousse.

These are typical of more than twenty different kinds, each a triumph. Many are original and exclusive with Norris; some are older favorites given super-quality by Norris standards of excellence.

And the box itself in design and coloring is a fitting container for these distinctive confections. The price is one dollar and fifty cents the pound, in one-, two-, three- and five-pound sizes. If your dealer hasn't Norris Candies yet, they will be sent prepaid to any address upon receipt of the regular retail price.

NORRIS, INC. - - Atlanta, Ga.

Why better

The chocolate is ground and re-ground steadily for three days and nights, to make it finer, smoother, more delicate.

Nuts and fruits are used [illegible] though much more expensive [illegible]

Nuts are brought whole from the [illegible] that produce them, and are [illegible] dipped, thereby insuring [illegible]

The pineapple comes from far off [illegible] Siamese pineapple is free from [illegible] the more [illegible]

The cherries are imported from Italy [illegible] finest-flavored and most succulent [illegible] favored fruit.

Apricots from France, full-ripened in sunny Provence, are used in making Apricot Souffle.

The mint leaves from which Norris peppermint flavor is made are hand-picked to prevent weeds becoming mixed with them

Pure, sweet cream and fresh country butter are used to produce the smooth, rich caramels that melt in the mouth.

THE RAILROAD APPLE

(Continued from Page 11)

capitalization, fluid or solid, determined the price of transportation, that was a question that might be answered both yes and no. The railroad people always said no. Why, they asked, should a railroad inflate its capital in order to raise rates? If higher rates were chargeable they could just as easily be charged with no change of capitalization.

This would be true under conditions of open competition among railroads. But as they tended to become monopolistic in character, simply by reason of existing in preëmpted locations, it might be less and less true, and after public control of rates had been established it became practically untrue for a reason that is easily understood.

All the roads of a regional group are necessary to perform a total public service, the weak and strong together. Rates must be uniform. Rates that may enable the weakest road of the group barely to live, that is, barely to support its excessive capitalization, might be such as to enable the stronger roads to earn very handsome profits. The rôle of the weakest road in that case is to represent the maximum necessity of carrier capital in the whole group, and this maximum necessity of one does tend to determine the minimum wage for all. It tends to do this or does it actually only so long as traffic as a whole can bear the burden of those uniform minimum rates. The alternative hitherto has been bankruptcy for the weak road. Hereafter it may be otherwise. That is yet to be explained, and this begins to be arduous reading.

Briefly, the common belief that railroads were heavily overcapitalized and that this condition affected or predetermined the price of transportation led to a demand for the Federal valuation of railroads. The late Senator La Follette fiercely demanded it. The Interstate Commerce Commission wished it, saying there was no proper rate making without it. That was to say, it would be impossible to value the commodity of transportation until the instrument producing it had been valued. Everyone was for it who had been disappointed with the fruits of Federal regulation and control. Regulation had failed because it was negative. Now control that was meant to be positive and unlimited—that was baffled and the will of the people was frustrated by this thing the railroads kept setting up in court. Their capital value! What was their value? Who knew anything about it? They could prove it to be anything. Yet they had suggested the perfect solution of the rate problem. Let the Government determine the value of the railroads, then let the Interstate Commerce Commission say what was fair for them to earn upon that value, and the picture would be ready to frame.

The Valuation Law

So the Congress in 1913 passed a valuation law as an amendment to the Interstate Commerce Act, directing the Interstate Commerce Commission to "ascertain and report the value of all the property owned or used by every common carrier."

The law is that the value when and as found shall be published in a tentative manner; after thirty days, unless protested, it shall be deemed final; if the tentative valuation is protested the Interstate Commerce Commission shall hear the reasons why it should change its mind and then make it final with or without alteration. And such final value shall be accepted in every court, in all judicial proceedings, as prima facie evidence of the true capital value of a railroad.

It was estimated that the cost of valuing 250,000 miles of railroad would be not above $5,000,000 and that the work could be performed in five years.

Eleven years have elapsed. The expense to date has been $112,000,000, of which the Government's part has been $28,000,000, and the railroads' part $84,000,000. Tentative valuations have been made upon only two-fifths of the country's railroad mileage and final valuations upon only 3 per cent of it

Moreover, there is no end in sight and much of the work is becoming obsolete. In its last annual report the Interstate Commerce Commission said: "Based on our experience thus far we estimate that the hearings to be held on protests to tentative valuations will exceed five hundred in number. We cannot estimate their length. It is apparent that satisfactory completion of the work, already over ten years in progress, is seriously menaced by delay in completing these primary valuations. Most of them are already from six to ten years old. In administering the act present-day valuations are needed, but before they can be had primary valuations must have been completed to serve as bases for carrying the valuations forward. There is serious disadvantage in the lapse of so many years between the primary and the present-day valuations. With the passage of time come cumulative changes in the property by reason of additions, betterments and retirements, thus rendering the original inventories increasingly unrepresentative of present conditions."

What Is a Railroad Worth?

What was the trouble? It was all that lies beyond the rough, pragmatic rule that a thing is worth what it will fetch, bewildered in this instance by a somewhat disconcerting discovery. The water was not there. Here and there in the West and South was some, in a few places a great deal, yet taking the railroads all together it soon became evident that their total capitalization was less than it would cost to reproduce them; so that if the capital cost of reproducing the railroads was what determined the price of transportation, which is not the case, all this work of valuation had been wasted from the point of view of those who proposed it to be done. They would be in the case of having spent $112,000,000 to kill their own water bogy. However, this is matter that belongs to the sequel.

How would you find the value of a railroad?

On every company's books is an entry to represent the total investment in property. That is not the value. It is a figure to balance the outstanding liabilities and is called the book value. The real value may be more or less. Nobody would dream of buying or selling a railroad at its book value.

Every day in Wall Street the railroads are valued by quotations for their shares and bonds. This valuation applies to only very small fragments of the whole, besides which it is well known that securities go up and down for reasons that may have nothing to do with true value. In any case you could neither buy nor sell control of a railroad at the current quotations for its securities on the stock exchange.

One way to value a railroad or any property is by its earning power. That method was of no avail in this case. Earnings are a product of charges. The whole point of Federal valuation was to test the charges in relation to the value of the property. Therefore earnings as a product of charges which were themselves in question could not be the criterion of value. That way you would go in a circle

The valuation law avoided these obvious difficulties and said the Interstate Commerce Commission should find the value of a railroad in three terms, namely: First, the original cost to date; second, what it would cost to reproduce it new; and, third, what it would cost to reproduce it new less depreciation—that is, to reproduce it exactly as it is under wear and use. And also the Interstate Commerce Commission was required to find and report other value and elements of value, if any—meaning presumably such

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The ideal shoe for Policemen, Postmen, Firemen, Street Car Men, Railroad Men, Mechanics, Truckmen, Farmers, Salesmen and men in all walks of life who are "hard" on shoes. A SHOE FOR DRESS, EVERY DAY AND SUNDAY.

WHEN you buy your very first pair of NEWARK TUFHIDE-Soled shoes, you will make the astonishing discovery that the hardest kind of wear and rough usage fail to make hardly the slightest impression on the soles. Yet they are no thicker than ordinary soles, and much more comfortable.

This wonderful achievement of science, harnessed to our monster factory production and our method of [illegible] to the public [illegible] small profit has made possible a shoe at $3.50 [illegible] hardly without a parallel in the world for wear and value at the price

Buy NEWARK TUFHIDE Soled shoes and you will not only obtain a shoe that wears better than many of considerably greater cost, but also save the money you heretofore paid for repairing with new soles. Were we to build a shoe costing three or four times this price, we could not possibly put a longer wearing sole on it

At the right is shown a NEWARK TUFHIDE-Soled shoe after nine months' wear by a Baltimore postman. Note the very little wear of the sole. Their durability is truly amazing

NEWARK TUFHIDE-Soled shoes are sold only in NEWARK Shoe Stores. Over 400 NEWARK stores are located in the principal cities east of the Rockies

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Stylish Ruskin Red Tan Bal in the new Broad French Toe Last. Goodyear welt, long-wearing TUFHIDE Soles and Man-O'-War rubber heels—snappy perforated effect between rows of stitching. $3.50

Order by No. 9361-T—New light tan color Oxford, College last, wide extension soles; scallop tip; brass lace eyelets; long-wearing TUFHIDE Soles and Man-O'-War rubber heels. Smart perforations. $3.50

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A little piano of rich tone and full volume—that fits in anywhere

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imponderable assets as goodwill—and to give at last "an analysis of the methods" by which it arrived at its conclusion.

The Interstate Commerce Commission hired a great number of engineers and trained them in groups: one for the track, one for the equipment, one for the buildings, another for the land, and so on, and printed for each group a manual of instructions. The railroads at the same time did likewise, for defensive reasons. They meant to check the Government's engineers at every point. On the hall directory of the New York Central Railroad you will see, under the head of Valuation, the following: Chief Valuation Engineer, Valuation Engineer, Assistant to Valuation Engineer, Second Assistant to Valuation Engineer, Assistant to Valuation Council, Building Valuation Engineer, Chief Land Appraiser, Equipment Valuation Engineer, Signal Valuation Engineer, Valuation Counsel, Consulting Valuation Engineer—each with an office and staff. Every railroad in the country has a similar organization.

The first tasks were physical, referring to inventories and quantities. At any time in the past ten years anywhere on a railroad, you might have seen government and company engineers together, gazing at a bridge and disputing as to whether its abutments were ten or fifteen feet deep in the ground, for this meant a difference of cost; or counting the ties and telegraph poles one by one, or laying a steel tape along the rails to get the length of line, not in miles or yards, but in inches, with scientific corrections in fractions of the inch for expansion and contraction of the tape under different outdoor temperatures.

Each one of millions of things had to be identified and critically regarded and then certified as to its condition, whether it was new or old, and if old, how old, so that the factor of depreciation might be estimated. One of the railroad engineers wrote at length about frogs. "We did not attempt," he said in his official report, "to place an individual condition per cent on the individual frog. As a general proposition a frog will be changed out many and many times during the life of the rail. It is taken out, sent to the shop, replaned, reground, has a new wing put on and is put back in the track." Frogs therefore had to be studied as a species. Tools were more individual. "Taking a particular hammer as an isolated case," wrote the same engineer, "we said that the hammer could not be less than 80 per cent, and still be in service, which would mean that there must be either one or two faces on the hammer and there must be a reasonably fair handle, or it would not be in service."

Estimating Intangibles

It was fairly easy to agree upon the existence and average condition of visible things. The rails in the track and the ballast between them were visible things. What of the rails and ballast that had gone before these? And under what conditions had the right of way been made in the beginning? The government engineers would say, spreading out the map, "Now suppose we are doing it. Let's imagine building this road. We begin here, and here, of course, so as to get our materials from the nearest junction points with other railroads, and it will take ——"

"When this railroad was built," the railroad engineers would say, "you could not get material that way. There were no junction points because there were no other railroads."

When the engineers had finished, the dispute moved up. Taking first the tangible things all counted and certified, what were they worth? From the estimated cost of reproducing them new how much should be deducted to represent depreciation from use and wear in order to arrive at present value? In all corporation accounting there is no subject more controversial than this one of depreciation. Since the corporations' experts had never been able to agree academically among themselves, how could they be expected to agree with the experts of the Interstate Commerce Commission? It was not expected and they never did agree. The Interstate Commerce Commission deducted more for depreciation than any railroad thought was fair.

Then it came to antecedent things uncountable that had been used up in the process of creating value. Past values were invisibly contained in present values. How were these to be estimated? The land item was very troublesome. The original cost of land was of no use even where it was obtainable. The Interstate Commerce Commission insisted upon taking land at its so-called naked value, meaning at the current market value of similar lands adjacent, whereas the railroads said anybody should know that if you were going to reproduce the railroad and had to buy that land again you could not touch it for its naked value; the prices would rise. Development costs were disallowed, though it is well known that when you open a new business, even a railroad, you will be lucky not to have an operating loss for several years, and this loss is properly chargeable to your capital since there is no other way to charge it. And as for goodwill and all such imponderable elements of value the Interstate Commerce Commission was deaf as to nonsense.

For Rate-Making Purposes

As the work proceeded it was increasingly evident that the three bases of valuation named in the law were one and all defective. Original cost, for example, was without meaning as to present value. It would include all wasteful, erroneous and lost expenditures from the beginning. Moreover, there was the practical difficulty that it could not be found. Too many records were missing. To either of the other two bases—cost of reproduction new and cost of reproduction less depreciation there was the fault that the result, when found, was bound to be mythical. The railroads in fact could not be reproduced. It was all imaginary. How could the New York Central's water grade up the Hudson River bank or its place in the heart of New York City be reproduced? There is only one west bank to the Hudson River and only one middle to New York City. How could you begin again with an empty map as if the cities that have grown up on the railroads were not there?

Yet so, notwithstanding, it was necessary to value the railroads, and if it could not be done as the law said it should be done, then it was the business of the Interstate Commerce Commission to do it as the law meant it should be done. One day it put a tentative valuation on the Kansas City Southern as a beginning, and said, "Such therefore is the value of this railroad for rate-making purposes," without saying how it had been arrived at.

Thereupon, the Kansas City Southern people went into court, alleging many things, especially two: First, that the law required the Interstate Commerce Commission to find value—simply value—and said nothing whatever about a value for rate-making purposes, which was an invention of the Commission's own mind; and, second, that the Commission had failed to give, as the law required, an analysis of the methods by which it reached the conclusion.

The court said that as the valuation was only tentative the Kansas City Southern had not been hurt yet, and that until it was hurt its only recourse was to appeal to the Interstate Commerce Commission itself and wait.

In due time the Interstate Commerce Commission replied to both complaints, which became standard complaints from all railroads as it went on announcing tentative valuations of the same kind—for rate-making purposes.

To the complaint that it had not found one definitive value, but instead a value for rate-making purposes, it answered that when the Valuation Act was passed the

(Continued on Page 201)

What Users Tell Us
Wisconsin Oakland Co at Milwaukee, says: "We know positively that we have saved $1 [illegible] a year on printing that cost us $3,0[illegible] when done at store." Ward Baking Co N Y City, produces all printed stationery and factory forms on the Multigraph. [illegible] & Taylor, N Y City, save [illegible] on general Motors Corporation saved in one year saved $[illegible] printer's price $[illegible] on 4,[illegible] forms. The Jordan Motor Company of Cleveland saved $834.50 on a loose-leaf parts price book. These examples are selected at random from thousands of records of Multigraph savings on printed matter.
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Spur Tie all tied for you

PAT. JUNE 13, '22; JAN. 20, '24; AUG. 26, '24. REG. U. S. PAT. OFF.

50¢ and up

At the right you can see how smart the square-end style of Spur Tie looks when actually being worn. This is the butterfly bow that is the new full style.

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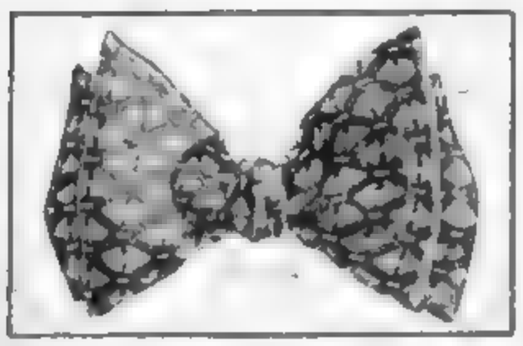
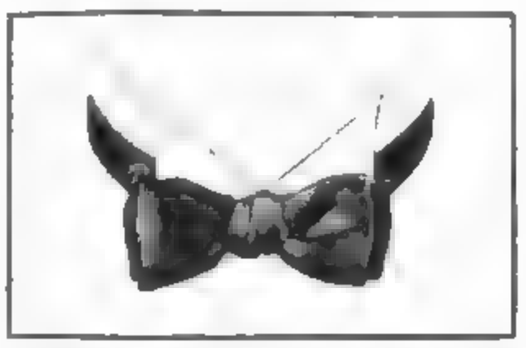
Write for your free copy of "Can Do" Wardrobe, an interesting little booklet of fashion-backed romance, by a well-known story teller—with an insert of new fall styles in Spur Ties and men's wear accessories.

An autumn tie you ought to try!



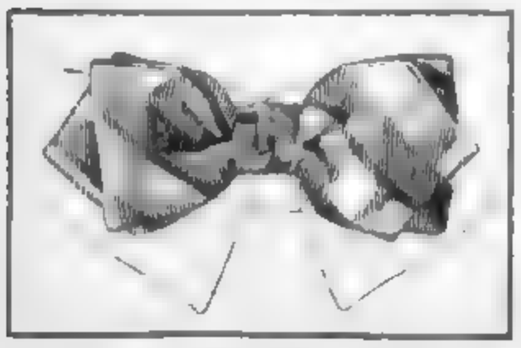
This is the Butterfly Bow, or bat-wing style of Spur Tie.

MASCULINE modesty makes male raiment dull enough. Don't let fall scarfs and overcoats obscure your one touch of warming color—your tie. Here's a tie with style as smart and as brisk as the first fall frost, and a lot more permanent. It is the Spur Tie, hand-tied by clever girls in the better knot that you cannot better. In it is the patented, exclusive H-shaped Innerform that makes it hold its shape and keep its smartness. Look on the counters of smart shops for men and find Spur Ties displayed. Feel in the wings of the ties you buy for the H-shaped Innerform, and look on the back for the red Spur Tie label. That's the way to make sure that you really get the Spur Tie—the tie that looks more like a hand-tied tie than a hand-tied tie.

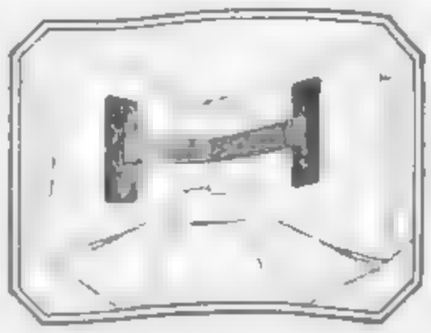


The Spur Dress Tie, black or white, with the all-around band.

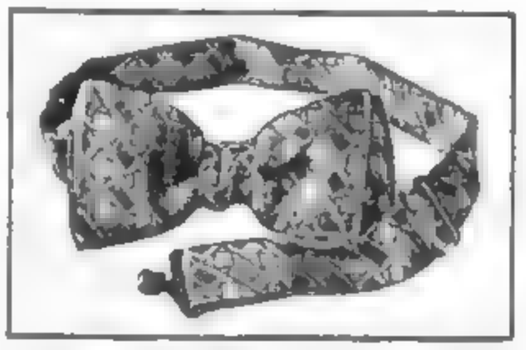
Hewes & Potter, Boston, Mass.
Pacific Coast Office, 120 Battery Street, San Francisco, Cal.
Makers of Bull Dog Belts, Suspenders and Garters—the guaranteed brand



This is the French-Pointed End style of Spur Tie.



At the right—the H-shaped Innerform, the patented, pliable exclusive Spur Tie form that lets you shape the Spur Tie any way you want it, and keeps it that way. The H-shaped Innerform will not let the Spur Tie roll, curl or wrinkle



The Spur Band Bow, hand-knotted, with the all-around band.

(Continued from Page 198)

word value had been "used with recognized but widely varying meanings," therefore loosely, and that there had been discovered to be several kinds of value, such as a value for capitalization, a value for consolidation, a value for taxation, a value for exchange and a value for rate-making purposes, which obviously could not all be made on the same basis. It did not deny that a value for rate-making purposes was an arbitrary value.

And as to the complaint that it had failed to set forth, as the law required, an analysis of the methods by which it reached its conclusions, the Interstate Commerce Commission said, in effect, that this was impossible. "The value of a railroad system," it said, "cannot be ascertained by the simple process of adding sums attributed to the many units of property, working capital and a percentage conjecture as to a proper allowance for so-called intangible assets. . . . A detailed analysis of the methods of arriving at a judgment would in the nature of things call for a description of the mental processes of those to whom is delegated that function, and in our case this would involve setting forth the mental processes of eleven men who may have reached the same conclusion by different paths."

Finding thus a value for rate-making purposes, which avowedly is not the same as the value for capitalization or consolidation or taxation or exchange, is roughly to find that a railroad is worth what it will fetch for a certain purpose, like the apple. Traffic will bear a certain cost of transportation, more or less within limits of change, and since this is what determines the earning power of a railroad, somewhere therein lies the railroad's value. Which came to be demonstrated.

In 1920, when the plight of the railroads was desperate, owing to the tremendous rise that had taken place in the cost of labor and materials, the work of valuation was not half finished. Yet as it was necessary to increase rates to keep the railroads going, to enable some of them to earn even operating expenses, the Interstate Commerce Commission declared the aggregate capital value of all the railroads of the country to be $18,900,000,000, and said they were entitled to an aggregate of rates that would yield a fair return upon that value. Higher rates were accordingly so promulgated.

A Change of Front

The railroads at this time had proved to themselves that they were worth $26,500,000,000. Yet they accepted the Interstate Commerce Commission's estimate of $18,900,000,000 almost without protest.

Why? Because they could afford to accept it, and they could afford to accept it because the total of all their securities outstanding was only $17,500,000,000—roughly one and a half billions less capitalization than the value put upon them by the Interstate Commerce Commission.

A truth is here to be deduced. If at that time the Interstate Commerce Commission's tables of valuation had been complete and if they had proved that the value of the railroads was less than their capitalization by half, still it would have been necessary to increase rates as a matter of public policy. The alternative was disaster. If, on the other hand, the completed tables had proved that the railroads were worth double their capitalization it would not have been feasible to increase rates more than they were increased. Traffic would not have been able to bear it.

As gradually it began to appear that Federal valuation was not going to prove the existence of an enormous body of fictitious capitalization enthusiasm for it waned. Quite obviously that was not the way either to satisfy the ceaseless demand for lower freight rates or to prove the case for government ownership. The Congress began to begrudge appropriations for the work. That is one reason why now it drags. When it is completed, if ever it is, the task of bringing the verdicts up to date will be almost as difficult as it was thought the original work would be. To a valuation figure found as of 1914 must be added some arbitrary amount, possibly as much as 50 per cent, to represent the increase of all values since that time; for certainly it would cost much more now than it would have cost in 1914 to reproduce the same railroad, even in the imagination. Then suppose prices should fall, so that in 1935 it would cost much less to reproduce the same railroad than it would have cost in 1925. Here a whole new series of problems opens to view.

Meanwhile, notwithstanding its consecutive disappointments in regulation, control and valuation, the national idea that transportation can and must be made cheaper is serene and undamaged. Thereunder a new doctrine has been evolved, almost unawares, and now is commonly accepted, where only a few years ago it would have been thought scandalous and very radical. This doctrine is that high profits on capital devoted to public uses, like railroad capital, are intolerable because they are high, quite irrespective of any question as to the reasonableness or unreasonableness of the prices charged.

The Recapture Clause

The Transportation Act of 1920 is built upon that doctrine. In moving this legislation Senator Cummins said the difficulty in the past had been that it was "utterly impossible for any body of men to make a system of rates that would sustain the weaker roads of the country without giving to the stronger railroads an income excessive and intolerable in its extent, and there lies the fundamental obstacle in our system of rate making."

Two railroads in the same territory, performing similar service at uniform rates—and it has been found that rates must be uniform—get very different results. One may earn 10 or 20 per cent for its owners; another may earn barely enough to pay its creditors. The weakness of the weak road may be owing to its poor location, to an unwieldy financial structure or to the character of its traffic, as when from circumstances it has more than its share of the unprofitable tonnage moving in that territory. All these reasons contributed to the ruin of the Chicago, Milwaukee & St. Paul Railway, operating under the same rate structure as the solvent Chicago & Northwestern, Northern Pacific, Great Northern and Union Pacific. The strength of the strong road may be owing, conversely, to the fact of its having been well placed to begin with, to its having a proper financial structure and to the well-balanced character of its traffic, in which there must needs be a high proportion of profitable tonnage.

In its last annual report the Interstate Commerce Commission said: "As the annual net railway operating income has been recently less than one billion dollars, it is safe to say that the return of 5¾ per cent upon fair value is not being received by the carriers."

This 5¾ per cent is what has been fixed by the Interstate Commerce Commission as a fair return upon fair value. Although it is not being earned upon the aggregate fair capital value of the railroads there are such instances as the Central Railroad of New Jersey earning more than 20 per cent on its stock, the Reading 17 per cent, the Lackawanna 17 per cent, and twenty railroads more than 10 per cent.

To meet this fundamental difficulty of fatness and leanness from a common fare, avowedly to level the profits of the strong roads without starving the weak ones, was the first purpose of the famous recapture clause in the Transportation Act of 1920. It is to the following effect: Any profit above 6 per cent on a railroad's capital value as determined by the Interstate Commerce Commission shall be deemed excess profit. One half of this excess shall abide with the railroad as a reserve fund to be

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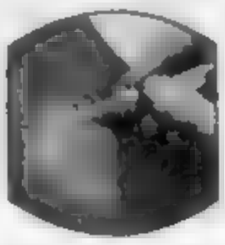

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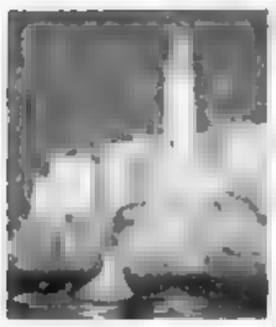
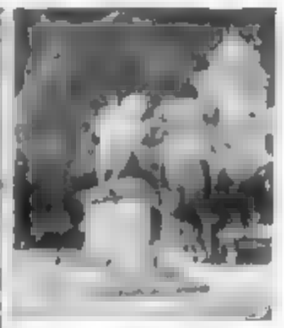


Morro Castle at the entrance to Havana Harbor, [illegible] ship for the battleship Maine was sunk, precipitating the Spanish-American War



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dedicated to "the service of transportation": the other half shall be surrendered outright to the Interstate Commerce Commission. It may use the money as it sees fit; it may lend it at interest to the weak roads, invest it in equipment for lease to the railroads, or spend it otherwise in aid of transportation.

Naturally the railroads fought this clause in principle. The United States Supreme Court decided against them, saying: "We have been greatly pressed with the argument that the cutting down of income actually received by the carrier for its service to a so-called fair return is a plain appropriation of its property without any compensation, that the income it receives for the use of its property is as much protected by the Fifth Amendment (of the Constitution) as the property itself. The statute declares the carrier to be only a trustee for the excess over a fair return received by it. Though in its possession, the excess never becomes its property and it accepts custody of the product of all rates with this understanding. It is clear, therefore, that the carrier never has such a title to the excess as to render the recapture of it by the government a taking without due process" . . . of law.

Which is to say the railroads cannot defend something that has already been taken from them.

The law now stands, as announced by the United States Supreme Court, that "the carrier owning and operating a railroad, however strong financially, however economical in its facilities or favorably situated as to traffic, is not entitled as of constitutional right to more than a fair net operating income upon the value of its properties."

There is the whole doctrine. It represents a sudden crystallization of opinion on the vexed subject of private enterprise in public service. How sudden it is we hardly realize.

As recently as 1914 the Interstate Commerce Commission recalled that in having denied a petition to reduce tolls on a certain railroad bridge it said: "The fact that the net revenues of the Illinois Central from its ownership of the bridge may be greater than the returns on ordinary business enterprise is not sufficient in itself to justify holding that the bridge tolls are excessive."

Assuring Profits

And it said again in 1914: "Investors in railroad securities must take also the risk of those errors of judgment which not infrequently attend even the careful management of enterprises conducted for profit. But they should likewise be permitted to enjoy fully the profits which naturally flow, under a reasonable schedule of rates, from the exercise of good judgment, integrity and efficiency in the management of such properties. . . . Many railroads' investments in this country are exceedingly profitable to their owners. In common justice the investors in such properties are entitled to share in the general prosperity and to enjoy the just reward of their foresight and wisdom so long as the rates exacted are reasonable."

At that time the belief survived that the reasonableness of a freight rate could be determined by some scientific kind of external rule.

This no longer is believed. It is recognized that there is a necessity that makes rates. The low limit under government regulation is what it will take to keep the weakest, unluckiest and least efficient carrier going. Since rates must be uniform this means that a strong, lucky and efficient railroad may get high profits.

This fact at last became the great dilemma—the fundamental obstacle, as Senator Cummins said. The way out was a law to say that since it is necessary to make such rates as may turn out to be very profitable in some cases, therefore profits above 6 per cent shall be divided with the Government and distributed by the Interstate Commerce Commission in the public benefit.

But there is still another necessity. That is the necessity to find new capital for the railroads—a billion of dollars a year more or less. People cannot be made to put their money into railroad securities. They must be induced to do it. If you disallow the exceptional profit that may be expected from good fortune, sound judgment and creative imagination you have to offer some other inducement. What could that be? Security.

The policy of limiting profits as such, no matter how strong or efficient or fortunate the railroad may be, and totally irrespective of the reasonableness of the rates charged, implies a certain thing. What it implies must ultimately be acknowledged explicitly. It is this, that as the Interstate Commerce Commission now controls the rates, the revenues, the profits and the security issues of the railroads, so hereafter investors will not be taking those risks which might formerly have entitled them to receive high profits in any case. And whatever you may call it, however you may try to avoid the word, this means a Federal guaranty—moral at first, tending to become actual.

Consolidation Plans

Or you may come to the same word by another way. The second great purpose of the recapture clause was to bring to pass a scheme of regional consolidations under which the strong roads shall marry the weak ones.

"It was expected," says William Z. Ripley, who drew the Interstate Commerce Commission's plan for these consolidations, "that the new statute rule of rate making"—meaning the rule of making rates with regard to the needs of the railroads in great geographical groups with intent to recapture excess earnings in any particular case—"would afford an incentive sufficiently powerful to induce the strong companies to merge with the weaker ones rather than be compelled to pay over their surplus earnings, above the rate of return fixed as reasonable, into a revolving fund for the general benefit of their respective groups."

That is the pressure. What is the inducement? It is this, that if and as they consolidate, weak and strong together, agreeably to the wisdom of the Interstate Commerce Commission, they may count upon such rates as will enable them to get forever the Interstate Commerce Commission's ideal minimum return on their aggregate capital value. The Government will see to it.

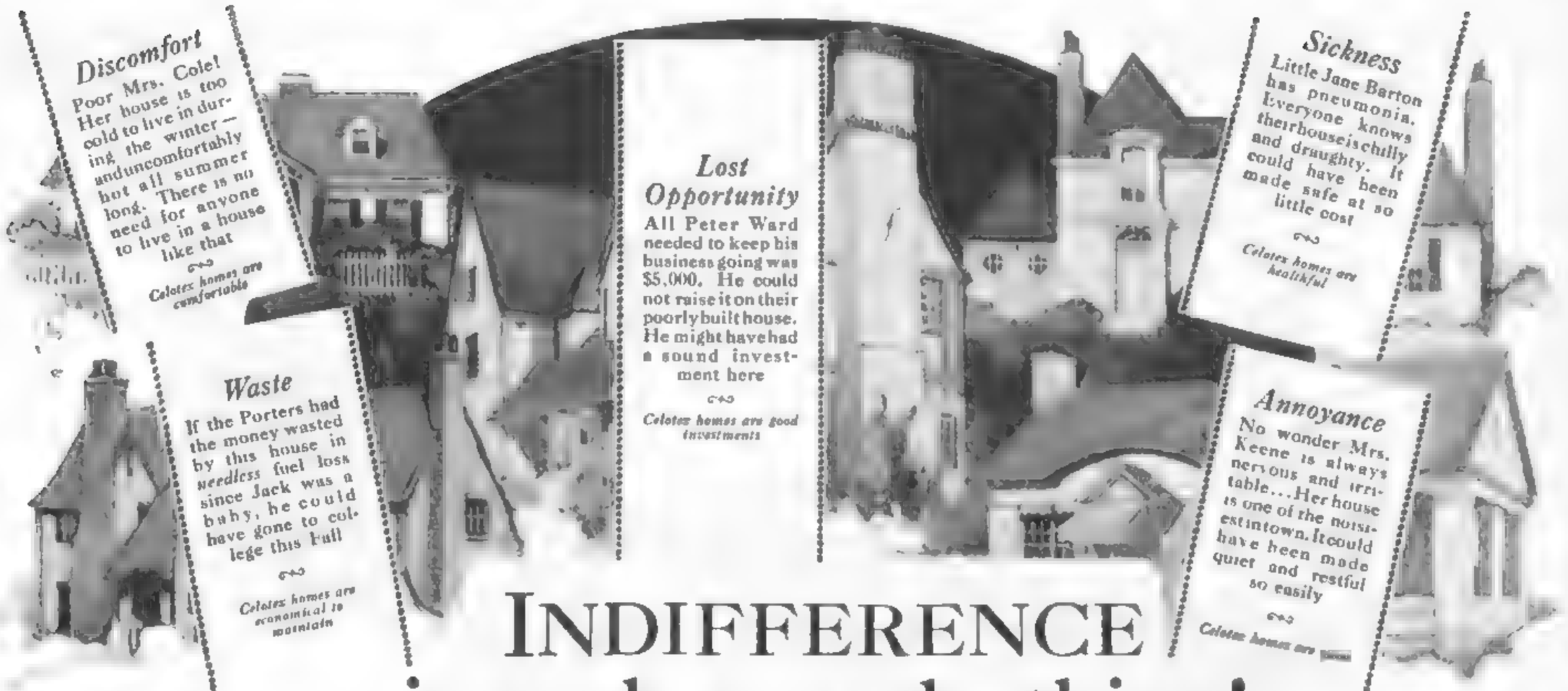
After this is done it will be much harder to answer the farmer when he says, as he doggedly does, "The Government guarantees the railroads, so why shouldn't it guarantee agriculture?"

And that is logically the end of all price fixing, whether it is the price of wheat you fix or the price of transportation.

Consolidation now is the controlling thought. The Transportation Act of 1920 prescribed it thus: "The Commission shall as soon as practicable prepare and adopt a plan for the consolidation of the railway properties of the continental United States into a limited number of systems . . . so arranged that the cost of transportation among competitive systems and as related to the values of the properties through which the service is rendered shall be the same, so far as practicable, so that these systems can employ uniform rates in the movement of competitive traffic and under efficient management earn substantially the same rate of return upon the value of their respective railway properties."

Under this mandate the Interstate Commerce Commission engaged Prof. William Z. Ripley, a railway economist, to develop a plan. It indicates twenty systems, roughly identified by their names as: A New York Central system, a Pennsylvania system, a Baltimore & Ohio system, an Erie system, a Nickel Plate-Lehigh Valley system, a Pere Marquette system, a New England system, a New England-Great Lakes system, a

(Continued on Page 205


Discomfort
Poor Mrs. Cole! Her house is too cold to live in during the winter—and uncomfortably hot all summer long. There is no need for anyone to live in a house like that
Celotex homes are comfortable
Waste
If the Porters had the money wasted by this house in needless fuel loss since Jack was a baby, he could have gone to college this Fall
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Lost Opportunity
All Peter Ward needed to keep his business going was $5,000. He could not raise it on their poorly built house. He might have had a sound investment here
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Sickness
Little Jane Barton has pneumonia. Everyone knows their house is chilly and draughty. It could have been made safe at so little cost
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Annoyance
No wonder Mrs. Keene is always nervous and irritable... Her house is one of the noisiest in town. It could have been made quiet and restful so easily
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INDIFFERENCE is such an ugly thing!

INDIFFERENCE is a fault that thinking people will not tolerate . . . particularly when family comfort and vital health protection are involved.

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Every home tells a story of thought or of indifference. There are homes built thoughtfully . . . and homes built without thought. Everywhere you see them being built . . . and you know who is building them.

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The new standard of living

Your own home, built with Celotex, will give you a wholly new idea of luxurious home comfort. For this Celotex house will keep snug and warm on the bitterest winter days—refreshingly cool through a sweltering summer.

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Ask your architect or contractor or lumber dealer to tell you more about Celotex. All lumber dealers can supply it. Everywhere leaders in these lines advise its use.

If you are going to buy a home already built, get Celotex construction, if you possibly can.

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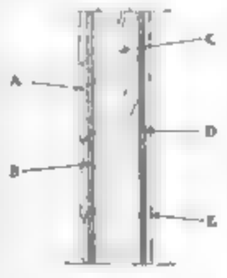
In the roof and walls of a house, Celotex keeps heat IN during the winter, OUT in summer.



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Five tubes, inherently neutralized. Encased in an attractive, hinged-top cabinet made of [illegible] butt walnut veneers, effect dark walnut and light [illegible] panel. *Price $75.* The Grande Speaker, illustrated with set, $22.50 extra.

What Splitdorf has made possible for you

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Splitdorf Receivers embody the most advanced principles of radio design. But the receiver itself is only a part of Splitdorf Radio Reception. The method by which Splitdorf Receivers are distributed assures you of more than merely a good receiver.

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This creation of Japanese design and craftsmanship is a [illegible] receiver. A five-tube set in [illegible] panel and electrically [illegible] model with built-in speaker. Individually decorated by hand by Japanese artists. *Price, $425.*

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Five tubes, inherently neutralized. New electric-lighted [illegible] panel. Built-in speaker. American Walnut cabinet [illegible] rubbed, natural finish. *Price, $140.*

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A five-tube, inherently neutralized receiver [illegible] in [illegible] creation of Japanese design. Individually decorated by hand in Japanese rendering. *Price, $110.*

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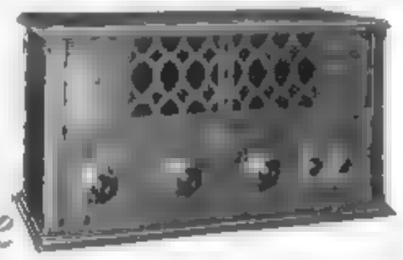
A large bell, swan throat speaker of exceptional tonal quality. Equipped with adjustment for controlling volume and tone. Satin black finish. *Price, $22.50.*

The Cello

A high-grade, curved throat, composition bell speaker. Large metal base. Adjustment feature permits of regulating tone and volume. Black finish. *Price, $10.*



The Nocturne

Five tubes, inherently neutralized. New electric-lighted [illegible] panel. Built-in speaker. American Walnut cabinet [illegible] rubbed, natural finish. *Price, $140.*

(Continued from Page 202)

Chesapeake & Ohio system, a Norfolk & Western system, a Southern Railway system, an Atlantic Coast Line-Louisville & Nashville system, an Illinois Central-Seaboard Air Line system, a Union Pacific-Chicago & North Western system, a Burlington-Northern Pacific system, a Milwaukee-Great Northern system, a Santa Fe system, a Southern Pacific-Rock Island system, a Frisco-Katy-Cotton Belt system, and a Chicago-Missouri Pacific system.

This plan the Interstate Commerce Commission tentatively adopted and called for hearings. The record of these hearings is in fifty-four volumes of testimony and exhibits. It is all in the kettle at the back of the stove, ready without notice to boil up.

There is everything to be said for consolidation in principle. It will greatly simplify the Interstate Commerce Commission's work of control and administration. There will be fewer railroad units to deal with, fewer hearings, fewer orders, fewer statistics. It will be much easier thereafter to act in a rational manner upon the rate structure and to work away some of its celebrated eccentricities. Whether it will bring happiness to both the shipper and the investor by reducing the charge upon one and improving the return to the other is arguable.

The aggregate capital value of the railroads, such as the Interstate Commerce Commission deems true and fair, cannot be reduced by actually putting it all together. The whole cannot be less than the parts. All that can be divided between the shipper and the investor is what can be saved in operation after consolidation. Theoretically this is considerable. A great deal of costly and unnecessary solicitation for business may be dispensed with. That is all to the good as far as economy goes; the shipper may not like it so well after all, for he loves to be solicited and to feel that his business is wanted. Theoretically, too, much better use can be made of existing mileage. Traffic can be made to go the shorter way; there will be no freight agents trying to pull it the longer ways. However, this expectation might be easily exaggerated. Half the tonnage of the whole country now is on 25,000 miles of railroad. That is one-tenth of the total mileage; 50 per cent of the nation's tonnage on 10 per cent of its railroads. If you send traffic the shorter way you are very likely to increase the tonnage on a small proportion of the existing mileage and leave the balance less traffic than it had before. As it is there are 30,000 miles of railroad on which the traffic is so thin that the tracks ought to be taken up for junk and the railroads replaced by motortrucks. Moreover, the notion that notable economies will become possible in the movement of tonnage is without adequate data. For in all this time the one thing never done was to make a chart showing the origins, volumes and behavior of the great freight streams.

The Factor of Distance

There is one certainty. The danger of dictation will be increased. All the elements of dictation are already present. Its beginnings appear.

There was the case of the Kansas City, Mexico & Orient. That was a road projected to run from Kansas City to the Pacific Coast at Topolobampo Bay in Mexico. All that ever got built was 737 miles from Wichita in Kansas to Alpine in Texas. In 1912 it became bankrupt. The Interstate Commerce Commission loaned it five millions of dollars on the ground that the service it performed was a public necessity whether it paid or not. Even with this lift the receiver could not make it earn expenses and taxes. At last in 1922 the Interstate Commerce Commission, to save it, assessed its needs upon the roads with which it exchanged business, and not equally among them but in proportion to their ability to pay—upon the Santa Fe two and a half times as much as upon the Clinton & Oklahoma Western, and upon the Rock Island one and a half times as much as upon the Abilene & Southern.

There was recently a case of much greater public interest. In August the Interstate Commerce Commission promulgated a through rate from West Virginia to New England on a certain kind of coal, called smokeless coal, which is a substitute for anthracite. This fuel had never moved to New England before. The West Virginia mines are much farther away than the anthracite mines of Pennsylvania. There was no arbitrary through rate to overcome this factor of distance. The existing rail rates were prohibitive; and although a combination rail-and-water rate might have been cheap enough, that way was not feasible because it was slow and the coal deteriorates rapidly. What the Interstate Commerce Commission did was to determine what arbitrary through rate would probably move this West Virginia coal to New England, and then command the railroads to put that rate in effect.

Missionary Rates

It was what the railroad people in their time of free initiative called a missionary rate, meaning one that was experimental, with intent to create a new channel of commerce. Apart from its merits, this action by the Interstate Commerce Commission is made more interesting by the coincidence of three facts, namely: First, that New England is dependent upon anthracite coal and cannot do without it, or some substitute; second, that a strike was imminent in the anthracite coal fields, and did a few days later begin; and, third, that the Interstate Commerce Commission has an investment of more than $50,000,000 in New England railroads. This is money that has been loaned to them out of its revolving fund, which now amounts to more than $500,000,000.

It is impossible to say—the Interstate Commerce Commission itself probably could not say—to what extent its action in making an arbitrary through rate on a substitute for anthracite coal from West Virginia to New England, was influenced by these facts. Nevertheless, people will wonder why it was taken just then, on the eve of a strike in the anthracite fields; and if the time was accidental, if it was a problem that had just been reached in the natural routine, then when it became a routine function of the Interstate Commerce Commission to create new channels of trade by ordering changes in the rate structure.

Very probably the railroads in a state of uncontrol would have done the same thing. They might have done it long ago. It is undoubtedly a proper experiment. Yet the railroads did not do it; they left it for the Interstate Commerce Commission to do. Which only shows what happens to the spirit of private initiative as the Interstate Commerce Commission's power of control

You Can Make Your Boy's Dreams Come True

There comes a time in every boy's life when he dreams of owning a rifle of his own. He wants to be a crack shot, and feel the thrill that comes from planting shot after shot into the center of the target.

If you believe in your boy, don't put him off. Remember how you felt at his age. Perhaps you had a Daisy Air Rifle of your own. Think of what it will mean to your boy—not only to have a Daisy all his own, but to have you teach him to use it

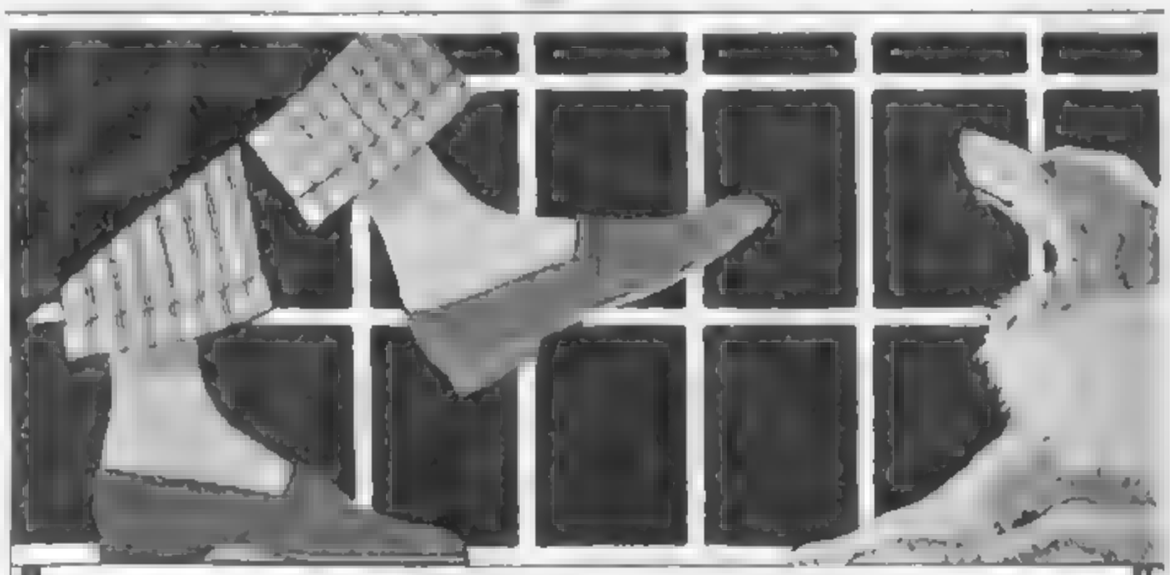
For millions of American men, the Daisy Air Rifle has been more than sport—it has been the means of invaluable training in character, alertness, and self-reliance Let your boy, too, have this splendid training.

The illustration shows the Daisy Pump Gun—a 50-shot repeater for $5.00. Ask your dealer to show this, and other Daisy models, $1.00 to $5.00, or sent direct on receipt of price.

DAISY MANUFACTURING COMPANY
Plymouth, Mich., U. S. A.

BOYS!
Get Your Free Copy of the Daisy Manual
Go to your nearest hardware or sporting goods dealer and ask him for a free copy of the Daisy Manual—a book written just for boys It tells how to become a crack shot, how to form a drill company, and how to have a world of fun with your Daisy.

DAISY AIR RIFLES



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LEATHER SLIPPERS

THE slipper illustrated is made of soft durable kid on a comfortable orthopaedic last. It has a specially treated sole of great durability and is very flexible.

These features make it the most comfortable slipper made. A sure relief for tired and aching feet. Just the slipper you have been looking for.

Your dealer will gladly show you this slipper, and various other styles of Easiephit Slippers to suit your individual taste, at prices from $3 to $9, or write us for catalogue.

ABBOTT SHOE CO.
North Reading, Mass.
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Best Because
They give the utmost in comfort.
They conform to the shape of the foot and keep the feet from spreading.
They support the arches and keep the feet in a natural position.
They will not make the feet perspire.
They give longer wear

Style No. 94. Tan Kid Extra Flexible sole

The New Large Diaphragm

Brings In The Deep Bass Notes

The new Super-Unit is a diaphragm of broad pitch range, especially designed by Bristol engineers. It reproduces the high and low notes with equal truthfulness, and, therefore, evens up the entire musical scale of either voice or instrumental music. Often the harmonies of a wonderful ensemble have been destroyed by the persistent loss of high or low notes, and the annoyance attributed to a faulty receiver, when the trouble lay wholly with the loud speaker. The Bristol Loud Speaker, with its new Super-Unit of broad pitch range, and its exceptional voice of scientific development, tells the whole tonal truth.

The Super-Unit with the new Low Pitch Diaphragm

Model S $25.00

Rubber horn 14½" diameter. Cast metal throat. Black velvet mat finish with [illegible] There is also a handsome Cabinet (Model C) at $30 and other speakers as low as $15. Models C and S have the Super-Unit.

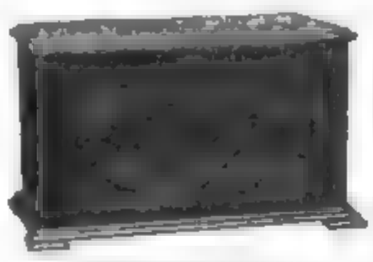
BRISTOL AUDIOPHONE Loud Speaker

Send for Free Booklet B

"How To Select Your Loud Speaker." It tells how to look for and find tone quality in a loud speaker.

The Bristol Company, Waterbury, Conn.

For 36 years makers of the highly sensitive and accurate Bristol Recording Instruments



Cabinet Model "C"

Do You Know How, When and Where You Can ALWAYS Find a Job?

—That enables you to live at home?
—That is easy and pleasant?
—That requires no experience?
—That can be adapted to either full time or part time?
—That pays good money?

If you can answer all these questions to your advantage, you're undoubtedly in luck. If you cannot, and if you would like to be fixed so you can earn plenty of extra money as described—up to $2 an hour for spare time—by all means send the coupon below. It will bring you all the details of the liberal offer we make our subscription representatives.

THE CURTIS PUBLISHING COMPANY
860 Independence Square, Philadelphia, Pennsylvania
How can I make some extra money as described in your offer above?

Name

Street

City State

and administration is extended. It finds itself obliged to dictate, since the railroads more and more expect it to do so and to accept the responsibility.

After all, why should a railroad take the risk of such experiments? If they should turn out well the profit above 6 per cent would belong to the Government. Whereas if the Interstate Commerce Commission says do the thing and it turns out badly then the Government is obliged to make it good.

Already one may hear in the Interstate Commerce Commission premises at Washington the echoes of this saying: "Why do the railroads leave it so much to us? Why can't they act more on their own?" Why should they?

In this business of consolidation, recall what the record is—fifty-four volumes of testimony and exhibits. That gives you some notion of what the possibilities of disagreement are and how long it might take by formal court procedure to settle all the conflicts of view. Immensities of equity are involved.

The Interstate Commerce Commission's plan was not evolved from heat and circumstance; it was made up all at once out of theory with intent to be imposed. The law does not say the railroads shall consolidate; it goes so far only as to say the Interstate Commerce Commission shall adopt and promulgate a plan. The expectation was that the recapture clause as to excess earnings would, as Professor Ripley says, cause the railroads to embrace the plan.

The Congress for that reason forbore to make consolidation mandatory. But the railroads are disputatious and slow, the public mind is impatient. So you read in the Washington news dispatches that if they continue to argue about it much longer the law's wish will be made mandatory; they shall be compelled to consolidate.

Well, you may be sure that if by some short procedure they are compelled to do it the habit of dependence will grow upon them. In human nature you could not expect it to be otherwise. The Government will be responsible for all the errors, failures and difficulties.

Regulation, control, administration, valuation, consolidation, guaranty, dictation. There is only one more step to take.

Presently you will begin to hear: "Why should the public be charged rates that yield 6 per cent profit on private railroad capital when the Government can borrow money at 3½?"

And through all the confusion of what has happened only those who meant that question to become a political issue have known exactly what they wanted.

THE GREAT AMERICAN SCANDAL

(Continued from Page 25)

of the so-called All-American League announced in a poster as the Liska-Trial Mass Meeting."

Of course this was another example of the current sentimentalism which some men and women pour over the criminal. The governor of one of our largest states tells me that one of the sickening experiences of his office is to be called on by jurymen who, because of irrefutable evidence have convicted a criminal, but come to add their request to those of weeping relatives to have the man pardoned or paroled so that he may not have to suffer. Of course, juryman selected by the defense because of their susceptibility to emotional attack are only human—indeed usually weaker and "more human" than the rest of us. From first to last, all the emotional appeal is on the side of the criminal.

One-Way Sympathy

Who appears, pale and suffering, before the eyes of the jury accompanied by weeping wife and little ones? Not the honest man who has been shot down. No! The criminal. Whose pathetic life story is told by the attorneys? Not the pathetic life story of the victim. No! The criminal's. Whose attorneys, friends, relatives appear dripping tears into the laps of governors or parole boards? The criminal's. The prosecuting officer is not there. The police are not there. The old mother, the widow, the little children of the victim are not there. The witnesses seeking mercy are the criminal's witnesses, sometimes professional "old mothers" hired for the day. The victim is not represented, the young boys and girls, who are entitled to the example of punishment for wrongdoing, are not there.

As one judge said to me, "The criminal's psychiatrist is there to say that the criminal is a mental defective, a neurotic personality, a borderland case, an abnormal psychic idiosyncrasy, and that he should be given a round trip to Bermuda to remove his complexes." Everyone needed is there—except the state and the victim. And to a certain degree the one-sided emotional barrage is launched against juries hand picked by the defense. Everyone is familiar with the success of defendants whose affluence allows the expenditure for sufficient ammunition to conduct a maximum of emotional barrage.

In addition to such a reformation of the jury system as law may obtain, I find that experienced heads say that we need new laws to stop the abuses arising from the experts and their testimony. It is not necessary to go to lawyers to hear of the absurdity of experts—particularly those who deal in judgments about those elusive, intangible subjects—the human mind and personality; everyone expects in a large sensational trial a battle between two camps of experts. There are new recruits to the armies of the two sides! Every time the defendant spends a big fee to have some mind doctor, as the crooks now call them, the state must dig into its pocket to pay the expense of bringing a new 75 centimeter authority into action. The phrases describing mental states multiply and amuse the public. The juryman who never knew before that he had such things as subconscious mind, inhibition, suppressed complex, neurotic typhoon, learns something new. Here is not only a field of reasonable doubt; it is a field of unreasonable doubt. I have discussed with a number of judges and received, in a number of letters, the suggestion that expert testimony should come only from a commission appointed under a proper law, so that an end could be put to the kind of contradictory opinion described only adequately as testimony of "a blind man looking around a dark room for a black hat which is not there." No one wishes the wrong disposition of a case of a man or woman not responsible for his or her acts, but the escape of criminal responsibility because the testimony of experts hand picked and rehearsed in advance has now become farcical.

A Good Rule From Ohio

One of the old safeguards of the defendant is the rule that he should not be compelled to testify. Incidentally this rule, as Commissioner Burdette Lewis, of New Jersey, points out, often makes it impossible to introduce the defendant's records and papers. It is admitted that the state has no way to compel the prisoner to testify except by torture, but if he fails to testify on demand the jury should be allowed to draw such inferences as they may—as is now the case in Ohio. Certainly the records and papers of the defendant should be introduced in evidence if the prosecution desires. Charles Evans Hughes has emphasized in a public speech a reform of this general nature.

(Continued on Page 209)

"For 22 years I have shaved men at the Waldorf, men who are prominent in every walk of life. From my long experience I give this advice to the man who shaves himself.

"Most important is lather. And the perfect lather comes from Williams Shaving Cream. It is the only shaving cream that is used in the Waldorf shop—the only one that satisfies our exacting patrons.

"A sharp blade, a tube of Williams—that is my recipe for the man who shaves himself."

Michael Orth

Barber to princes, pugilists and presidents

Michael of The Waldorf gives his secret of a perfect shave

FOR Michael Orth no setting could be more perfect than the Waldorf. The stately Waldorf, with its mellow memories of great events and greater men. The distinguished Waldorf, where statesman and artist and financier pass and repass within its kindly walls.

It is over the Waldorf's gleaming barber-shop that Michael rules—tall, imperious, courtly. When he bows you into his chair, you feel honored. For Michael has the grand manner, that air of saying: "To you, sir, and to you alone, miracles shall be revealed." And in truth, the deft, sure strokes of his twinkling blade, the soothing touch of expert fingers, *are* miracles of skill.

After years of experience in shaving thousands of men, Michael has decided that the secret of a perfect shave lies in lather. And the perfect lather comes from Williams Shaving Cream alone.

Williams—the perfect lather

Lather's first job is to strike in to the roots of the beard-bristles and strip them of their coats of oil; then, it must hold water in *close* to the skin so that each hair soaks up water, becomes soft, pliable, ready for the razor.

In the speed with which it scatters the oil-film, in its water-holding capacity, Michael has found Williams Shaving Cream to be unequalled. He will use no other lather on the distinguished faces of his patrons.

Used in the finest shops

Williams lather is used exclusively not only in the Waldorf, but in all the other famous Terminal Barber Shops and in *most* fine barber-shops throughout the country. Not always the *cream*, to be sure. Some shops prefer the Williams shaving tablet, or the powder. But in *any* form, these shops use Williams lather for one reason —because it gives the best shave.

Surely these experts in the art of shaving are qualified to choose the perfect lather. Surely, Williams, the choice of the majority of these experienced master-barbers, deserves the free trial offered you below.

A free trial for the man who shaves himself

Each morning, in your own home, you can get the clean, restful sort of shave that Michael gives you at the Waldorf.

The white, uncolored Williams cream quickly piles up rich, dense lather. Your shave is quick, easy, comfortable. And afterwards your face feels fresh and soothed; for Williams contains a special healing ingredient for the skin.

Why not try this shaving cream which master-barbers, in America's most famous shops, have found to be the best?

Mail the coupon today for a free trial tube of Williams Shaving Cream. It contains a two-weeks' supply of perfect shaves.

Note the unlosable Hinge-Cap

The large size tube is 35c. Double-size, at 50c, contains twice as much cream and is the most economical size you can buy.

THE FINEST BARBER SHOPS USE WILLIAMS IN EITHER CREAM, POWDER OR TABLET FORM

Free—

May we send you, free, a generous trial tube of the famous Williams Shaving Cream? It will give you two weeks of shaving comfort you have never known before. Mail the coupon.

Send me free trial tube of famous Williams Shaving Cream.

Address: Dept. 410-B, The J. B. Williams Company, Glastonbury, Conn. In Canada, The J. B. Williams Company (Ltd.), St. Patrick Street, Montreal

S E P 10-24 25

A Brand New HOTEL SHERMAN
NOW IN CHICAGO

You Know Me, Al—I Know a Good Hotel

By Ring W. Lardner

Ring W. Lardner

I'm glad that the Byfield boys are ready with their new addition—it will give a whole lot more people a chance to stop at a good hotel. Whenever I go to old Chi, which isn't often enough to suit me, though I haven't received any complaints from the citizens, I stay at the Sherman on the Randolph Street side, so I can look across at the big offices in the County Building and see how the other half lives without working.

I was there in July, 1924, and they gave me a room at the extreme southwest corner, right next to where the addition was being built

"Mr. Lardner," said my bell hop, kissing my hand in acknowledgment of the crisp dime I had just peeled off my roll, "I'm afraid you are going to be kind of disturbed by the building operations."

"Hop," I replied, not having caught his name, "I have just come from the Democratic Convention, and a riveting machine sounds to me like a flea's wing falling into a bowl of junket."

He laughed heartily. In fact, virtually all the Sherman's employees seem jovial fellows. It makes the whole works an amiable place.

Ring W. Lardner

1700 Rooms
Each with Bath

So distributed that 75% are *at the* Hotel Sherman's Minimum Rates $3.00 to $5.00 *with bath*

No delays in Room Assignment at any hour

No waiting for room assignment— A room for you whenever you arrive

Saving the guest's time is one important way the NEW HOTEL SHERMAN serves its patrons. The business day is short at best. Any delay in room assignment seriously affects the guest's program. ¶The NEW HOTEL SHERMAN has eliminated vexing waits and won the praise of busy business men by having plenty of moderate-priced rooms always ready. Comfortable, home-like, fitted with the newest in furniture and equipped with the latest hotel-room appliances and conveniences, these rooms are exactly what thousands of transient guests have declared they wanted.

Features of the New Sherman

Seventeen hundred guest rooms, 75 per cent at the hotel's minimum rate of $3.00 to $5.00—more than one and one-half acres of exhibition space only twelve feet above street level, including the magnificent new Banquet Hall seating 2,000, the expansive Exposition Hall and a mezzanine floor more than twice its original size—The Old Town Coffee Room decorated by Tony Sarg—a new Main Restaurant—a beautiful new home for the Bal Tabarin, featuring Johnny Hamp's Kentucky Serenaders—the world famous College Inn, with Abe Lyman's renowned dance orchestra—new lobbies with furniture in cosy groups after the European fashion—seventeen new high speed elevators, centrally located—a floor exclusively for women—a floor for tall guests—a new and unusual club-valet service—a new entrance giving direct passageway to desks and elevators—scores of other appealing innovations for the comfort and entertainment of guests.

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Most central of Chicago's hotels Nearest Theatres, Shopping District, Public Buildings, Boulevards

FRANK W. BERING
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Today the Largest Hotel in the World Outside of New York

NEW HOTEL SHERMAN

RANDOLPH · CLARK · LAKE · & · LASALLE · STREETS · Chicago

(Continued from Page 206

As the American Bar Association report, made by the Charles S. Whitman committee, well says, "Our procedural criminal laws are outworn and cumbersome." It goes on, however, to charge responsibility again to the sleeping of our citizenship which can see under its nose the growth of daring, power and defiance of criminals unparalleled in other lands. It says:

"Only the belief that nothing can be accomplished without a full realization of the situation by the American people, impels us to present the figures and statistics embodied in this report, and to call the attention of this Association to the striking contrast existing as between the situation relative to crime in America and in these two countries of Europe. Behind every defect in the enforcement of our laws, more dangerous than any fault in the machinery of the law, more powerful than any other factor in accounting for the number of crimes committed in this country, is the apathy and indifference of the American people. The first great work to be accomplished in bringing about a better enforcement of law must be the awakening of the public to a clear sense of the situation and of their responsibility for it. Improvement in our laws can accomplish little unless accompanied by a determination on the part of our citizens to have those laws enforced."

So much do I agree with this that I have undertaken to do my part in the "awakening." But the lawyers and lawmakers must also do theirs. The clipped powers of the American judge can be remedied by law, not by opinion. The plain need of doing away with the political demands which trail the heels of even the best of the elected judges where judges are now elected, and of substituting an appointive judiciary, can be assisted by public opinion, but in the end must be dealt with by the laws. The crying necessity of attracting and rewarding a sufficient number of good judges with salaries commensurate with their best services to society must enlist public opinion, but the salaries will not be paid by opinion. Only appropriations pay salaries. The archaic forms of indictments, so different from the simple forms in England, and technicalities which delay, muddy and defeat the course of justice in their results, may anger and irritate public opinion, but the cure of the evils, because it requires some knowledge of law, requires the active aid of lawyers and lawmakers.

Closing Up Legal Holes

Chancellor Herbert S. Hadley, who had great experience as prosecutor and as governor of Missouri, and whose legal mind is incautious enough to travel straight courses, gives no particular encouragement to those who expect the lawyers of the nation to run with the ball. While the Whitman report asks public opinion to do the work, Hadley takes the position that public opinion must first realize that, with the criminals romping away, the legal profession maintains an almost unwarranted calm. He has said: "As a general rule, the reform of a system is not likely to be made by those who administer it and consider themselves responsible for its existence. But when the actual facts showing the archaic character of our system of criminal procedure, the indefiniteness and uncertainty in the substantive law of crimes, and the ineffective manner in which our system is functioning are considered, we must conclude that the complacency and satisfaction of the appellate-court judges are unwarranted, and that our system of apprehending and prosecuting criminals stands condemned by results, or rather, by the lack of results, incident to its administration."

It is not necessary to break down the safeguards of the accused in order to close a great number of the purely legal holes which now cause the police to say with a great measure of truth, "We catch 'em and the courts and prisons let 'em go." It is not necessary to have the testimony of the police; it is possible to find judges of the frankness of mind to recognize that it is the law itself which sometimes defeats justice.

Judge Walter B. Jones, of Alabama, for instance, sends me a copy of an address from which I quote excerpts:

"It is time to quit sweeping ugly facts under the bed; we might just as well speak plainly. We are winning every fight except that against crime. . . . We are forced, if we are honest with ourselves and our country, to confess with humiliation that the administration of the criminal law is a farce and a delusion. No other country on the globe would stand for it one minute. To those who say that crime is decreasing and that there is no cause for alarm on account of criminal conditions in this country today, I give the words of a distinguished and thoughtful Illinois trial judge: 'We have a lawless and a law-ridden country. . . . Our administration of the law grows weaker day by day and the felonious army increases in number and achievement.' I quote from Justice Goff, of New York: 'It can be safely stated that in the history of this country we have never been before confronted with anything like the criminal conditions we have today.'"

When Delay is the Star Witness

"If I were asked to name two causes which stand out above all others for the inefficient administration of the criminal law, I would unhesitatingly name delay and technicality. . . . Ten years in the penitentiary, given a year after the crime, does not have the deterrent effect that one year in the penitentiary given immediately after the crime has. Lawyers who practice on the criminal side know that delay is the best witness for the defense."

If any average man wishes to know the truth about the archaic technicality of our law, and sometimes its procedure, he may read down the amusing examples of action by appellate courts given by Judge Jones. Many of them had already been brought to my notice from various sources.

A defendant was convicted of stealing under an indictment charging the theft of $100 lawful money. The conviction was set aside because the indictment did not say lawful money of the United States. The court gave as the reason for granting a new trial that the victim might have been carrying around Mexican money.

A defendant was convicted of stealing a pistol under an indictment which described the pistol as a Smith & Weston revolver. A new trial was granted, because the proof showed that the defendant only stole a Smith & Wesson revolver.

In Chicago a notorious criminal was convicted of stealing fifty-nine dollars. There was never the shadow of a doubt as to his guilt. The verdict was set aside on appeal because the jury in their verdict did not find the amount stolen.

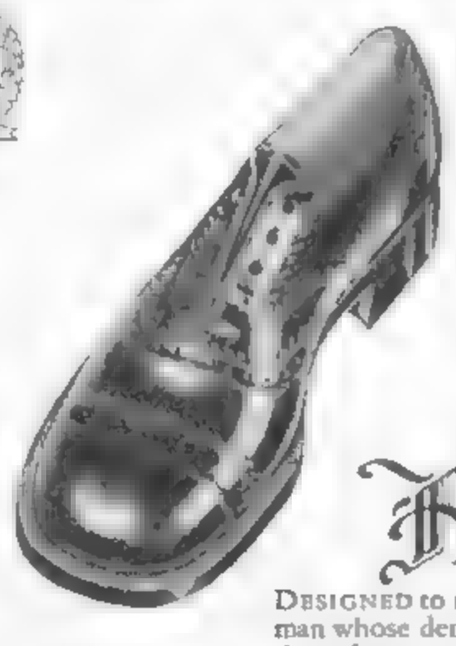
In Georgia a defendant was convicted under an indictment which charged that he stole a hog that had a slit out of its right ear and a clip out of the left. The appellate court granted the defendant a new trial because, though it was proved that he stole the hog, the evidence disclosed that it was a hog with a slit out of its left ear and a clip out of its right ear.

In another case where a defendant was convicted of a serious crime the conviction was set aside by the higher court because the word "the" was left out of the concluding phrase of the indictment, "against the peace and dignity of the state."

In another case a defendant was convicted of stealing a pair of boots. The judgment of the trial court was set aside by the higher court because it appeared that though the defendant had stolen two boots he had stolen two rights.

In yet another case a conviction for larceny was set aside because the indictment averred that it occurred in a storehouse when it should have used the word "storeroom."

In a Montana case a verdict of guilty of larceny was set aside on appeal because the



No. 556
"TARZAN"

PACKARD!

DESIGNED to meet the taste of the younger man whose demand is style—yet who seeks the *refinements* rather than the extremes of footwear fashions.

If there is no retailer of Packard Shoes in your locality, you will be well repaid by writing us. It will be our privilege to see that you are supplied.

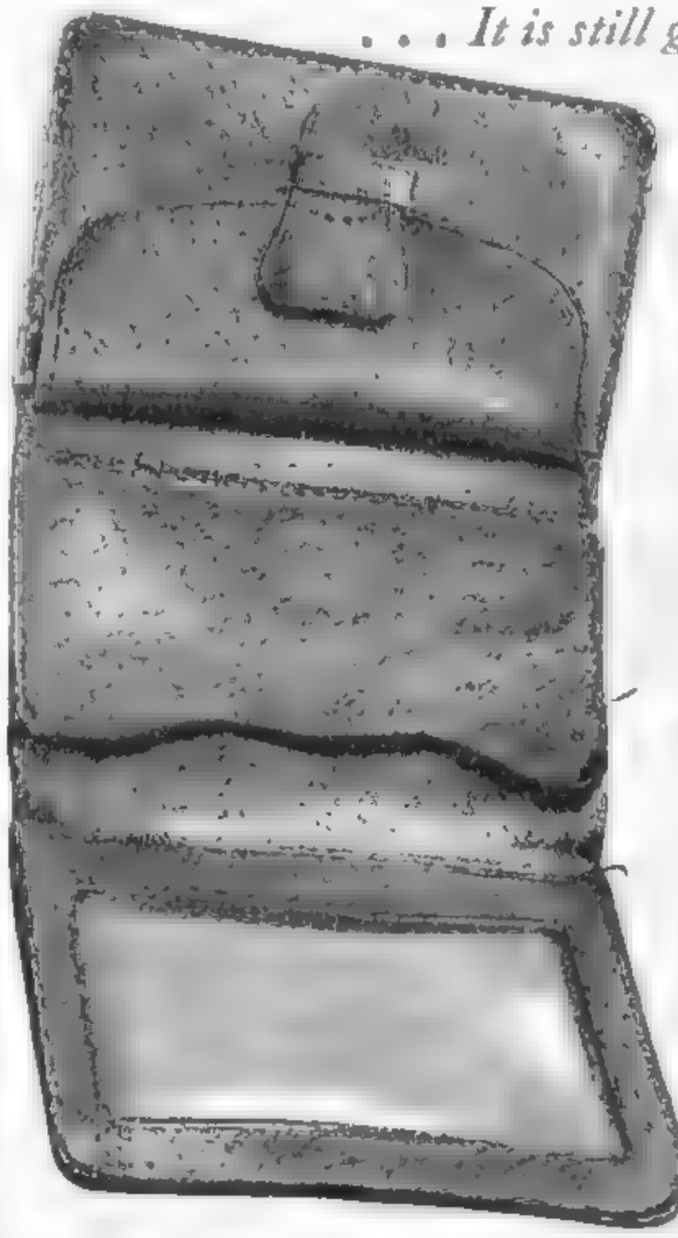
$7.50 to $10. A few styles higher

M. A. PACKARD COMPANY
BROCKTON, MASS.

The Packard SHOE

$25,000 has passed through this pocketbook in 5 years

. . . It is still good-looking and sound



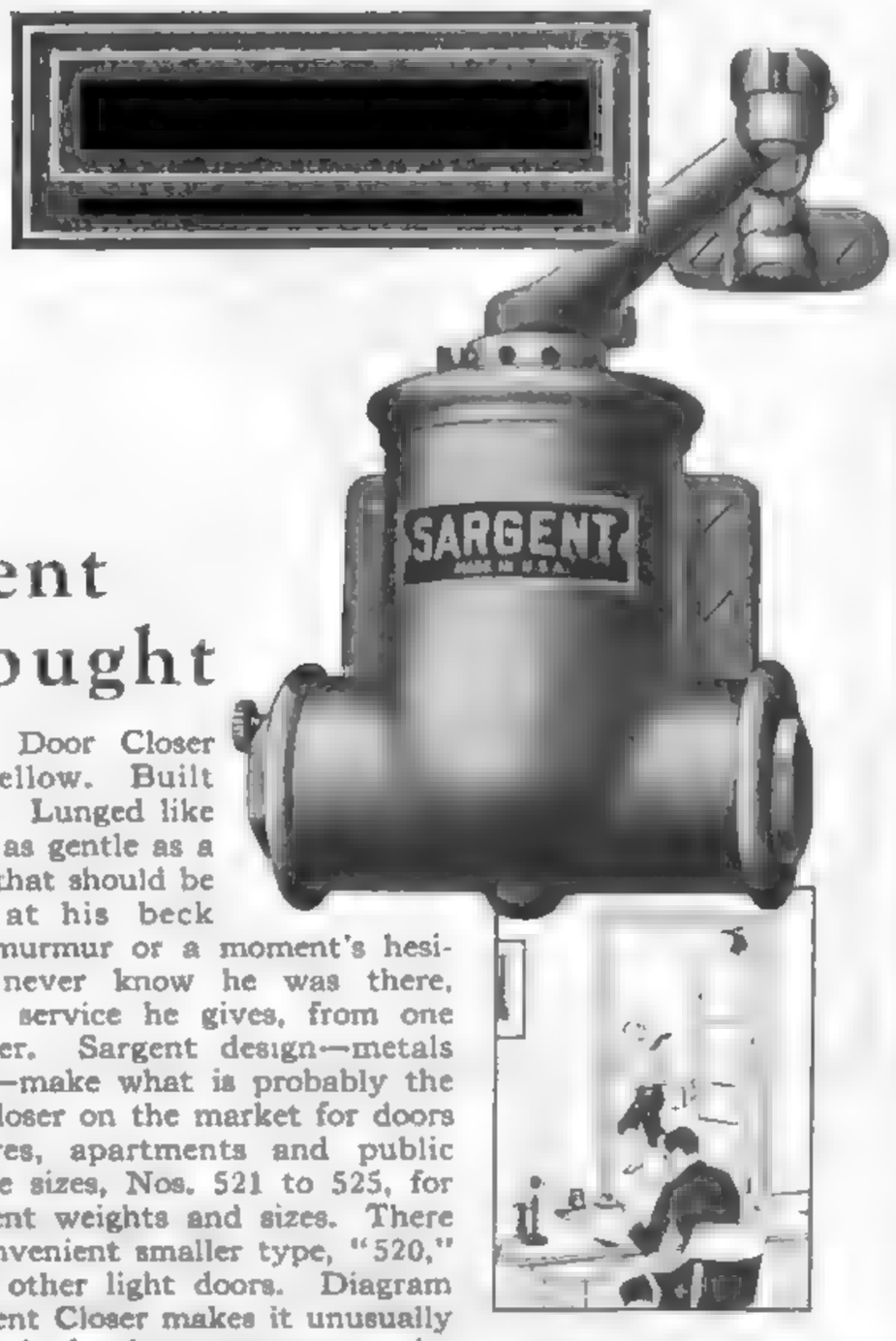
FOR five years it has served the changing wealth of its owner faithfully. Yet, it is none the worse for the constant wear it has received.

An Amity pocketbook, fashioned from real leather by skilled craftsmen, easily withstands the most rigorous use. Its beauty mellows with age. Its years of service span a man's life.

Nothing but the best leathers are used in the making of *Amity* pocketbooks. And within every one of them you will find above the name of the leather the distinguishing mark that signifies long years of service and ever-improving beauty — the name "*Amity*"

The store you patronize will show you an *Amity* pocketbook of a style to satisfy your taste and of a price to suit your means. . . . Amity Leather Products Company, West Bend, Wisconsin.

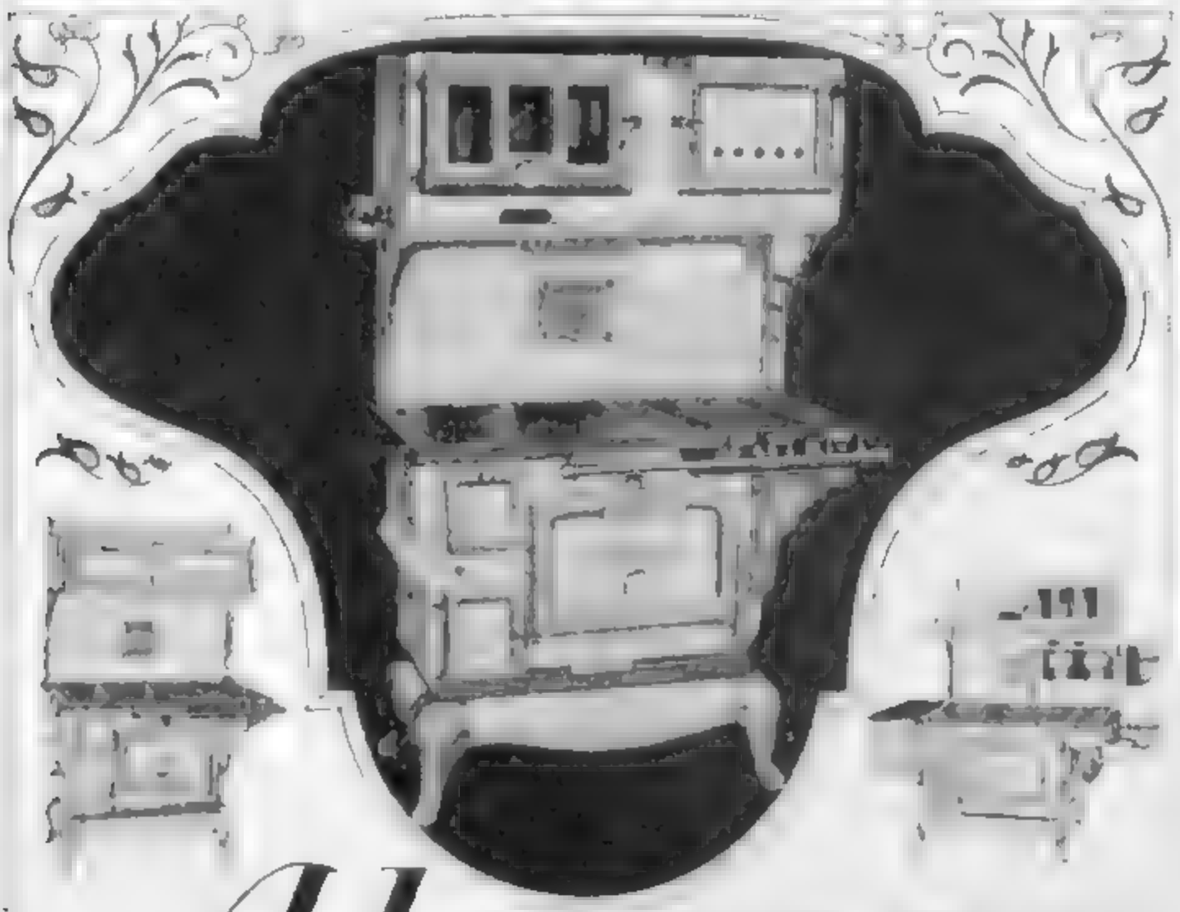
if stamped AMITY *it's leather*



Silent as thought

THIS Sargent Door Closer is a sturdy fellow. Built like a wrestler. Lunged like a runner. But as gentle as a kitten. Doors that should be closed—close at his beck with never a murmur or a moment's hesitation. You'd never know he was there, except for the service he gives, from one year to another. Sargent design—metals—construction—make what is probably the most capable closer on the market for doors of offices, stores, apartments and public buildings. Five sizes, Nos. 521 to 525, for doors of different weights and sizes. There is a mighty convenient smaller type, "520," for screen and other light doors. Diagram with each Sargent Closer makes it unusually easy to apply. At hardware stores or write us for folders.

SARGENT & COMPANY, *Manufacturers*
33 Water Street New Haven, Conn.



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Quality Kitchen Ranges

Every type, style and price for every fuel

The standard of quality in ranges is denoted by the trademark "Alcazar."

The style shown above is the celebrated 3-fuel Alcazar, which burns gas and coal or wood—singly or together.

You can get an Alcazar also for gas only or for kerosene oil, or for coal or wood and kerosene. Many styles to choose from. Ask any Alcazar dealer or write to us.

ALCAZAR RANGE & HEATER CO.
436 Cleveland Avenue, Milwaukee, Wis.

trial judge instructed the jury they must find intent to steal instead of a criminal intent.

Under another absurd ruling a conviction for stealing was set aside because there was no proof that 800 pounds of cotton was a thing of value.

In yet another case involving some offense along a public road, the conviction was set aside because, though the proof showed that the road had been used for thirty years as a public road, it did not show that the road had ever been formally dedicated to the public.

There is an Alabama case which holds that the omission of the letter "l" from the word "malice" in an indictment for assault with intent to murder renders the indictment bad, and a conviction under that indictment was set aside.

In another Alabama case it was held that an indictment charging that murder had been committed "with malice aforethou" does not allege "malice aforethought," and that the indictment was legally insufficient. The court noted in that case "great precision should be observed in matters which vitally affect the life and liberty of the citizen." In England the judge would simply have corrected the indictment with his pen and gone on with the case.

In another case an indictment was held bad which charged that the defendant broke into and entered the "dwell house," instead of "dwelling house," of another.

In the trial of a criminal case where the judge charges the jury that they cannot convict the defendant unless they believe beyond a reasonable doubt and to a moral certainty that he is guilty, it is reversible error for the court to refuse to charge, also at the request of the defendant, that if there is a probability of the defendant's innocence he should be acquitted.

In another case the indictment charged that the defendant obstructed a public road "by a fence, bar, or some other impediment," without specifying what constituted the "other impediment." The defendant went to trial knowing he was charged with obstructing the public road, but because the indictment did not say in what this "other impediment consisted" the judgment of conviction was set aside.

The Criminal's Handicap

In another case a defendant was charged in the indictment with stealing a cow. The evidence proved him guilty of stealing a bull. In either event the defendant was guilty of grand larceny. The higher court, however, set aside the judgment of conviction.

The mere faults in technical formal indictments, however, absurd as they are, are only one point where the law becomes the criminal's accessory. The fact is that the criminal's attorneys and the state's representative play a drawn-out and expensive game in which the archaic laws give almost every advantage to the wrongdoer.

While I was in St. Louis, Chancellor Hadley addressed the Bar Association, and he set forth twenty-three points of law or procedure by which the murderer, gunman and crook have a distinct advantage over honest society:

1. The defendant can insist on a speedy and public trial and profit by denial of this right. While the state may urge a public trial, it has no means to enforce it.

2. The defendant must be advised as to the nature and the cause of the charge against him. The state has no right to be advised as to the nature of the defense.

3. The defendant may change his defense during the trial, but the state cannot amend the indictment or information except in matters of form, and even this right does not exist in a number of states.

4. The defendant must be given a list of the state's witnesses before trial, but the state has no right to know of the witnesses for the defense.

5. The defendant has the right to require the state to present its case in preliminary hearing, but the state has no right to require the defense to be shown.

6. The defendant has the right to disqualify by affidavit the examining magistrate. Generally the state has no such right.

7. The defendant may challenge the members of the grand jury for cause, but this right is not generally enjoyed by the state.

8. The defendant can ask for change of venue to another county on the ground of public prejudice, but with few exceptions the state cannot do so.

9. The defendant may disqualify the trial judge by affidavits alleging prejudice, but the state with few exceptions cannot.

10. In practically every state the defendant has more peremptory challenges as against the trial jury than has the state.

11. The defendant may employ as many lawyers as he is able to hire, but the prosecution in most states cannot have special counsel.

12. The defendant may comment upon the failure of any state witness to testify, but the state cannot comment on defendant's failure to testify.

13. The state's witnesses may be cross-examined without limit, while in many states the defendant can be cross-examined only as to matters testified to on direct examination.

14. The defendant generally is accorded the right to take depositions of witnesses, but generally the state does not possess the same right.

15. The defendant can use a transcript of the record of preliminary hearings or coroner's inquest testimony, but the state except under special circumstances cannot do so.

16. The defendant is presumed to be innocent, and may be acquitted on reasonable doubt as to criminal intent even when the act is proved or admitted; the state must prove guilt beyond reasonable doubt.

17. A defendant pleading insanity is not required to show it beyond reasonable doubt, but only by a preponderance of testimony, and in some states, if a reasonable doubt exists as to the defendant's sanity he must be acquitted on the ground of insanity.

18. The defendant has full right to appeal from all adverse rulings during the trial and from the verdict of guilty. The state has no right to appeal from a verdict of not guilty, and only in a limited number of states can it have the rulings of the trial court upon questions of law reviewed, and then only as a precedent in other cases.

19. The defendant may plead former jeopardy, if the state's case fails through any mischance, such as absence of a witness; but the state, except in exceptional cases, cannot show previous convictions of the defendant except to impeach his testimony.

20. The defendant in many states can prosecute an appeal at public expense, while the state rarely collects costs from defendant even when the conviction is affirmed.

21. The defendant may ask for reversal of conviction on any grounds, including severity of punishment imposed, but the state cannot on appeal ask that the punishment be increased, as is the practice in England.

22. A defendant convicted of crime usually has the right to a hearing as to his sanity after conviction, though the state cannot ask for the reopening of a case where defendant has been acquitted on the plea of insanity, even though it is prepared to show that the defendant has regained his reason.

23. If all other advantages and methods of which the defendant can avail himself fail to prevent conviction and punishment, he may ask the governor or pardoning board for reduction of sentence, parole or pardon, and as shown by the record of almost every state he may often secure such clemency.

No doubt some of these advantages given a criminal are deserved, but others

(Continued on Page 213)

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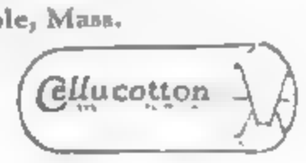

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Kimberly-Clark Co
Neenah Wisconsin

(Continued from Page 210)

are clear examples of first aid to the injurers. This rescue work to save criminals and the crime ring from punishment is the free contribution of law to lawbreaking.

The law is not only at fault in not remaking its machinery and its procedure, but even the criminal laws themselves in most jurisdictions are old and outworn and astonishing as it may seem to the citizen who is blackjacked, shot, robbed, cheated and terrorized their revision, together with much parole legislation, tends to make the criminal's punishment not more, but less.

Some of the reasons of the American Law Institute for making a beginning by drawing up a model code of criminal procedure disclose the fact that the law itself has had some part in our crime tide, let the complacent among lawyers and judges say what they will. Dr. William Draper Lewis says: "The necessity for the preparation of a code containing model statutory provisions and rules of court relating to criminal procedure has been pointed out by practically every bar association and committee that has undertaken recently to investigate the administration of criminal law. The defects in criminal procedure are the chief defects in criminal justice, for the improvement of which the public has a right to look to the American legal profession.

"It is doubtless true that had we proceeded, on the organization of the institute, to take up work in criminal procedure at once, the wide public belief in the importance and necessity of reform in existing conditions might have deterred the attention of the bar from the restatement of the law, which the institute was primarily founded to promote, and which always will remain our foremost task."

The Indeterminate Sentence

"Furthermore, the publication of the report of our committee on A Survey and Statement of the Defects in Criminal Justice will go far to remove any danger that the public will think that in improving criminal procedure we are removing all defects in criminal justice, as the report emphasizes the fact that many of the main sources of those defects are beyond the power of the legal profession to remedy, and that the remedy lies rather in the people of the United States as a whole, and in scientific investigations of social conditions and the results of our penal system; investigations which the lawyer, merely because he is a lawyer, is not especially qualified to undertake."

But even such a model code, requiring three years to draw, though it is a step toward offering to our forty-odd separate states opportunity to adopt efficiency and some helpful uniformity, does not affect the laws defining crimes and their punishment.

Justice Harry E. Lewis, of the Supreme Court of New York, writes from Brooklyn. He describes the absurd situation in which the criminal law apparently relaxes its severity in direct ratio to the increase in crime. He says: "The sentencing provisions of the penal law are wholly inadequate and not commensurate with the crimes which are committed. The sentences of today are practically one-half of what they were thirty years ago. This reduction in sentences has been responsible to some extent, in my opinion, for the increase in the vicious or more serious crimes.

"By way of illustration: The punishment for robbery in the first degree, committed by a first offender, is the indeterminate sentence of not less than ten years nor more than twenty years. With compensation deducted, the offender serves but seven years and six months. In 1891 the maximum punishment for robbery, first degree, with deduction for commutation, meant incarceration for thirteen years and seven months. Practically the same reduction is found in all sentencing provisions of the penal law. The indeterminate sentencing provisions are misleading; in fact, the indeterminate sentencing law is not indeterminate at all, for practically all offenders are liberated at the expiration of the minimum term, with compensation deducted. A fourth offender, under the provisions of the penal law, may serve no more than a first offender. A second offender is compelled to serve more time than a fourth offender may serve."

The Law's Contribution to Crime

All over the country there is the mutter of protest against this tendency to let the criminal fall more softly. Organizations like the American Bankers Association, the New York Board of Trade, the American Institute of Accountants and hosts of others have sent protests against laws, procedure and practices which invite more crime. As one judge writes me, "The time has come to say to the criminal, 'Stand back; you cannot get away with it.'"

There has been no attempt in this article to touch upon the loopholes of the bail system, the tricks and strategy of criminal lawyers, the leniency of judges in the matters of suspended sentences and probation, the failure to identify old offenders, the trading processes by which the wise criminal agrees to plead guilty to a minor offense, or to restore property, if he can save himself a severe penalty.

I have said nothing of the manner in which complainants or witnesses are threatened, bought or worn out, or of the use of court injunctions to protect vicious resorts from the police. All these matters are to be treated later.

The subject of this article is the contribution that law itself makes to crime or to the saving of the criminal from punishment. And that contribution is no small contribution.

Too many laws.

Crime-breeding "commandments" to goose-step individual conduct.

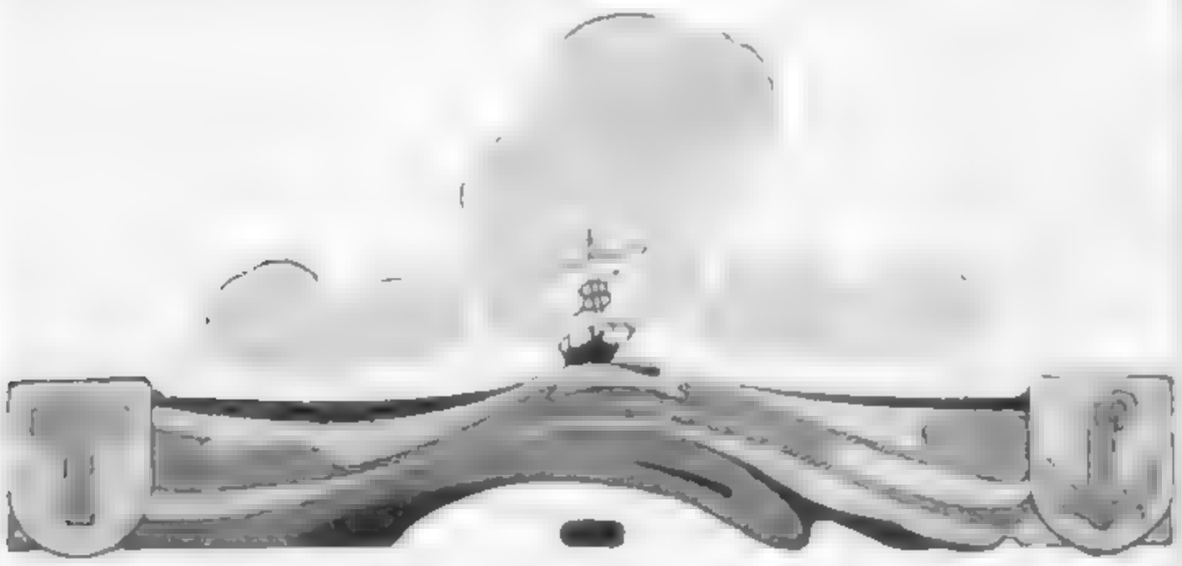
A machinery of justice unfair to judges, lacking in power to make juries efficient, and retaining outworn laws and practices which now serve to protect the underworld.

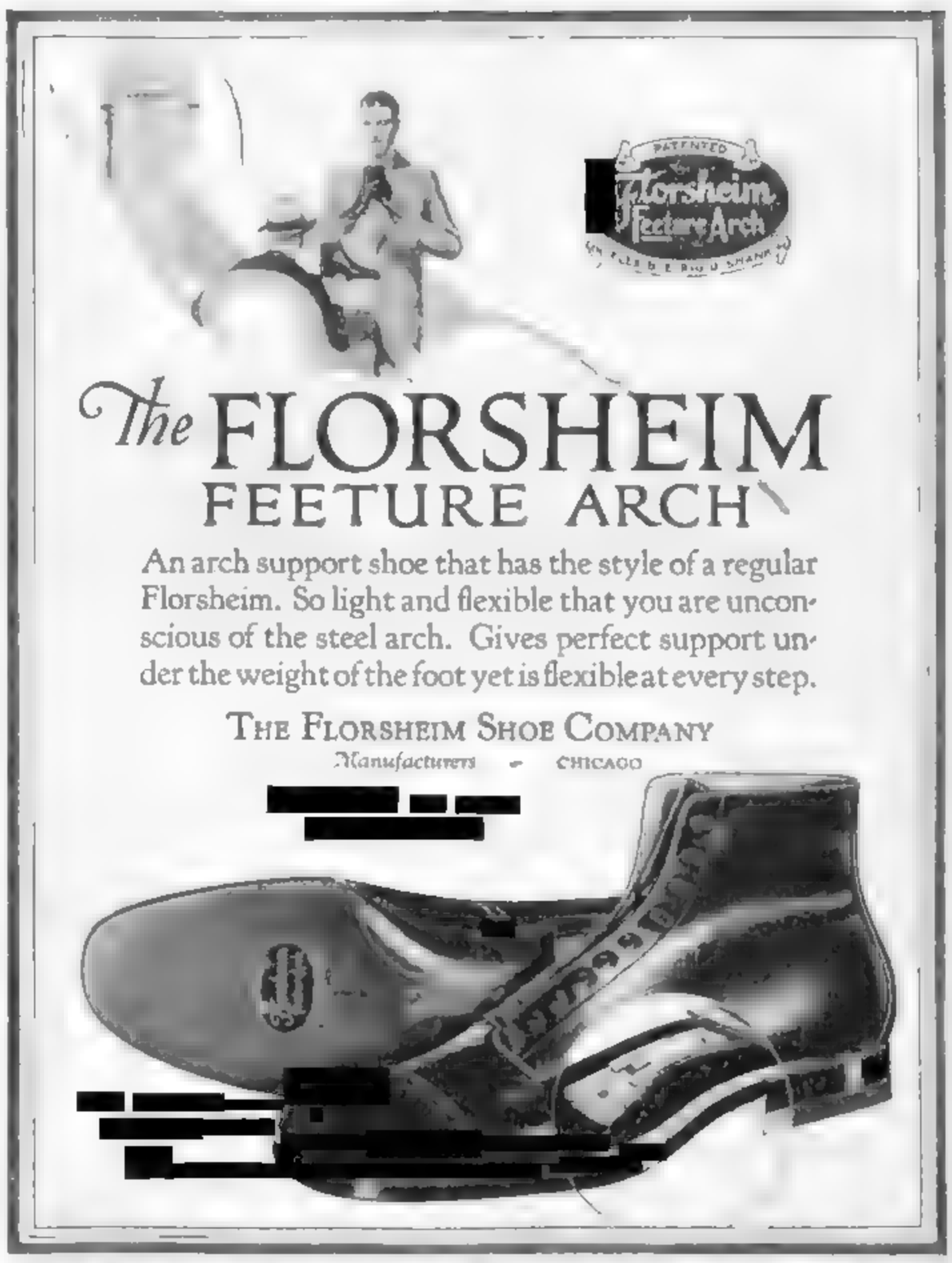
A tendency to reduce rather than increase punishments, which persists in face of a rising crime tide.

These are the signs which tend to bring guilt to the law itself.

Foolish and feeble are the parents or governments that nag with dont's, but fail to find a way to maintain authority and discipline.

Editor's Note—This is the seventh of a series of articles by Mr. Child. The next will appear in an early issue





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WITH THE SHENANDOAH

(Continued from Page 7

with airships, I unhesitatingly assert that the airship is far more comfortable in a storm than the steamship. Five meals a day with "hot and cold running servants" are not as freely supplied on the airship, but the accommodations on the Los Angeles are equally as comfortable as those of any Pullman car and are without dust or dirt. The Los Angeles crossed the Atlantic from Germany to the United States in approximately three days. It is over the sea that the airship possesses the greatest possibilities as a commercial carrier; since the speed of the railroad train exceeds that of the steamship, the relative value of the airship is greater when employed over sea.

Much has recently been written and more has been said on the subject of aeronautics. Congress has investigated, great newspapers and magazines have contributed, and public interest has been thoroughly aroused.

As an interested spectator, I have been impressed by the fact that in all this discussion the airship has been overlooked and attention almost exclusively focused on the airplane. Both contenders for the supremacy of the airplane and defenders of the supremacy of the battleship with respect to command of the sea have in their enthusiasm lost sight of the interdependence of both airplane and battleship, not only upon themselves, but upon airship, submarine, destroyer and other types.

It is the great airship filled with helium that today offers the most effective means of covering an extensive sea area for the purpose of obtaining information and destroying the commerce of an enemy. This relative value of the airship as a naval scout was successfully shown by the Shenandoah, in August, 1924, in a search problem in the North Atlantic Ocean, operating in conjunction with other types. The airship possesses the advantages over surface vessels of speed, range of vision, ability to rise above fog, and freedom from the interference and discomfort of heavy seas. Though the airplane possesses higher speed than the airship, its effective cruising radius is comparatively short, and its characteristics make safe landing or taking-off in a rough sea hazardous, and do not permit of cruising at low speed to conserve fuel.

The Airship's Naval Rôle

After a study of the situation, the unbiased conclusion which must inevitably be arrived at is that the airship has a performance unparalleled by any other type and is urgently required for long-distance naval reconnaissance and patrol. It is certainly of the highest importance that a naval commander be kept informed by radio of the strength, distribution and movements of an enemy's naval forces, in order to carry on a successful campaign and insure victory. If we lose command of the sea an enemy fleet could cut off our trade and strangle us.

The possibilities of further developing the uses of the helium airship in war are most sanguine; for instance, it promises to become useful as an airplane carrier in the near future. As it is so easy to become enthusiastic in painting verbal visions of the future of aviation, it is my strict intention in this discourse not to peer beyond the clear-cut horizon that defines the state of development of the art today. It is upon the security of a firm foundation that plans for our national defense and the commercial development of aeronautics should be formulated.

That airships were of immense value to the German Navy in the World War is a statement substantiated by German Admiralty records and frequently confirmed by Admiral Jellicoe, British commander in chief of the Grand Fleet, in his book. The Zeppelin bombing raids in England were of secondary importance, their principal value resulting from the hampering of industry to the extent that lights and furnaces were extinguished as a precautionary measure, and from the retention in England of a number of aeroplanes, anti-aircraft guns, and trained personnel for defensive measures that might otherwise have been employed on the Western front. If any moral effect was counted upon, it was harmful rather than helpful to the Germans.

A significant insight into the importance of the naval rôle already played by the airship is the following quotation from the book of Admiral Scheer, the German commander in chief, entitled The High Sea Fleet:

"On May 30, when the possibility of a widely extended airship observation still seemed doubtful, I decided to proceed in the direction of the Skager-Rack because the proximity of the Jutland coast afforded a certain protection against surprises. An airship scouting service would have been indispensable for an advance to the northwest toward Sunderland, for this was a region in which we could not possibly allow ourselves to be forced into a battle against our will. In the course now chosen, the distance from the enemies' bases was much greater and so the airship service, while desirable, was not indispensable."

The Mooring Mast

We may, therefore, infer that the initial strategy employed by the Germans in what we might term the world's greatest sea fight was determined by the airship. As an airship cannot be taken out of its shed when more than a fifteen-mile wind is blowing across the entrance, Zeppelins were not available in time to render very much assistance to the German Fleet at the Battle of Jutland.

Had the mooring mast, which eliminates the unreliability factor imposed on shed-dependent airships by the force and direction of the wind, been in use at that time, the Battle of Jutland or Skager-Rack, as the Germans called it, would probably have been fought in another area and known by another name. We may only speculate on what the results might have been.

For the benefit of the uninitiated, I will elaborate somewhat on the subject of the mooring mast. The airship handles easily and safely enough when in the air and clear of the ground, but on the ground it wants a bit of handling under unfavorable conditions, to preclude the possibility of damage to parts of its structure. The ship rides comfortably in strong winds when on the ground and in the hands of the landing crew as long as its nose is kept trimmed into the wind; but the maneuver of putting the airship into a shed when the wind is blowing across the shed entrance involves turning the ship broadside to the wind, and a large airship cannot be held in such a situation when the wind is strong. These remarks are equally applicable to the maneuver of taking the airship out of the shed. Since the development of the mooring mast there is no necessity for executing these difficult maneuvers except when the conditions are favorable, as the mast affords a secure anchorage, eliminating in a large measure the need for sheds at all during the period an airship is operating, and insuring reliability of schedule. In the consideration of the commercial aspect of the airship the ability to maintain a schedule and the material reduction in expense attendant on the construction of sheds appeal at once. Furthermore, a mast crew consists of twelve men, while the ground landing party requires at least three hundred men, another vital item of expense.

I say the mooring mast provides a secure anchorage. This statement holds true except in gales accompanied by gusts varying rapidly in direction, or in severe thunderstorms. Under these conditions the airship

(Continued on Page 217)

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Don't allow doubts and delays to prolong your foot sufferings. We *guarantee* that by this new method you can stop, almost instantly, the burning, aching, tired sensations of the feet that come after wearing shoes for a few hours. We *guarantee* to stop aches and pains in toes, arches, instep, ankle and heel. We *guarantee* to stop those dull aches in the calf, knee or thigh due to faulty arches. We *guarantee* to relieve cramped toes and callouses. And if our method fails it will cost you nothing. *So why not make this test at our risk?*

SEND NO MONEY—Make this test now. If your shoe dealer or druggist can't supply you, just mail the coupon below with foot measurement.

FOOT suffering need no longer be endured. New scientific discoveries and improved new methods make it unnecessary. And to relieve you of doubts, and to avoid delays, we say to *any foot sufferer* let us prove to you, *at our own risk*, that we can stop your foot and leg pains. If our method fails the *test will cost you nothing.*

We can make this offer in full confidence. More than a million foot sufferers have proved the truth of our claims. Many of them on the advice of foot specialists and physicians

We urge you to make this test, no matter what other appliance or appliances you may have tried, and no matter what relief you have had, because we offer you the simplest, easiest and most satisfactory way to permanent foot comfort that is possible.

What science has learned

Science is constantly making new discoveries in treating the ills of the body. Yesterday's mystery is today common knowledge. Modern surgery, modern medicine, modern anesthesia and new-day antiseptic methods were unknown a few years ago In this onward striding, science has found *a simple new fact that has revolutionized correction of foot troubles.*

When forward arch sags the bones spread as shown above. Foot is thrown out of balance. Pain results.

This shows condition corrected, and arch restored to normal by wearing the Jung Arch Brace. Note how much narrower the foot is with the Jung Arch Brace.

Science learned that practically all foot troubles are caused by weakening of a small band of muscles which bind and hold in place the forward arch of the foot. This arch is so slight you may never have noticed it. It is between the big toe and little toe, spanning the front of the foot at the base of the toes. Insignificant as this arch may be, it is highly important because if it collapses it upsets the entire balance of the bone structure of the foot. The foot, as you perhaps know, is composed of twenty-six bones of different sizes and shapes, so perfectly placed and co-ordinated that the arches take up the tremendous jars and shocks to which you subject your foot every day.

Sectional view across front of foot showing how arch at base of toes protects sensitive nerves and blood vessels which operate toes. Gray irregular marks show bones. Small marks indicate nerves and blood vessels in channel under arch.

Same arch, collapsed by weakening of the sustaining muscles, showing how the bones crush nerves and blood vessels causing great pain and discomfort. Note how flattening of this arch causes the foot to spread and widen, making shoes feel tight and uncomfortable.

When this fine balance is destroyed, the whole foot structure collapses, the arch turns, and you have flat feet, broken arches, fallen arches, or whatever you call this condition.

The cause of foot pains

The second result of the collapse of this forward arch is pain, growing in intensity as the condition becomes more aggravated. If you will study the little X-ray views of the foot above you'll note why this causes pain. The forward arch provides a channel which protects the sensitive nerves and blood vessels that operate the toes. The collapse of this arch causes these very tender nerves to be crushed by the toe joints against the sole of your shoe or the floor. You feel a slight twinge of pain, then steadier pain, and soon a pain so agonizing that every step is torture.

The breaking down of the long arch, or instep arch, causes other nerves and blood vessels to suffer pressure. Ligaments become strained, the elasticity of the muscles is destroyed. Soon the entire foot is a mass of pain. You've seen people walking with feet pointing outward, treading on the outside of the foot. That's because they can't take a natural step. It hurts.

Stopping pain instantly

Nerves are like electric wires. They communicate their suffering all over the nervous system. So often a pain, originating in the foot, will creep along the nerve system and affect the whole body, and backaches, even stomachaches and frequently headaches, originate in faulty feet. Even digestion is impaired. And you seek in vain for the cause, for you never suspect your feet of causing trouble.

But remove this pressure on the nerves and the pain stops. It vanishes like magic. That's why our method works so instantly that people are amazed.

For this is what we have provided: A light, cool porous band of super-elastic webbing which goes around the instep. This takes the strain off the muscles whose weakening caused the arch to collapse. The strain removed, and the band acting as an aid to regaining of the elasticity of the muscles, these draw up. The arch is restored. The channel in the center of the foot is once more a protection to the nerves and blood vessels, and the pressure on these sensitive parts ceases The pressure ceasing, the pain stops. So we can say to you safely and with sureness that *we can stop foot pains in ten minutes.*

Foot comfort is regained

This new foot comfort device is called the Jung Arch Brace. It was the outcome of years of experiments of multiplied tests. Hundreds were made and tested before the correct stretch and tension of the band were discovered More tests were needed to discover the proper contour and design of the brace. When it was perfected it was sent to hundreds of doctors and foot specialists with a full account of how it was devised and its purpose. Orders began pouring in as these specialists and doctors recommended the Jung Arch Brace to foot sufferers. Delighted letters flooded our offices. And so by leaps and bounds the Jung Arch Brace gained its recognition.

Stiff arch props, metal plates, pads and other devices were discarded by thousands to find in this simple device the comfort they craved, the freedom from pains. The Jung Arch Brace is so simple that some are skeptical that such a simple thing can accomplish so much. But once they try it they know a delightful freedom from pains and aches. They can stand for hours, walk all day, dance all night, enjoy vigorous sports which were forbidden them by their aching feet.

Results are amazing

More than a million people have learned the amazing joy of completely regained foot comfort. The Jung Arch Brace is worn under or over the hosiery. It takes up practically no space. In fact you wouldn't know you were wearing it if it were not for the joy it gives. You can wear smaller, narrower, more stylish shoes because it draws back to normal shape and size the feet which had grown wider and longer through spreading of the bones and collapse of the arches It brings happiness and regained efficiency, for torturing feet lower your vitality, reduce your energy, impair your ability to work.

So we say to you again, don't let doubts delay you. Accept this offer. If our method fails, the test costs you nothing. We assume all risk.

Make this test at our risk

Make this test FREE at our risk. Go to your shoe dealer druggist or chiropodist. Be fitted with a pair of Jung Arch Braces. Wear them two weeks. If not delighted, return them to your dealer and get your money back. You run no risk

If your dealer hasn't them, we will supply you. With a strip of paper ⅜ an inch wide measure around the smallest part of your instep, just back of the toes, where the forward end of the brace is shown in the diagram above. Mail us this measure with coupon properly filled out. We will send you a pair of Jung's Arch Braces ("Wonder" stylel to fit you. You pay the postman $1 and postage. Or send us the money and we will prepay postage. For people having long or flat feet for short people or in severe cases we recommend the "Miracle" style, extra wide, $1.50 Specify when ordering **Make this test at our risk.** Wear the Jung Arch Braces 10 days. If not delighted return them and we will return your money.

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The "Original"
ARCH BRACES

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Write to us for our free book, illustrated with X-ray views of feet. Tells all about the cause and correction of foot troubles. How to stop foot and leg pains.

(Continued from Page 214)

should cast off and take to the air, as a vessel should up anchor or slip her cable and take to the open sea when anchored in an open roadstead during a heavy gale. The vessel is likely to drag her anchor and be blown ashore, while the airship may be torn adrift and forced into the air with a damaged bow. The concern felt for the Shenandoah, in January, 1924, and very recently for the British airship R-33, was due to the damage sustained in breaking adrift. Had the Shenandoah cast off in time and of her own free will before the heavy gusts began, she would have taken the air with perfect safety. The gales which carried off the Shenandoah and R-33 were of unusual intensity, and in the instance of the Shenandoah gusts of eighty miles an hour were recorded. On both occasions, vessels and shipping were lost or damaged. In either storm a surface vessel similarly damaged at the bow would have been quickly engulfed by the sea, while the airships weathered the tempest. With an undamaged airship such gales would merely have delayed progress to windward and would not have occasioned even discomfort or seasickness to the personnel on board. Credit for quick thinking, skill and airmanship of the highest order is due to the personnel of the airships for their safe return. I was not on board at the time the Shenandoah broke away, but took command of her in February, 1924, one month later.

The credit for the mooring mast belongs to Major G. Herbert Scott, who will be remembered as the captain of the famous British airship R-34 on her memorable transatlantic round trip in July, 1919. It was my good fortune to be a member of her crew on the westward flight from Scotland to Mineola, Long Island. During the years of 1920 and 1921, Major Scott and his associates developed and proved the mooring mast at Pulham, England.

The Record Cruise

In America, however, we have not been content merely to use that which the British have given us to enhance the usefulness of Count Zeppelin's great idea, but we have carried the mast a step forward in equipping the U. S. S. Patoka with it and the necessary gear to adapt it to shipboard use. On August 8, 1924, the Shenandoah successfully moored to the Patoka in Narragansett Bay near Newport, Rhode Island. It was the first time an airship had ever moored to a steamship. Airship facilities, consisting of the mooring mast with adequate arrangements for fueling, gassing, provisioning and repair, may now accompany a fleet wherever it goes.

The West Coast cruise of the Shenandoah, October 7 to 25, 1924, represents the most ambitious and extensive operation ever attempted by an airship. It is a record for extended operation in point of view of both time and distance, and was carried out without the availability of a shed. Newly erected mooring masts located at Fort Worth, Texas, San Diego, California, and Camp Lewis, Washington, were depended upon to provide the necessary airship facilities. The cruise extended over a period of almost three weeks, and during that time nearly ten thousand miles of territory was traversed, which included mountains, deserts, plains and sea; from the Atlantic to the Pacific and from Canada to Mexico.

With such an itinerary the Shenandoah was obviously compelled to accept an extremely wide range and variety of weather conditions. It may be said that she ran the gamut of aerological phenomena, including unstable and bumpy air; areas in which electrical disturbances were prevalent; high winds accompanied by terrific gusts in the mountains, which were accentuated in the passes that the ship followed in order to avoid altitude and conserve helium; strong winds over hot deserts, beclouding the atmosphere with a fine brown dust to an altitude of at least 8000 feet; squalls in the mountains, accompanied by heavy gusts of rain, snow and hail; fog at sea and over land; squalls, with sheets of rain and winds of gale force, or the typical conditions experienced in an energetic North Pacific storm at sea; atmospheric conditions varying from extreme humidity to desert dryness, and moderate cold to Imperial Valley heat.

How Helium Is Saved

I mention these instances in order to dissipate the impression which has existed in the minds of some critics that the airship is a fair-weather bird. The Shenandoah weathered all adversity with equanimity and comfort, and was in excellent condition with respect to both material and personnel on her return to the Naval Air Station, Lakehurst, New Jersey. This performance is to the everlasting credit of constructors, engineers and contractors responsible for the construction of the first and only American-built rigid airship, as well as to the personnel on board. During this twenty-day period the five special Packard engines with which the Shenandoah is equipped were all operated for approximately 270 hours without a breakdown or casualty of any consequence. I believe this performance constitutes a record for aeronautical engines, and Lieutenant E. W. Sheppard, the chief engineer, admits it.

In connection with the statement in a preceding paragraph that the Shenandoah experienced heavy gusts in the passes through the Arizona ranges, it should be explained that the least altitude consistent with safety was maintained, as all gases expand with altitude or as the atmosphere rarefies; consequently, when the gas cells or balloons are full the airship cannot go higher without wastage or loss of helium. An altitude of only about 7000 feet was required, provided advantage was taken of the mountain passes, though the ranges themselves towered overhead to 10,000 and 12,000 feet.

Although helium is initially a comparatively expensive gas, nevertheless, we have contrived actually to reduce the former cost of airship operation with hydrogen by improvement in the methods employed. An interesting development that has gone hand in hand with the use of helium is the apparatus known as the "water recovery." A brief explanation of its application is as follows: When the airship leaves the ground it is slightly "light," that is, it tends to rise statically as a balloon. During the course of many hours in the air several tons of fuel are burned in the engines and this amount of weight is lost, resulting in the ship becoming several tons lighter. A landing under these conditions could not possibly be effected with the assistance of "all the King's horses and all the King's men," until a sufficient amount of helium or lifting gas had been valved off and the balloons depleted. The ship should be in approximate equilibrium in flight and particularly on landing—that is, no tendency either to rise or to fall when the engines are stopped. To accomplish this without loss of gas it was necessary to find some means of taking weight on board in the air to compensate for the weight lost as fuel is burned. The answer to this problem has been the development of the water-recovery apparatus, which consists mainly of a condenser in which the products of combustion from the engine cylinders, the exhaust gases, are cooled and combined to make water. The liberated hydrogen from the gasoline, combining with oxygen from the air-intake, produces H_2O, or water, upon condensation. Actually, the weight in water thus recovered exceeds that of the fuel burned: in other words, the efficiency of the apparatus is greater than 100 per cent. Seemingly this is a fantastic statement. The explanation, however, is simply that a gallon of water weighs about 25 per cent more than a gallon of gasoline. The amount of water recovered is less than the amount of gasoline burned by volume, but greater by weight.

The Airship's Value

Perhaps this discussion is growing technical, but I have been attempting to enlighten the reader as to the improvements that the United States Navy has contributed during the past year to the airship art. My primary intention is to encourage the realization of the inherent value of the airship, both as naval scout and as a commercial carrier. If war should be declared tomorrow, an elaborate airship-building program would inevitably follow. Great Britain has recently provided for the construction of two airships of a capacity of 5,000,000 cubic feet each. The capacity of the Shenandoah is 2,150,000 cubic feet. It is planned to operate these ships commercially between England and India with an extension to Australia, as it is realized that rapid transportation is a vital factor to the existence of the Empire. In case of war the British Navy will possess unrivaled scouts and commerce destroyers.

The President in his wisdom has recently reappointed Rear Admiral W. A. Moffett as Chief of the Bureau of Aeronautics of

Spending Dollars to Save Cents

IT'S all well enough to snap up bargains in pipe fittings if you're sure they're not going to boost installation expense beyond what you save on their purchase price. The trouble is you *can't* be sure. And the cost of taking down a section of pipe line to replace just one leaky fitting generally wipes out the savings made on hundreds.

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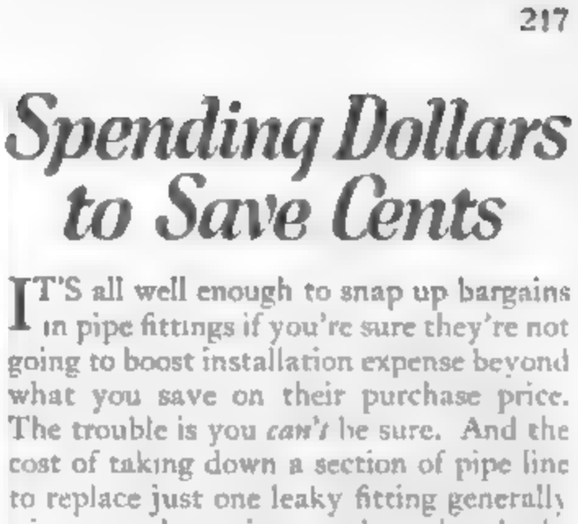

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the Navy for another term of four years. It has been the perseverance of this distinguished officer in the face of opposition that in large measure accounts for the completion of the Shenandoah and the acquisition of the Los Angeles. Admiral Moffett's unerring foresight has enabled the airship to lift itself by its own boot straps from a state of obscurity to a position of eminence. The Zeppelin Company's building shed, doomed to destruction, has not been razed, and that concern has entered into an alliance with the Goodyear Tire and Rubber Company, Akron, Ohio, which is known as the Goodyear Zeppelin Company. The Fords, father and son, are evidencing a live interest in both airship and mooring mast. Captain G. W. Steele, Jr., U. S. Navy, an officer of outstanding ability and established reputation both in the Naval Service and aeronautics, has assumed command of the Naval Air Station, Lakehurst, New Jersey, and the U. S. S. Los Angeles, a masterpiece of German design and construction. She will be employed to demonstrate the commercial utility of the airship, while the Shenandoah, scheduled for improvements to increase her cruising radius and speed, will remain attached to the Scouting Fleet.

Airships form but a small part of the broad field embraced by naval aeronautics. The development of the catapult, aircraft carriers, amphibians and the many other types of airplanes demanded by the uncompromising nature of war over the sea is an amazing account of the triumph of human ingenuity over what at times appeared to be insurmountable obstacles. I leave it to Admiral Moffett and others better qualified than myself to recount.

Naval aviation represents our striking air force, our offense in the air, until the very conflict is brought to the proximity of our own shores. This is a situation that should be avoided at all costs, and one that will be avoided, provided we maintain a superior Naval Air Force in conjunction with a strong fleet. By these agencies alone are we able to carry the conflict to the enemy or decide it upon the high seas. A large force of airplanes based on shore simply extends our coast defense. It is an energetic offense that is our best defense.

Unfortunately for themselves, the nations of Europe face the danger of attack by enemy aircraft based on shore within easy striking distance of their industrial hearts and centers of civilization. It is the great airship only, of all the aircraft, that similarly threatens us or affords us a similar opportunity to strike back, and we control the world's supply of helium.

With a realization of the ever-increasing importance of the rôle of aviation, the Navy is quietly but surely adapting aircraft to the difficult demands of the sea. Naval aviation has become the first line of our line of defense. What the morrow may bring forth, no man can say.

Editor's Note—This article was written by the late Lieutenant Commander Lansdowne some weeks before the last trip of the Shenandoah and was found among his papers

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

(More Than Two Million and a Quarter Weekly)

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Cover Design by Edgar Franklin Wittmack

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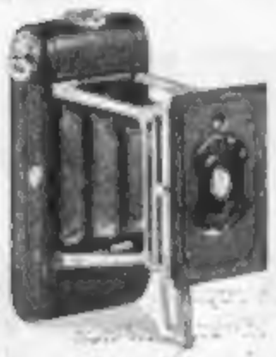

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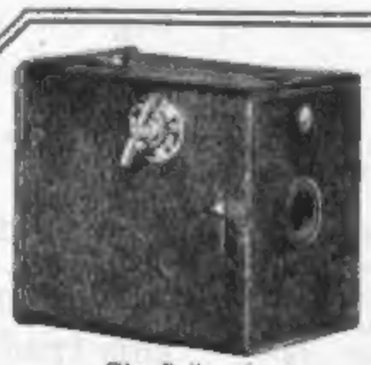


The Dollar Ansco. The only camera selling at $1 that uses regular roll film. Takes pictures 1⅝ x 2½.

A real treat for the youngster —the Dollar Ansco

THE ideal camera to get your boy or girl started taking pictures. Easy to operate, inexpensive, yet strongly built to stand rough treatment. When you see what kind of pictures the youngster gets with it you'll probably end up by getting one for yourself, too.

The Dollar Ansco uses regular roll film. In fact, it's the only camera for a dollar that does. You'll find that this reliable camera gives a good account of itself in any company. If you can't buy one at your regular camera dealer's use the coupon above and we'll send it to you direct.

Use this new kind of film

AND remember, any camera gives more uniform satisfaction when you use Ansco Speedex Film. What's the use in using a good camera if you're not going to use the best film? Ansco Film has what experts call a "special compensation" that allows for wide changes in the light. This means you can get good pictures without being an expert in judging light.

Insure your good times against disappointments by always using this new kind of film. Ansco Film fits all cameras, so you can enjoy it *now*.

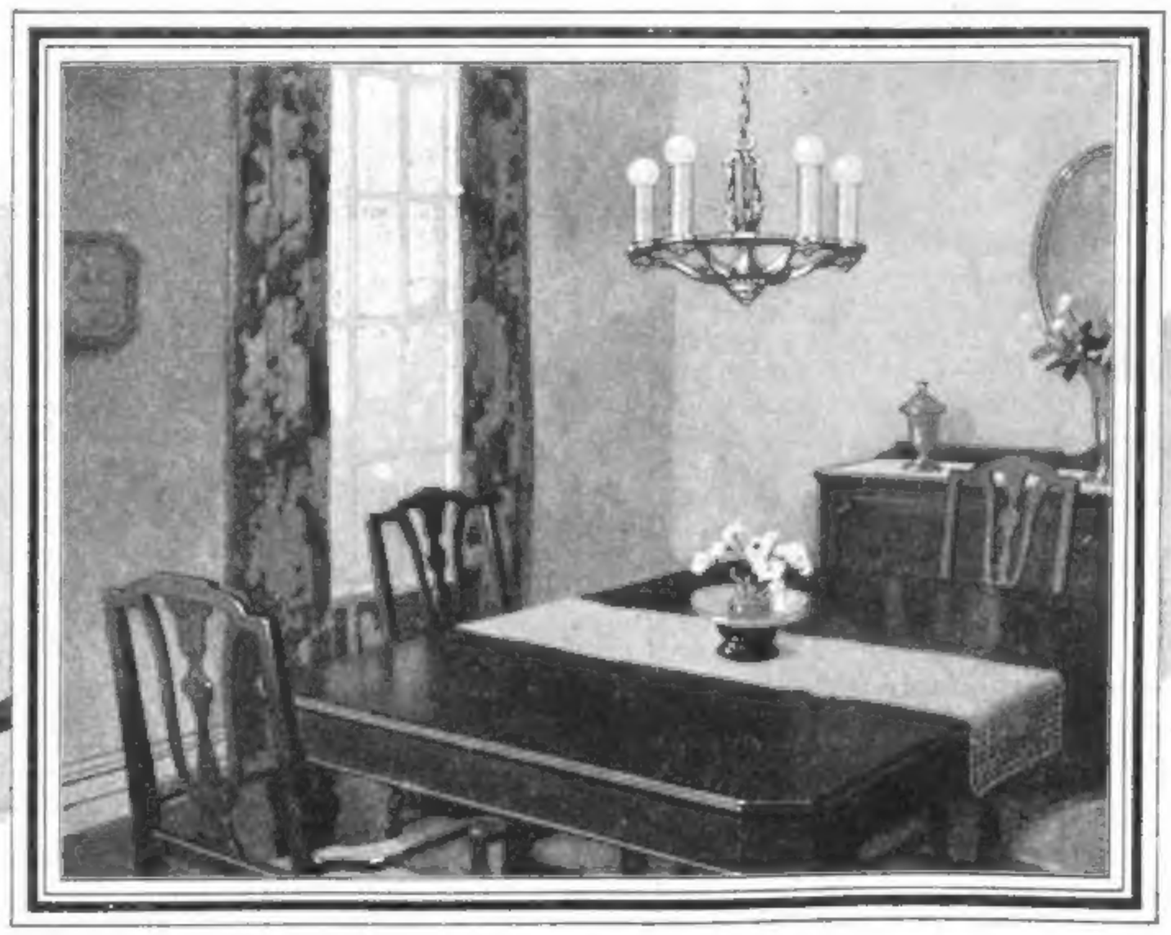
So—now—*it's easy to get good pictures*

ANSCO

CAMERAS & SPEEDEX FILM

Re-fixturing with Riddle Fitments

The hall fitment shown is also adapted to solarium or other room of moderate size. Price $20. The dining-room fitment is one of the new Riddle Super Series, an exceptional value at $23.50.



The use of wall sconces is constantly increasing, owing to their decorative character. The fitments illustrated are priced $10 each. The same style in 2-candle fitment, $13.50.

The New Idea that will add so much beauty and worth to your home

A change is going on in home lighting equipment. The old idea that fixtures should be considered merely from the standpoint of illumination is giving way to the new idea that the lighting equipment should be decorative as well as useful. As a result, the appearance of homes everywhere is being altered and improved by the substitution of decorative lighting fitments for old-style lighting fixtures. And in the outfitting of new homes the same care is being bestowed on the lighting equipment as on the furniture, wall paper, floor covering and other decorative accessories.

Riddle Fitments now in over 150,000 homes

Within the past few years, over 150,000 homes in this country have been beautified with Riddle Fitments, selected for the dignity of design, authenticity of style, and the assurance of standard quality and value that the name Riddle guarantees. And many of these installations represent replacement of old fixtures, in order to make the lighting equipment conform to the modern standards of style in home decoration. The change is made very easily, and at small cost. For instance, the beautiful new Riddle Super Series, in a variety of decorative styles particularly designed for homes of moderate size, are priced only $23.50 each.

Dealers now make an allowance on old fixtures

Many dealers are now willing to take in your old fixtures and make you a liberal allowance, thus still further reducing the moderate cost of a Riddle installation. You can be sure the allowance is genuine, for Riddle Fitments are nationally priced. The tag bearing the price and the Riddle name is attached to each fitment.

See your Riddle dealer for full details of this trade-in plan. You will find him well worth consulting. If you are not acquainted with the dealer in your community, write us for his name and illustrated folder of Riddle styles.

The Edward N. Riddle Company, Toledo, Ohio

Realtors *and* Builders

There is a decided tendency among home buyers to prefer homes in which nationally known materials and equipment are used. Many realtors and builders are standardizing the lighting equipment on Riddle Fitments. Your Riddle Dealer has an interesting proposition for you. Write us for his name and details of our planning service.

Riddle

DECORATIVE LIGHTING FITMENTS

"Will it pay to fix up the attic ?"...

Copyright 1925, United States Gypsum Company

You may be able to answer that question very profitably for yourself with the help of Sheetrock, the *fireproof* wallboard.

Yours is probably the average attic, left unfinished at the time your house was built. It is unused except as a storeroom or catch-all, maybe none too sightly, and possibly even dangerously cluttered up.

Besides being a waste of valuable space, an attic like that is a positive expense, for its unlined interior permits the escape through roofs and gables of the valuable furnace heat you pay so dearly for in winter. It has a costly effect on your fuel bills and also on the comfort of your living rooms.

Sheetrock will transform that attic completely, lining it with rigid, thick, *permanent* walls of gypsum, partitioning it off into attractive and useful rooms. Sheetrock will *insulate* it against the leakage of heat and penetration of cold and damp. Sheetrock will give it *fireproof* safety.

All at little cost. For Sheetrock comes ready for use, in broad, high sheets that need only to be nailed to the joists or studding. It takes any decoration perfectly—wallpaper, paint, panels, *Textone*.

Talk this over with your dealer in lumber or building supplies who sells Sheetrock. Write us for a free sample of Sheetrock and illustrated copy of "Walls of Worth."

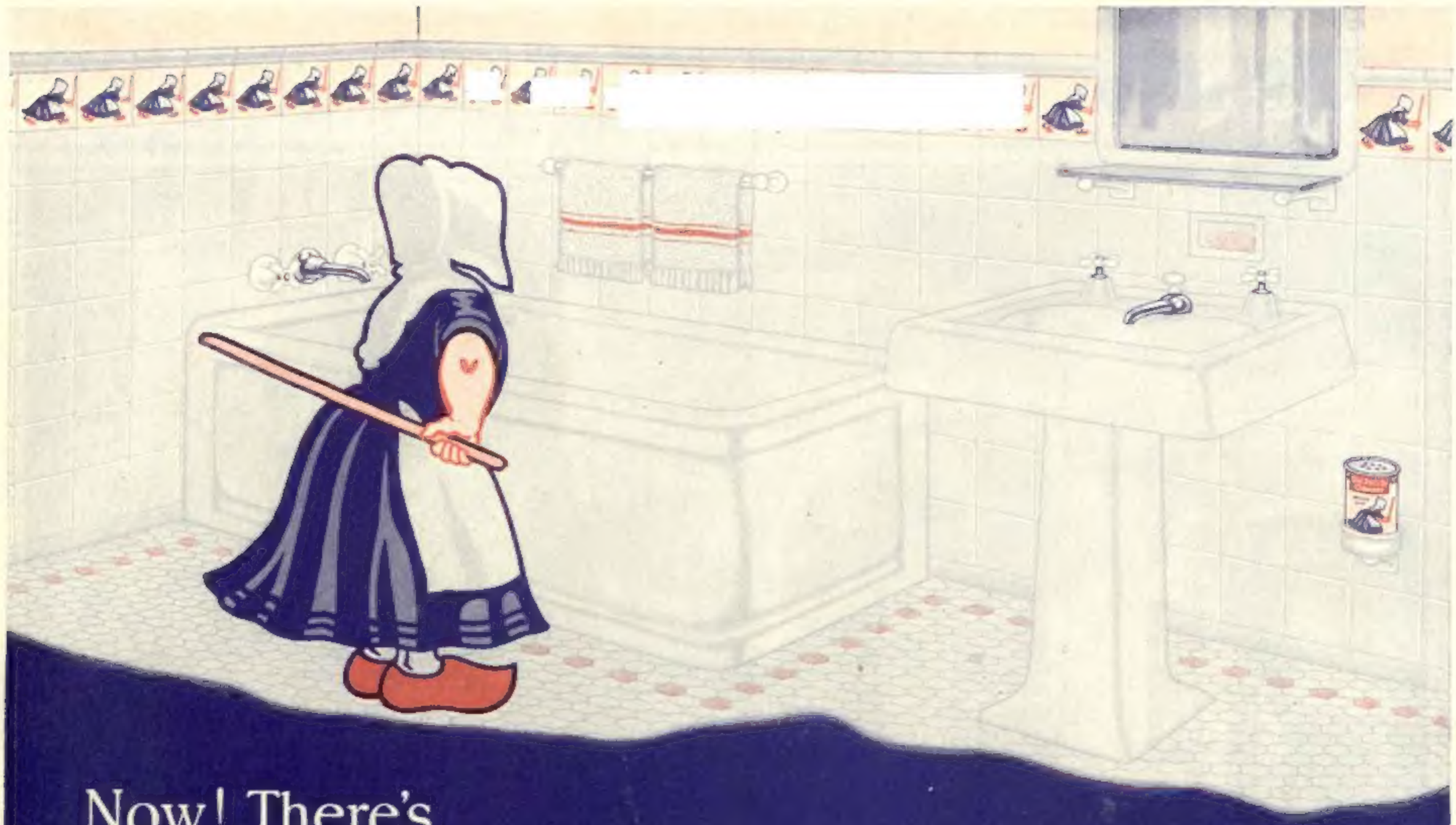
Sheetrock is inspected and approved as an effective barrier to fire by the Underwriters' Laboratories, Inc.

UNITED STATES GYPSUM COMPANY
General Offices: 205 West Monroe Street, Chicago, Illinois

SHEETROCK

The *FIREPROOF* WALLBOARD

Reg. U. S. Pat. Off.



Now! There's

Healthful Cleanliness

Sparkling, wholesome, sanitary—free from visible soil and stains and dangerous invisible impurities as well.

Healthful Cleanliness is exceptionally important in the bathroom. Impurities from the body removed in washing the hands, brushing the teeth and in the bath, readily cling to washstand and tub. Ordinary rinsing or wiping does not remove them but Old Dutch does—quickly and easily. You will always be sure of *Healthful Cleanliness* by cleaning the tub and washstand with Old Dutch Cleanser each time they are used.

Old Dutch contains no hard grit and will not scratch. This is a strong safeguard, because scratches are catch-alls for impurities, they hold dirt. A scratched surface readily becomes unhealthful, is harder to clean and the appearance is marred.

Old Dutch efficiency is due to individual and distinctive character. Its flat shaped particles are tiny erasers that erase dirt instead of scratching it off. Old Dutch Cleanser is so thorough, safe, and economical that every home should use it for *Healthful Cleanliness.*

There is nothing else like it